August Harpers MAGAZINE

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By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

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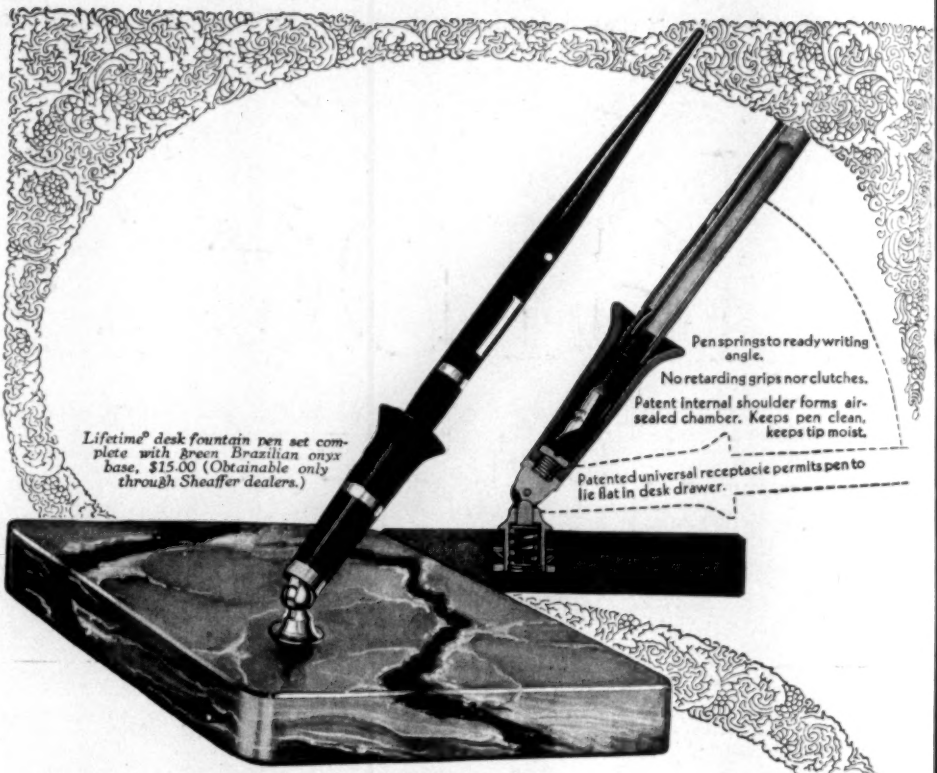
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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

BOOKS of midsummer show a wide variety, with light novels and detective and mystery stories prominent among the new publications. It should be easy to suit the wishes of those who seek a book for their vacation reading and who do not wish to be burdened with heavy tomes. In suggesting in an earlier issue books for summer reading I seem to have overlooked an important element. A woman reader writes: "You seem eager to find books that fit the pocket (of the males) but you give no warning of books with colors that are likely to run. I have just had a book bound in brilliant blue run all over a tan frock. Don't you realize that the cover may be most important to a woman?" Unfortunately a knowledge of dye-stuffs is not a part of reviewing; neither is interior decorating, although it ought to be, in view of the fact that some people want books which look well on their shelves. However, here's a blue book that won't run—*The Wave*, by Evelyn Scott. The first publication of a new house—Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith—it is one of those solidly built, ambitious books which seem to despise the modern trend toward words of one syllable and sentences of short, jerky ejaculations. *The Wave* is a novel about Civil War times in which the War is the power that moves the tale. The author seems to have wished to present a picture of America as a whole; how men felt, thought, and acted in Civil War times, and to what purpose lived their little day. To do so she has fallen back on individuals, and called up a company of men and women as big as that which moves through *War and Peace*. Soldiers and civilians, young and old, darkies and whites, spinsters, girls, men in battle and on the outskirts of it, thinking about themselves, about the War, about the big and little events that affect their lives. But the book is not mainly about great catastrophes. It seems to seek out the individual, bore into his soul, reveal the workings of his mind. We see the great and the little—Lee, Grant, Lincoln, John Wilkes Booth—we follow their cogitations. An immense panorama unfolds—but it is the panorama of the mind. Each act is clearly visualized; all its implications are set down; deliberately the author describes not only what a man does but how he feels when doing it. The book must be over three hundred thousand words long, which means that its subject matter either carries the reader before it or completely swamps him. For me the interest was sustained splendidly. The Civil War has many books in it; it is an episode, or an epoch, in American history that will be interpreted anew again and again, as authors grasp its sweep and power. Last year, at this time, came *John Brown's Body*. Once Henry Ward Beecher wrote a book as voluminous as this about Civil War times—*Norwood*. But it can be compared only in size. Miss Scott's work must win great respect.

Books of seafaring life seem to be few this summer. E. Keble Chatterton, who writes entertainingly on any number of marine subjects—he is credited with twenty-eight books to date—has just published *On the High Seas*, filled with adventure from the days of piracy to those of mystery ships. (Lippincott.) The story of the *Mary Celeste* is probably of

worth turning to

The MURDER in the LABORATORY

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perennial interest, hence *The Great Mary Celeste Hoax* by Laurence J. Keating, which goes into detail regarding that famous mystery, ought to be excellent vacation reading. For fifty years the *Mary Celeste* was talked about by seafaring men as the unsolved puzzle of the ocean, for she was brought into Gibraltar absolutely undamaged, without a soul on board, apparently having been abandoned at sea. Mr. Keating clears up the mystery, but I doubt that he will put it to sleep. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) *The Blocking of Zeebrugge* by Capt. Alfred F. B. Carpenter is not fiction, but fact. It is the detailed story of this hazardous enterprise, one of the great feats of the War, told with much exactness. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

A new photograph of Julian Street who has written a new book, "Where Paris Dines"

THE STUDY OF A GREAT CITY

Charles Edward Merriam is a professor of political science in the University of Chicago who has had practical experience in Chicago municipal politics both as alderman and as a candidate for mayor. His book, *Chicago*, published by the Macmillan Company, is an impartial study of the political and social make-up of Chicago, from the standpoint of a keen analyst of affairs. Here the underworld and the upper world get their share of blame for lax enforcement of the laws. Merriam describes the two cities, Chicago of the "big fix," the graft and corruption that gets all the publicity, and Chicago of the builders, the men and women who go steadily forward and who will leave their mark. But he makes plain the alliance between the underworld and the upper world—sometimes understood, more often unrecognized. The public, as well as the interests, are to blame for the toleration of abuses and for the conventional code which permits certain dishonest practices to pass unnoticed. The place of liquor in law enforcement, the rule of gangsters, corruption in high places, the place foreign influences have in local government are considered by Professor Merriam in this able, distinguished work, which should be read by every serious observer of American political conditions.

MORE HANDY-SIZE BOOKS

To the series of reprints called the World's Classics, which are issued by the Oxford University Press at a very reasonable figure, there have recently been added the following: *Joseph Andrews* by Henry Fielding, with an introduction comparing Richardson and Fielding by L. Rice-Oxley; *Nollekens and His Times* by John Thomas Smith, the memoirs of the English sculptor of the eighteenth century and early nineteenth by his pupil; *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman* by John Bunyan, written after the *Pilgrim's Progress*, with an introduction by Bonamy Dobree; *Cousin Henry* by Anthony Trollope, another addition to the Trollope reprints in this series, and *Selected Austrian Short Stories*, eleven in all, from Grillparzer to Schnitzler and Hermann Bahr. Because of their small size and legible print, these books are just the thing for a journey.

BOOKS IN BRIEF MENTION

Jeffery Farnol writes a spirited short story, filled with action, spiced with romance, and given a quaint touch by the addition of such provincial dialect as best suits his literary purpose. He has just published a new book, *The Shadow and Other Stories*—seventeen in all, and excellent reading for those who love well-written tales that entertain without leaving any regrets. (Little, Brown & Co.) "The Shadow," short, pithy, rapid, is like a page out of Stevenson.

Ben Ames Williams has reissued his story of a New England seafaring family in *All the Brothers Were Valiant*. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) The maritime traditions of New

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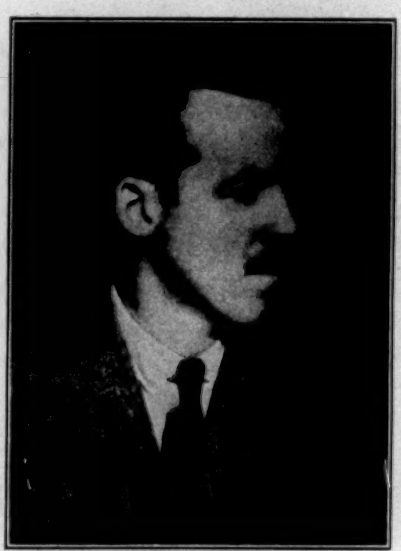
England are long and honorable. This is the story of five brothers; loyalty, high adventure, tragedy. Mr. Williams writes tersely and effectively.

Diana Patrick deals with English family life. Her new novel, *Family Group*, tells the story of a girl's aspirations and romantic longings, which after various vicissitudes come true better than in many novels of the day. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Gerard Fairlie writes stories with unusual plots. He revels in action and incident, and the publishers say that his new book, *Yellow Munro*, is a "hair-raising thriller." There are those that must have them. Readers will recall him as the author of *Scissors Cut Paper* and *Stone Blunts Scissors*. (Little, Brown & Co.)



BRUCE GOULD
Author of "Sky Larking"

Pope or Mussolini by John Hearly is one of those timely books which keeps step with events. The author explains much about church policy, but his fears for a return of the temporal power in such form that we may have another Holy Roman Empire seem far-fetched. He distrusts the Pope and Mussolini. The text of the international treaty between the Holy See and Italy is appended. (The Macaulay Company.)

In *Kings, Churchills and Statesmen* a Swedish commentator on political affairs, Knut Hagberg, gives his views of European leaders and policies, both historical and contemporary. The Churchills are Marlborough, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Winston Churchill. In the latter paper he judges the chancellor of the exchequer chiefly through his book, *The World Crisis*. The estimates are generous, and for the most part conservative. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The Camel Through the Needle's Eye, the comedy which was presented this spring in New York City by the Theatre Guild, has been issued in book form by Brentano's. The author is Frantisek Langer.

The History of Psychology by W. B. Pillsbury, professor of psychology in the University of Michigan, is one of those guides to psychology for the intelligent man that readers are always asking for. Its best quality seems to be that it makes itself understood to you and me without giving the appearance of writing down to us. The author takes up the various schools and theories of psychology and writes personal sketches of the men who developed them. His aim is to give information, rather than criticism. It comes down to the modifications of Freudian psychology, behaviorism in its various forms, gestalt psychology, intuitionism, functionalist and hormic psychology. The writer states his views clearly but he does not urge them. A very useful and clarifying book. (W. W. Norton & Co.)

BERNARD SHAW'S "GRANDDAUGHTER"

Less than a year ago G. Bernard Shaw presented his ideas to the world in a witty and sparkling book called *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*, and readers are still hauling nuggets out of it. Now comes *The Intelligent Man's Guide to Marriage and Celibacy* by Juanita Tanner, who declares in lively fashion that she is the daughter of Ann Whitefield and John Tanner of *Man and Superman*, that hence Shaw is her "grandfather." Thereupon she sets down, "with lively appreciation of Bernard Shaw's genius," as the publisher says, most of the views, pro and con, on marriage and marrying that are current these hot days. Both in form and typographical treatment and in title the book invites comparison with Shaw's work, but no farther; the comparison is unfortunate, for where "grandfather" drew on the tremendous fountain of his thinking, Juanita Tanner presents us for the most part with a résumé of opinions on marriage, sex, clothes, Freudian psychology, shifting points of view in drama and novel, religion and materialism, the double and single standard, motherhood,

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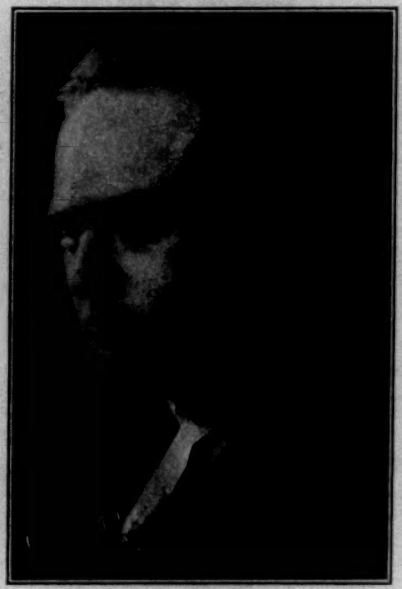
birth control, feminism, and kindred subjects, reflecting the talk of those who read Havelock Ellis, Shaw, Freud, Weininger, Mencken, Hamilton, Macgowan, and others. In other words, Juanita Tanner has no axe to grind, no preachment to make, but is more interested in summing up the trend of modern thought and commenting upon it. Although outspoken enough for the average reader, the book is fundamentally conservative. It is pleasantly written, and the inquiring reader—the inquisitive reader, one might almost say—will find it useful to help him get his bearings in current discussion of sex themes—which, after all, is what a guide is expected to do. (Bobbs-Merrill Company.)



FRANZ WERFEL
Author of a novel, "Class Reunion," which has just been published

"JOHN D."

John K. Winkler's *John D., a Portrait in Oils*, is filled with anecdotes about this extraordinary old man, now ninety. It tells of his beginnings as a clerk, of his first deals, his enterprise at the birth of the oil industry, and his organization of great oil corporations. The author is impartial, and if, toward the end, he seems to become sympathetic, it is because John D. has done so much to win public approval despite the fierceness with which he once pursued and crushed his competitors. Chapters on his philanthropies, on his piety, his frugality, his son, and his family circle give the reader an understanding of his character. The reader will find descriptions of how the great benevolent trusts were organized and how Rockefeller became interested in the University of Chicago and other institutions. (Vanguard Press.)

"SKY LARKING"

"Sky Larking" by Bruce Gould conveys better than any other current book on airplanes the exhilaration resulting from flying. It is really a series of essays by a man who not only flies himself but watches flying activities for a New York newspaper. Most books on flying are filled with technical details, such as one found in the early books on the automobile. Mr. Gould gives a great deal of information, but he also possesses an artist's soul and, looking out into the blue from the cockpit of a plane, viewing a sunrise, a sunset, and even an eclipse of the sun from his lofty seat far above the earth, he becomes the poet. As a chronicler, he also records the glory as well as the cost of aerial achievement—here is the succinct story of Lindbergh's phenomenal flight, and the reader may debate, as thousands have already done, whether it succeeded because of cool calculation, or luck, or a bit of both. At any rate, he will be richly entertained by Mr. Gould's account of this and other episodes in flying history. The wonder is why public recognition of flying has matured so late in the United States, which calls itself a progressive nation. Despite its boast, it has been more earth-bound than those continental nations who have regular express services and who have flown freely ever since the War. This and similar subjects have a place in *Sky Larking* which is one of the best missionary tracts for flying that I have ever read. It seems so enjoyable, and so simple, that one almost expects to order an airplane for immediate delivery to one's back yard. (Horace Liveright, publisher.)

"CLARK OF THE OHIO"

In *Clark of the Ohio* Frederick Palmer, noted war correspondent, adds another laurel to the reputation of George Rogers Clark, the indomitable fighter who added the Northwest territory to the American land. Mr. Palmer, in common with half a dozen recent writers on the subject, takes the stand that

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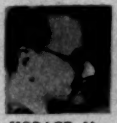

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"A" is full of vast, incoherent ambition. He dreams of becoming a great author — wealthy — sought-after. But in the meantime he does very little about it — aside from starting, every now and then, to write "the great American novel."

"B" is just as ambitious, but a little more canny than "A." Being only human, he occasionally does have dreams of fame and fortune. But in the meantime he's taking a practical, sensible attitude toward writing — the working attitude — which gives him practice that brings him steadily nearer his objective as time goes on. Right now he's aiming for something direct and tangible — the checks for $25, $50, and $100 for material that takes little time to write — short stories, articles, recipes, anecdotes, humorous contributions — things that can easily be turned out in spare time. "B" is typical of several hundred ambitious men and women who are receiving instruction from the Newspaper Institute of America.

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Clark has been maligned, misunderstood, and traduced. His career was curiously closed in his prime. After his great services during the Revolution, which were performed in marshy country with little support, Clark got into trouble with his State, Virginia. His vouchers for his expenditures were lost in the campaign led by Benedict Arnold and the British against Richmond and were not found again until 1913—one hundred and thirty-three years after. Virginia asked him to make a duplicate report and never fully paid him for his expenses. He put in most of the rest of his life trying to repay others. At thirty-five he retired, a disgusted man, and soon after suffered from apoplexy and other disabilities. It is not proved that he drank too much, as his enemies alleged, nor that his colonizing schemes on Spanish territory were disloyal to the United States. Despite his great repute and the adherence of his friends, he seems to have been singularly shelved and mistreated; obviously, he was a man of action who could not work in concert with others. He recommended his brother William Clark to Jefferson, who authorized him to go with Meriweather Lewis on the great expedition into the extreme West. Without George Rogers Clark the Middle West might have remained British and the Louisiana Purchase might have been impossible. Clark captured the Northwest territory and made possible its cession to the United States in 1783. This is America's breadbox, and how important it was to the growing nation on the seaboard is easily estimated to-day. Mr. Palmer has studied the Draper manuscripts thoroughly and found much to corroborate his theory of Clark's honesty. The old soldier is being whitewashed a bit too late. Statues are going up in his honor, but while he lived he was the center of controversy, which effectively stopped any alleviation of his want and torment of mind. Mr. Palmer's biography is easy reading, avoids footnotes, and gives the appearance of having been loosely put together, although it is evident that much research has gone into its writing. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

TARKINGTON ON THE AMERICAN WOMAN

Booth Tarkington has found his research among American women fruitful for his literary work. His newest book, *Young Mrs. Greeley*, presents him as viewing a young wife—the wife of a man on the make. We find him present her foibles and her weaknesses with the sure touch of the man who knows

the sex and, although malice is not apparent, the portrait is a relentless one. Young Mrs. Greeley happens to be the wife of a modest, easy-going fellow who has just been honored by being made factory manager of a typically American industry, the National Kitchen Utensils Company. The Greeleys were sponsored by the Hedges, and now, unfortunately, Greeley rises above Hedge in the company, a circumstance which leaves Mrs. Hedge green-eyed with envy. What happens is largely due to her malicious attacks on young Mrs. Greeley. She makes her uncomfortable; she makes her suspicious of her husband; she arouses her against her husband's secretary, a woman who knows her position so well that she has survived several factory managers. Mrs. Greeley is ambitious, and a bit gullible, and falls an easy victim to Mrs. Hedge's slander. At the same time Mr. Tarkington exhibits the various facets of an American industrial magnate, and indulges his talent in portraying two inimitable "affairs"—the first, the general dinner of the company on the occasion of Greeley's promotion; the second, the private dinner tendered by the owner, at which Mrs. Greeley is like a fish out of water. Booth Tarkington is never vicious, but nothing escapes his eye. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

WHERE TO DINE IN PARIS

Julian Street once wrote a magazine article in the course of which he commended the cuisine to be found in a ramshackle restaurant on the butte of Montmartre called the Coucou, and thus started a rush of tourists in that direction. That was in 1912, and a great many cooks have come and gone since then, in the Coucou and elsewhere. To bring his story of Paris restaurants to date, Mr. Street has compiled *Where Paris Dines*, which tells you where to eat, and what to eat, in that capital for gourmets. Mr. Street has given thought to proper dining with the gustatory enthusiasm of a Brillat-Savarin; here he groups the restaurants by their characteristics, tells of their excellent dishes and wines, and what may be expected in the way of prices. This is no impersonal guide-book, but the record of many adventures; the author is interested also in the history of the restaurants and cafés, and tells something of the personality of their proprietors. His group of "six restaurants beyond compare" includes Larue's, Foyot's, Tour d'Argent, Montagne, Joseph's, and Voisin. The Paris visitor cannot help but find most enjoyable

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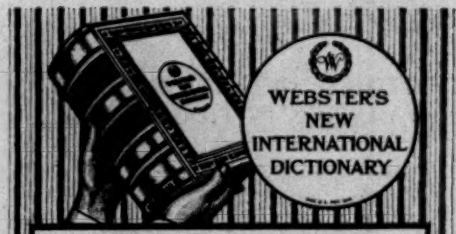

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reading in this book, whether he smacks his lips in anticipation or evokes fond memories. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH POETRY

About a year ago Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill told the story of English poetry through the ages in *The Winged Horse*. Now they have published *The Winged Horse Anthology*, to place at the disposal of the general reader selections from the poets. Their standards are high; they choose for beauty and strength and are as ready to reject classical mediocrities as modern experiments in verse. To make a survey of English poetry in one volume is difficult and naturally causes the omission of many poems popular through the years, but the authors have made an excellent job of it and provided an anthology that can hardly be called merely a "collection." There are many anthologies on periods in English literature, but there are few discriminating selections of the best English poems outside of books prepared for class-room use. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

"WILLIAM THE FIRST"

The continued publication of German historical studies shows the preoccupation of German writers with their own history and particularly with the Hohenzollern dynasty. *William the First* by Paul Wiegler is a circumstantial biography of an extraordinary ruler—the man who would rather be king of Prussia than emperor of Germany. Unfortunately he did not get his wish, for Bismarck finally argued him into accepting the titular leadership of the confederation, which in half a century became mighty enough to challenge the world in battle. Wiegler is a German intent on exposing the Hohenzollerns and all their works, but his method is more scholarly and less crude than that of Herbert Eulenberg who wrote *The Hohenzollerns*. Unlike Emil Ludwig, he writes for the informed reader, touching lightly on subjects of diplomatic controversy of the nineteenth century which may not always be familiar to American readers. His idea is to present the first William as he was; his strength, his weakness, his vacillation, his lack of confidence, his attitude toward the great questions of the time. This William nearly spanned the nineteenth century; he was born before it opened; viewed the last of Napoleon's campaigns; passed through the period of constitutional upheavals, the Dan-

ish, Austrian, and French wars, and finally died when Germany was well on the way to military power. He did so mostly through Bismarck's clear conception of the place of Prussia in European and German politics; but Wiegler keeps the ruler in mind, rather than Bismarck, and presents him from every angle. The book yields to the modern school in that it mentions minor matters as well as events of great import, for the modern historian no longer despises apparent trivialities. This is one of the best of the German biographies. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) Other recent publications in this field are *The Hohenzollerns* by Herbert Eulenberg (Century); *Bismarck's Relations with England, 1871–1890* by E. T. S. Dugdale (Harper), the first of four volumes of selected German diplomatic documents; and *Letters of the Empress Frederick*, edited by Sir Frederick Ponsonby (Macmillan).

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Because Miss Ione Marion Kidder, Yucatan, Mexico, is our most distant correspondent this month, we are going to answer her letter first of all. She asks us for information on the songs and ballads of Western cowboys and the Southern mountaineers. There are two books which will answer her first question. Both are arranged by John Avery Lomax and published by The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City. These books are: *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*, $2.00, and also in the Macmillan Seventy-five Cent Library; and *Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp*, $1.90. For the answer to her second question, we must refer her to the American Folklore Society, Columbia University, New York City; address, G. E. Stechert & Co., 31 East 10th St., New York City. . . . W. A. C., Dublin, Ga., has given us four questions to answer. Two of these will not be answered as he had doubtless hoped. The first concerns a complete Swinburne, both poetic and dramatic works, in one or two volumes. The only complete Swinburne is a limited subscription set published by Gabriel Wells, 145 West 57th St., New York City, twenty volumes, $170.00 the set. The most complete Swinburne after this edition is a two volume edition called *Collected Poetical Works*, $7.50 the set, published by Harpers; also *Poems* and *Tragedies*, $3.00 each, David McKay Publishing Co., 604 So. Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa., and *Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne*, two volumes, $5.00,

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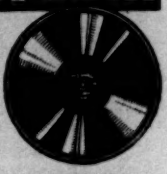

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Literary Table Chat is easily acquired

simply by reading the publishers' announcements of new books by talked-about authors that appear in this issue.

Be careful, though, or the more intriguing ones will lead you to the purchase of many hours of happiness — between the covers of a book.

Dodd, Mead Co., 443 Fourth Ave., New York City. There is no collected uniform edition of William Butler Yeats. All of this author's writings are put out by The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City. Some of the titles follow: *Essays*, a limited autographed edition, $5.00; *Autobiographies*, etc., $3.50; *Early Poems and Stories*, $2.50; *Four Plays for Dancers*, $2.00; *Green Helmet and Other Poems*, $1.60; *Later Poems*, $2.50; *Plays and Controversies*, $2.50; *Plays in Prose and Verse*, $5.00. The Bohn Popular Library is handled in America by Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York City. The last question of W. A. C. concerns the Skeat's edition of Chaucer. Its title is *The Complete Works of Chaucer from Numerous MSS.*, edited by Walter W. Skeat in seven volumes, $5.35 each, published by the Oxford University Press, New York City. . . . A letter requesting the titles of the books by Lady Murasaki has somehow been lost. Thus we are unable to acknowledge our correspondent's name and wish to make our apologies. There are four books by this writer: *Tale of Genji*, *The Sacred Tree*, *Wreath of Cloud*, and *Blue Trousers*, each one selling for $3.50. The publisher is Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. . . . No adequate and satisfactory answer to the questions asked by Lucile Stumpf, Portland, Mich., can be given in this column. Therefore, we suggest that she write to the foreign book department of Brentano's, 47th St. and Fifth Ave., New York City. This firm will doubtless be able to give titles and prices of books which they carry in stock dealing with the type of book she describes in her letter. . . . From Little Rock, Ark., Miss Dorothy Yarnell writes to ask for books on American literature. Perhaps she will find the following titles a useful addition to those which she already possesses on this subject: *American Criticism* by N. Foerster, $3.50, Doubleday, Doran Co., Garden City, New York; *American Literature Through Illustrative Readings, 1608–1928*, compiled and edited by S. E. Simons, $1.60, Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Ave., New York City; and *American Literature* by E. E. Leisy, $2.50, Thomas Y. Crowell Publishing Co., 393 Fourth Ave., New York City. . . . Books

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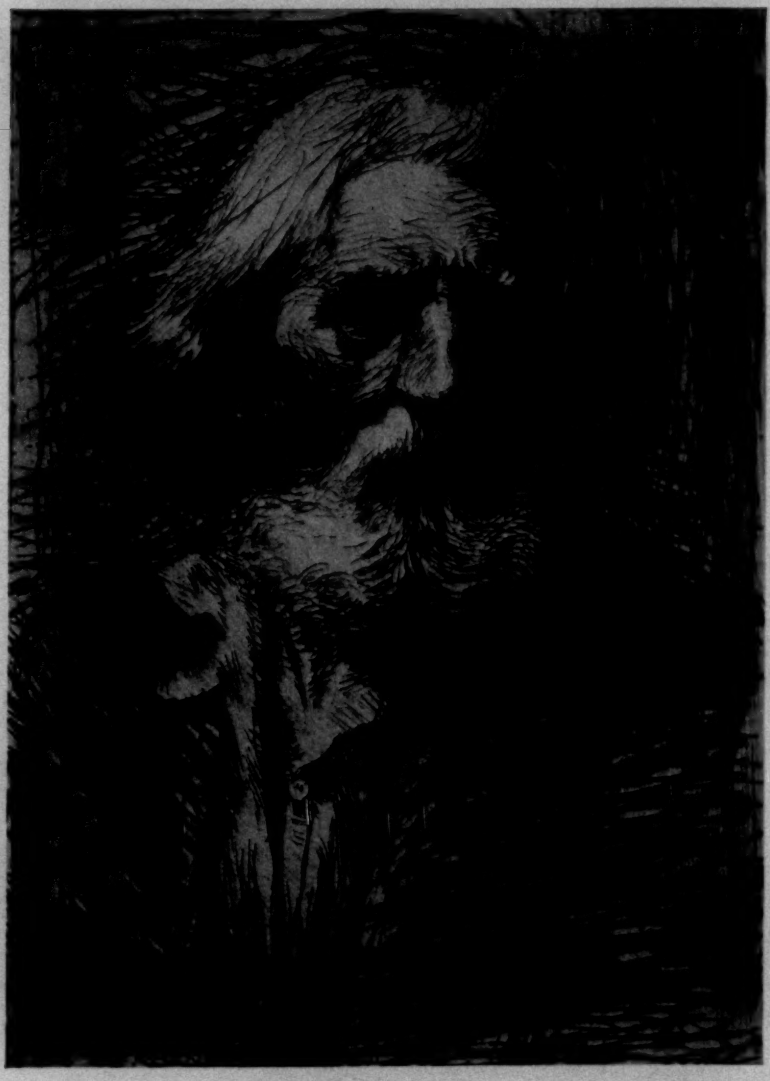
of poetry of the World War are still being published even as they were during the War and soon after it. Peter J. Marks, Brooklyn, N. Y., wishes to know if it is still possible to obtain these volumes of war poems and poets. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass., still find a demand for both volumes of the *Treasury of War Poetry*, First and Second Series, cloth $2.00 each and leather $2.50 each. There are also: *From the Front* edited by C. E. Andrews, $1.50, David Appleton Co., 33 West 32nd St., New York City; *Poems of the Great War* edited by J. W. Cunliffe, $2.75, The Macmillan Co., New York City; *Soldier Poets*, First and Second Series, $1.50 each, Brentano, 47th St. and Fifth Ave., New York City; *Book of Verse of the Great War* edited by W. R. Wheller, $2.00, Yale University Press, 143 Elm St., New Haven, Conn. . . . We regret to state that thus far we have been unable to locate the answer to one of the requests made by Miss Alice MacFarland, Ridgeville, Ind. She has sent in a poetical quotation hoping that we will find the complete poem. We pass it on to our readers with the request that if anyone recognizes these lines we shall be pleased and grateful for any information given to us.

"As our lives, our face shall be;
For all are painting portraits for Eternity."

In answer to her other request for books on philology, we believe that she will find the following books most useful: *Collected Papers* (on philology) by H. Sweet, $6.00, The Oxford University Press, New York City; *Primer of Classical and English Philology*, 85 cents, by W. W. Skeat, also Oxford Press; *Modern Philology Old and New*, $1.50, by C. H. Grandgent, Harvard University Press, Randall Hall, Cambridge, Mass., and *Philology of the English Tongue*, $2.85, by J. Earle, also the Oxford University Press.

In the July HARPERS MAGAZINE, the title of one of Lew Sarett's books was erroneously given as "Dish of God." This should be "The Box of God."



JEAN MARIE

By Franklin T. Wood

Courtesy of the Kennedy Galleries

VOLUME 159 AUGUST 1929

Harpers Magazine

THE ANIMAL IDEAL IN AMERICA

BY COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

LIFE has passed through many phases since it first made its appearance on our cooling planet. Each age is characterized by what palæontology calls "leading fossils" — the predominating types of animals and plants. There are characteristic leading fossils for each phase of life's evolution on earth. But if one surveys the latter from the highest possible point of view, from which only the most general outlines are visible to the eye, then one is led to say that there has been a predominance on earth, in turn, of the cartilaginous fish, the amphibian, the reptile, the marsupial, and eventually the mammal.

This is the current teaching of palæontology. But is it really true that the age of the mammal is the last we know of? Let us apply the time-honored notions of geological formations and leading fossils to our modern age. Then we cannot help admitting that we no longer live in the geological period of the predominance of the mammal in general, but in the geological period of *Man*.

If ever there has been a creature showing all the qualifications needed to deserve the honorary title of "leading fossil," it is modern man. No giant saurian ever put its stamp upon its age in any such degree as modern man does. Man changes the course of rivers and drives tunnels through mountain-chains, not to mention his subjugation of all other living beings. But on the other hand, this is true of *modern* man only. If the statement of the Bible is correct, man was already proclaimed the Lord of Creation in Eden: as a matter of fact, he was nothing of the sort even two short centuries ago. Indeed, from nature's point of view, he was just one creature among others, superior in intellect always, but so weak in other respects and, above all, so deficient in numbers, especially in his most gifted varieties, that only blind conceit could make him believe that he actually ruled the earth. And as a matter of fact those religious and philosophical leaders whose ideas gave the basic note to all premodern life never thought of man as an earthly power. Within the Hindu system, natural man was just an animal

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among others, and his soul could easily transmigrate from a human to an animal body. Within the Chinese system, the cultural history of man stood on the same plane as the succession of the seasons. And the truly Christian Age (it is past to-day) did not look on man as an essentially powerful, but as an essentially weak creature, entirely dependent on Divine Grace for his prosperity. To-day, however, man *has* attained the position assigned to him in Eden. To-day he *is* the Lord of Creation. Which chiefly accounts for the fact that the religions and philosophies in the basic conceptions of which man appeared without any predominance whatever within the rest of creation are irresistibly losing their hold on the minds and souls of men.

We are, then, no longer living in the age of the mammal in general, but in the age of Man. Once we have realized this, we perceive the exact significance of the technical age we are living in: it is not only a phase in human evolution, it means much more: *it means, geologically speaking, that from the pre-human stage man has reached the human stage proper.* For it is science and applied science and nothing else which has made of man in the course of the last centuries the Lord of Creation in the natural or earthy sense of the words. But on the other hand, it was precisely the possibility of the development which he has now actually reached which always distinguished man as an animal from other animals; this is why prophetic spirits could visualize him as the Lord of Creation even in pre-Babylonian days. Man has really come into his own with the technical age. This, then, explains why the age of so-called progress has been characterized by such an unparalleled vitalization of those who participated in it as pioneers: they felt that it was their privilege personally to reach the goal for which the whole of mankind had been groping for millions of years. This also explains why the age of progress has been an age of unparalleled speed: man felt himself to be in a situation similar to the finish on the turf; after having gone more or less evenly for a long time, so as not to exhaust the resources of his horse prematurely, he now saw the winning-post before him and went full-speed to reach it.

But it explains many more things. It explains why technical civilization irresistibly conquers our whole planet. Mortal man is an animal among others: this is the meaning of the current saying that human nature never changes (as indeed it does not). The elementary instincts which call for expansion and power and lust rule man's conduct as primarily as they rule every beast; if there is nothing to check them, they run wild. And there has been nothing to check them on the plane of technical development; for no religion or philosophy of the pre-human days (I am again using the word in the geological sense) foresaw its possibility. Thus technicized man started to conquer the earth as ruthlessly as any saurian did; and as ruthlessly as any gigantosaurian trod down minor cousins which stood in his way, did technicized man conquer and enslave or else exterminate such races of man as had not attained his own degree of technical development. However, this was only the first phase of the process. Soon all human races, black, yellow, brown and white, realized that technical civilization really was the heritage of man *as* man; much more so than political freedom, since the latter was obviously of little use when not allied to power. This, then, explains the tremendous rush for "technization" we have been witnessing since the Great War (which, by weakening the European nations, gave the others their first great chance) all over the world. The real soul of Bolshevism is not a particular form of government but the promise to give to all and sundry of the oppressed races the benefits of technical civilization without making them the slaves of foreign capital. The same applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the emanci-

pation-movements in the whole East. It is also the real motive power of all radical social programs, whatever the country in question be. To that extent these movements are *irresistible:* man as such will not be kept out of his own as the leading fossil of the geological Age of Man.

There is, therefore, no possibility of stopping or checking technical progress, as so many idealists hope for. Should a form of civilization, even the most beautiful, stand in the way of the animal aspirations in question, it will be destroyed, as indeed the Chinese, the Turks and the Russians have already destroyed their own old traditions; the animal impulses are always the stronger the more primitive the race.

Obviously a new geological epoch must assert itself most clearly where man made an entirely fresh start at the beginning of that epoch or soon after it had set in. Here lies the explanation of the most important difference between America and Europe. But this also explains why Bolshevik Russia and America are so much alike. Russia has violently shaken off all the fetters of its past traditions, and although the Russian soul is entirely different from the American, the fact of a new animal ideal has of a sudden drawn Russia quite close to the United States. And the same will be the case with all those rejuvenated races which have thought it necessary to shake off their past in order to begin a new life. In a very short time all of these will gravitate either toward the center, the symbol of which is America, or toward Russia.

II

But it is high time now to explain clearly why I call the American ideal an animal ideal. Is it not an essentially human ideal? Does it not make for better living, for what Americans mean when using the word democracy, for higher civilization? Of course it does. But it makes for all that only for man conceived as an animal, and not as a spiritual being.

America's most essential and most representative ideal is that of a high standard of living. Now there is nothing whatever to be said against this ideal as such. It is obviously better to live comfortably than uncomfortably. This is finally and conclusively proved by the mere fact of the general good will, the lack of jealousy, envy, and resentment in the United States as opposed to what we see in all poverty-stricken countries in which poverty really does mean privation of what makes up the joy of life (which it does not in the tropics, for instance). But what animal, if it could think, would not enlist under the banner of the highest possible standard of living?

Almost all the typical manifestations of present-day American life are not only expressions of the ideal of a higher standard of living—*they really start from the assumption that man is nothing else than an animal* and must be dealt with accordingly. Which again goes far to explain the likeness between America and Bolshevik Russia.

In order to make quite clear what I am driving at, I must insert a few general remarks about the difference between man and the other animals. Every organism is, on the one hand, an essentially responsive being; its life evolves in response to stimuli and is to that extent conditioned by the external world. And on the other hand, every organism is a being which lives in its own right as the expression of a qualified autonomous life-force. It is impossible to explain any phenomenon of life without recurring to both of these two factors, which are essentially independent of each other. But the autonomous life-force in the case of all plants and animals is, roughly speaking, a constant factor; it manifests no more initiative than does heredity with man. The latter's problem is different. In man the life-force, which is autonomous everywhere, becomes (or can become) focussed in the

conscious endowed with free imagination. And although what I said of the animal organism holds also true of man, namely, that the direction of his life is determined by the stimuli it responds to, yet personal initiative plays the decisive part. It does not play a decisive part along the lines of his animal life—but wherever specifically human problems arise, wherever the meaning of facts seems more important (as it does in the case of all properly human issues) than the facts themselves, the initiative of the spirit and not the pressure of the surrounding world is finally decisive. And the higher man rises as a man, the more important does this meaning-giving quality become. The sage is almost independent of outward events; to him they mean exactly what he makes of them, not only in the subjective but also in the objective sense, as is exemplified by the lives of all truly great men who have met with and conquered adversity.

It is characteristic of the American outlook, that it almost entirely overlooks the properly human side of man. There are, of course, many exceptions to the rule; indeed, there are very powerful counter-phenomena. But the very exaggeration with which the autonomy of the spirit is asserted there—I am thinking of course of Christian Science, New Thought, and all that is akin to them—goes to prove the strength of the prevalent point of view. This point of view has found its adequate expression in the theory of Behaviorism. Every representative American of to-day (except, of course, the opposition already mentioned) is a Behaviorist at heart, whether he knows and acknowledges it or not. John Dewey is also essentially a Behaviorist, only he knows too much about the soul to be a Behaviorist pure and simple. In John B. Watson the typical American attitude has become fully self-conscious and it has expressed itself with all the exclusiveness and one-sidedness required from the point of view of style as well as of successful action. I do not doubt that one day John B. Watson will be considered as one of the foremost representatives of what the United States stood for in the Twentieth Century.

What is the essence of Behaviorism? That man is an animal like any other. That spiritual initiative and free will play practically no part in his make-up and conduct. That concrete "habit" stands for the whole of man's vital activity—there is no beyond-it in the sense of a possible metaphysical or otherwise spiritual reality. And that habit can be explained, determined, and ruled and changed entirely from without by external influences.

The most interesting part of a theory is hardly ever to be found in its intrinsic truth—most theories are lamentably one-sided or short-sighted—but in its psychological significance. In this sense the most interesting aspects of Behaviorism are its mere possibility and its representative quality. That there could be anything like Behaviorism and that it should be such a success, proves that Americans *do* look upon themselves in the light of animals; they find nothing within themselves that should necessitate any other theory. Behaviorism holds that any phenomenon of life can be explained and brought about from without, by external influences, and that spiritual autonomy plays no part. There are hundreds of thousands of Americans and hundreds of institutions which officially proclaim the contrary belief. But all the facts combine to prove that the *real*, and in many cases the national, point of view is that of the Behaviorist.

During my stay in the United States I had to consult a doctor because of symptoms possibly due to over-work. He said to me: "You needn't stop doing mental work; just go ahead; your brain is used to that. Mine is as good as yours. But it has never formed the habit of thinking." This sounds rather crude, but if one were to render what John Dewey has to say about education, about the forming of the right kind of habits beyond which he, too, does not recognize

any metaphysical reality—his last premise is society—in the phraseology of the average American, used to thinking in headlines and slogans, I doubt whether one could find a set of phrases more expressive of the real situation than the above quotation. Man is not different, in principle, from any other animal. Partly for that reason Democracy, as the doctrine which teaches that all human beings are originally equal, carries conviction to most Americans. Man has no unique soul, for doubtless no animal owns one; all differences depend on surroundings, wherein training is included. The last resort is the "community," the highest values they know of are social values. My readers will note that here again Americanism converges with Bolshevism. That Bolshevism is a distinctly materialistic creed and that Behaviorism is not, makes no difference as to the essence of the matter.

There is something entirely novel in mass-education as it is practiced in the United States and Russia. This novelty consists in the fact that man is *consciously* treated as an animal. From the idea of appropriate surroundings, whatever belonged to the concept of traditions—and traditions formed the bulk of prescientific educational environment—is excluded. Man is supposed originally to be just an animal; what he develops into is thought to be entirely a matter of natural stimulation in about the same sense as the frog in the laboratory inevitably responds to specific stimuli in a specific way. Education is to "build in" satisfactory habits and to "unbuild" unsatisfactory ones, exactly as chemical compounds can be synthesized and broken up.

To a man in whom ancient traditions are alive, this idea of turning out the desirable type of man by mechanical processes sounds absurd, as indeed it would be a preposterous presumption to imagine that *his* type could be created by such methods. But things are very different in the case of types without a cultural past. The whole American nation is beginning its historic life on the new plane of existence of the geological Age of Man. This is an entirely new, an unheard-of state of things. Before the geological Epoch of Man, increased knowledge always meant higher development on the lines of a tradition begun before the Age of Man proper; since the latter epoch has set in, scientific development has become the starting-point of a new phase in the existence of *animal* man. And since it is this animal quality that actually predominates, it is only logical that in all respects man should see himself in the light of an animal and, as a matter of fact, he does so whether he interprets his attitude in terms of materialism or Behaviorism or even the most spiritual form of pragmatism.

III

There can be no doubt whatsoever that this new way of envisaging man purely as an animal is the way of preparing the road toward a higher level of existence for mankind at large on the new basis of the geological Epoch of Man. Traditional education no longer calls out vital forces except in the case of exceptionally creative individuals. Henceforth, all the cultural and spiritual problems must be re-stated and reset in the right relationship to the new basis. Mankind *has* returned to the animal stage for a while. It must first get settled upon its new basis. And in the meanwhile it really can do no better than evolve the animal nature on animal lines, with the utmost energy, by means fit for animals.

We know to-day that most bad habits in the widest behaviorist sense are due to pernicious external influences; we also know that most psycho-analytical complexes which develop in later life may be prevented from developing in youth by the right kind of education. We know, moreover, that a tremendous number of the desires and actions which men imagine to be the result of purely inward necessity are in reality the results of a

combination of social opportunity and necessity. Therefore, we should take every possible advantage of the opportunities offered by the possibility of influencing life from the outside and by scientific method. And here again we see why it is that young countries like America and Russia must be the leaders in this movement: those in which the traditional culture is still alive cannot see man in the light of the animal only; they know too much of his spiritual nature to do that; they cannot make up their minds to that one-sidedness which alone leads to success. Not that they are by any means done for—far from it; as we shall see later, their task is even more important henceforth than it ever was before. But it remains true, nevertheless, that on the line of the new adjustment of animal nature which has become necessary the young nations play the leading part.

The wonderful progress and expansion of the United States not only in business and on the lines of material and technical development, but also on those of education and scientific research, are primarily due to the primitiveness of the American. He could shut his eyes to the other side of the problem, the one belonging to the spirit, because in the process of rejuvenation he could no longer visualize its reality. This circumstance enabled him to go ahead as an animal with a self-assurance no man of spiritual consciousness could afford. Of course, the American has spiritual needs; but these he satisfies, in accordance with his true state, by primitive forms of religion and philosophy. Christian Science, from the scientific point of view, is a form of Shamanist religion; Fundamentalism is one of the crudest expressions of Tabooism I know of; and the Reverend Billy Sunday plays upon the instrument of the savage tribesman's fear-mechanism with the most consummate skill. I mention these forms of religion because I have an impression that the more normal churches really no longer play a part worth mentioning in spiritual life: they have become too much of a success for that and are developing too much on the general lines of big business. As to their members—most Americans undoubtedly belong to their churches in no other sense than they belong to their golf club, or their luncheon club, or their Rotary Club.

There is, then, progress in the absolute sense in most American achievements which are psychologically based upon Behaviorism of some kind. But as is always the case, here too complete success breeds danger. The more primitive a man, the more he is inclined to generalize; here lies the root of all superstitions. And if he can solve so many problems to his satisfaction by considering man in the light of a mere animal, he is naturally inclined to believe that all problems can be solved in the same way. The soul of American institutionalism and educationalism and, to-day indeed, the active soul of practically the whole nation, is the belief that everything can be changed and perfected from without; that environment means everything; that the autonomy of life and the free initiative of the creative spirit can be completely discarded. An amusing simile may help to reveal the peculiar quality of American institutionalism. The Abbé Mungier, one of the rare Frenchmen I have known who still embody the finest spirit of the Eighteenth Century, was once asked by a *dévote* whose life, I am afraid, had not been altogether blameless, whether he was sure that there existed such a thing as Hell. His answer was: "*Ma chère enfant, évidement il y a un enfer puisque notre très sainte Eglise l'enseigne, mais la misericorde de Dieu étant infinie, je suis à peu près sur qu'il n'y a personne dedans.*" When present-day Americans think of making their nation musical, they believe that they have done everything that is required when they have built a beautiful institute and endowed it with millions. That the existence of music depends entirely on the talent of a few personalities, that institutionalism entirely misses the point

where spiritual values are concerned, rarely occurs to them. Very few American Mæcenases realize that to pay men of science and art less liberally than railway presidents, in a country where a high standard of living is a national ideal, inevitably makes for mediocrity on scientific and artistic lines. The same applies to capacity for statesmanship and government; this, too, is shockingly underpaid in the United States, which circumstance largely accounts for the lack of talented men in the political field. In Europe a talented statesman, scientist, or artist could and can be underpaid because he always was and still is considered so immeasurably superior in quality to any man merely able to make money, that inferiority in material means really only compensates overwhelming advantages. There is no equivalent to this point of view in American public opinion. The latter simply does not believe in the intrinsic value of genius and talent. It does not really believe in it even in the domain of business, although exceptional talent is recognized and paid here as it is nowhere else. Exceptional salaries are paid simply because such salaries are proved to be profitable and remunerative to those who pay them; no employer knows or would admit that talent is of value in itself.

The soul of American institutionalism, then, is the belief that institutions as such are everything and the creative soul of man means nothing. Man always becomes what his environment makes of him. Under these circumstances it is, of course, perfectly logical to give everybody what is considered to be the best education and to expect that thereupon the general level will inevitably rise in every respect. But as far as my observations go, all thinking Americans realize that the general level has not risen. We have given the reason: American institutionalism looks upon man in the light of an animal. *And this must needs make of him as much of an animal as he is able to become.*

IV

I wish to repeat once more that I consider it an unequivocally good thing that animal man should be able to attain to such all-round satisfaction as he attains to in the United States. And the fact that there is so exceptionally little ill-will, resentment, envy, jealousy, and pettiness in American life proves conclusively, in my opinion, that it is a good thing not only from the point of view of the body, but also of the soul. To that extent there is even nothing to be said against uniformity and standardization. If all men are to live comfortably, then a large amount of uniformity and standardization of material life is inevitable—you can make millions equally comfortable only if their requirements are alike to a large extent—and the disadvantages of that necessity are doubtless smaller than its advantages. But the disadvantages begin to be seen when the spiritual requirements, too, are taken care of by methods appropriate to animals only. This is the fundamental vice of American civilization: its *topsy-turviness*. Lafcadio Hearn and Basil Hall Chamberlain have described the Japanese solution of the problem of life as being topsy-turvy from the European point of view. Yet the Japanese topsy-turviness is nothing as compared to the American. The latter's topsy-turviness consists in this, *that it attacks almost every problem of life from the wrong end.*

If marriage is to be a success, one should obviously begin by marrying the right person. The Americans apparently do not think so; they try to cure bad marriage by better divorce. It seems desirable that a sense of the beauties of nature be developed: the Americans then create what they call beautiful surroundings, entirely ignoring the fact that there is no beauty except when man sees his idea of beauty into the things; nature seemed beautiful to an earlier civilization, because nature's objects were thought of as incarnated Gods. The American nation is to become

musical: the finest institutions in the world are being created—never mind whether there will be anybody to live in them.

After my first lectures, I was again and again perplexed by the experience that people came up to ask me: "Wasn't the audience wonderful?" In Europe it would be an insult pure and simple to talk to a speaker who gave his best—whatever this best may have been—about the merits of his listeners. But soon I understood. The idea was simply this: if this man could attract a large audience, and if this audience remained attentive for an hour, then he must be a good speaker. In the same way a best-seller must be a good book; or—as an American Mæcenas recently put it—one can prove the value of great art in dollars and cents. From this there is only one step to the conception that a book which is not expensive or a best-seller, or a man who doesn't make much money, can be no good, and that money provides the right standard on all planes and lines. This has nothing to do with dollar-madness: it is simply an illustration of that topsy-turviness which is the most salient characteristic of present-day Americanism. The American nation has been so consistently educated to believe that spirit can in no wise be the cause, but that it is an effect in the sense that it responds only to stimuli and can do nothing without them—that it involuntarily thinks and acts *as though* the effect were the cause even where it knows better.

Here lies the real root of that national belief which most Americans simply explain by the word "democracy"—the belief that the judgment of the man in the street provides the absolutely right standard. This belief really means that there is no such thing as an autonomous spirit which has claims in its own right, and that there is no standard of value which might be considered valid independently of its standing the pragmatic test of material success. If the public does not like a thing or a man—why, then, it or he is bad or wrong or useless. On the other hand, if the public likes it or him, then there "is money in it or him." This, again, adds to the prestige of the idea that money-worth provides the real standard. Moreover, money always makes for comfort. And if money is made under the assumption that the taste of the man in the street counts first, the making of it by one or a few really is of profit to all.

When we remember that the American ideal is originally an animal ideal, we are ready to understand that the topsy-turviness is question must be exceedingly difficult to cure. It *does* stand the pragmatic test so well! And its disadvantages are detrimental only to the few, not to the many. And even to the few they are not materially detrimental, for with the help of good advertising the highest qualities can have a higher market value in the United States than anywhere else in the world and, therefore, the spirit finds more support there than anywhere else. This is quite true. But it is equally true that this topsy-turviness, just *because* it leads to good results in all sorts of lines, blinds the eye for spiritual reality and its intrinsic laws. A typical American cannot understand why a spiritually conscious man will rather be hated by all and sundry than conform to the prejudices of the masses. He cannot see why "being liked" by, or even making for the happiness of others cannot be, for the spiritually conscious man, an aim worth aspiring to.

Yet, if the spirit is really powerful in a man, he can succeed in America in spite of the aforesaid, because of the exceeding suggestibility of the American nation. But there are very few who have sufficient suggestive power. And worse still: human nature being weak, most creative spirits unfortunately give up their best for the sake of their family, or whatever the pretext may be, when they are successful. In any case with every successful year the *nation* develops more and more on the lines of spiritual blindness. The salesman's point of view prevails

more and more. Many Americans told me, when I talked to them about that extraordinary book in which Christ is represented as the model of a good salesman, that it meant nothing and that the writer was just a fool. I do not think so. America at large really does think that way. The idea of the book in question is that Jesus Christ did not succeed in Christianizing the world because He had a great and true message to deliver, which later on inevitably resulted in "good publicity," but that from the outset he thought only of the latter. All my personal experience makes me believe that this is the real because the involuntary general American point of view. Were it otherwise, would newspapers and publishing houses think almost exclusively of what the public wants? Would they think that the pure business point of view is the legitimate one for a man who is demonstrably capable of commanding and directing public opinion? Were it otherwise, would the sales-manager play a more important part in American business than the inventive spirit? The inventor's position is a truly "ancillary" one, as was that of philosophy with respect to theology in the Middle Ages. From the point of view of the spirit as the creative essence of life, such a life-view is topsy-turvy in the absolute sense. Yet it would be the normal view, if man were an animal. This, then, brings us back to the central argument of this article. America would not be topsy-turvy if man actually were an animal. But unconsciously Americans view him as one. And the aforesaid topsy-turviness in its turn helps toward the materialization of this belief. It makes for the progressive animalization of the American. The American really becomes a product of his existing institutions. He does so, because he believes in their unlimited power.

This is why Americans become more "likeminded" and "normal" with every succeeding year. And with that likemindedness the tendency to conform to existing institutions in its turn inevitably increases. If the belief that externals account for everything is strong enough, they do indeed. Here lies the chief reason of American suggestibility. The Americans would not be more suggestible than other people, and on the basis of it, advertising would not be so immeasurably more successful there than anywhere else, were it not for the Behaviorist belief that man's life is nothing but "habit" and that every habit is the outcome of given external influences. In this connection, the life of the United States presents the image of one single, gigantic, vicious circle.

V

Now let us proceed a step farther. If "environment" is believed to account for everything; if, accordingly, it achieves as much as the laws of nature permit; if, on the other hand, standardization is a fact and uniformity an ideal, then man's life must become very much like that of ants and bees. It has often been said that ants and bees are the most "human" of animals. The reverse, too, is true: if civilized man reverts to an animal-type, then he does not become an ape or a dog, but an ant or a bee. For these insects are the most social and at the same time the most hard-working of animals; they are, moreover, the animals most bent on specialization and the most rigid in their routine. They do not in the least resemble primitive or savage or even cultured man—these have their animal counterpart in the lion or the fox or the race horse, as the case may be. But they do resemble technicized man. It is the distinctive quality of the latter, that routine-work plays the principal part in his life. Now the routine of the ant, and in particular that of the termite, is wonderfully adapted to the rhythm of the Universe. The termite has so far held its own as no other creature has and it will probably continue to do so to the end of our world. The same may happen to technicized man. Only if it does, it will be at the expense of all free initiative.

It is a fact well worth meditating, that most Utopias written of late, which were based on American conditions, foresee a future state of utter serfdom; freedom of will practically would count no more. This will indeed be the case if the Lifeless is to give the law to the whole of Life. This will be all the more so the more perfect the antlike co-operation grows. If human life becomes essentially a routine, the rhythm of which fits into that of the world at large, then a state of tremendous stability must follow. For such a life inevitably stands the pragmatic test. It cannot help being a complete success. It must become more successful with every step on the line of standardization. Everything will prosper—except man's spirit. The latter must decay.

For spirit lives only in the dimension of free initiative. And this must needs diminish in extent and power as American life develops on its present lines. The animal side must needs grow to ever greater bulk and power. Facts as such must more and more become the one thing that matters.

When I came to the United States my first inquiry was: which are America's most current superstitions? I always inquire into the superstitions first when wishing to understand a nation, because they are much more representative of the unconscious, which is a very nonrational thing, than anything reasonable. Then I found to my amazement that Americans believe in—facts; everywhere and in every possible connection. I never have come across so quaint a superstition. In the domain of life facts never are primary things; significance creates them on the one hand, and on the other, they derive all their value from the significance they embody. And significance is never inherent in the facts themselves. Every institution originated from an invention which was not a fact in the beginning. The power of a government is based upon the authority it has—and that, too, is not a fact; it depends on belief. And so does the value of the most objective value on earth—gold; if people did not believe in it, its "facts" would mean nothing. Exactly in the same sense does the fact-side of "democracy" depend on what it means to men. Whether physical love is a beautiful or an ugly process depends on the meaning attached to it. And so on. The belief in facts is, from the point of view of man conceived as a spiritual being, really the quaintest and at the same time the grossest of superstitions. It can be explained only by the topsy-turviness of American thinking.

But since in reality significance creates the facts, and not vice versa, the topsy-turvy belief actually does create a world in its image. And this again means that the animal side in man, as opposed to the human side proper, grows stronger; the significance of the facts, which really makes them human, grows ever less important. The final result is that man must become a higher animal pure and simple.

Are we not alarmingly near such a state? Love is already being considered as a purely biological function; health is the supreme ideal. The American is progressively losing sight of the fact that what distinguished man from the beast is precisely his lack of equilibrium, for that alone enables him to keep on striving beyond himself. Health is a purely animal ideal. It was one of the deepest truths given by Christianity that ill-health is a more normal state for spiritual man than health. The latter means a stable equilibrium. But an equilibrium can be stable only if there is no change. If man progresses inwardly, a destruction of the equilibrium previously existing inevitably follows. The more spirit, which is Movement Eternal, predominates in man, the more unstable must his state of balance be. This is the reason why from the point of view of the man in the street every spiritual man has always been less "good" or "nice" than any fool. Besides, spirit acts on earth only by means of tensions (as op-

posed to harmonious relationships). In this respect health is really an anti-spiritual ideal. The idea of health, then, contributes in its turn to the animalization of the American.

But the same is also true of education, as it is generally understood. It is becoming more and more a form of training such as animals can be submitted to. The ideal of a high standard of living will eventually end—if the process should reach its natural goal—by becoming the general denominator of all ideals. Herewith man would retire from the adventure of human life proper and revert to simple and safe and secure animality.

Viewed from this angle, the American habit of appraising everything in terms of the dollar seems a very dangerous thing indeed. For it simply means that the ultimate significance of all human ideals and values should be to make an animal feel comfortable. And this again would imply that the charming human qualities of the American, his directness, kindness, and simplicity, would have to be attributed not to higher human development but to a prehuman stage; there are no vicious or pretentious or malicious beasts.

This is the great danger which threatens the United States. Russian philosophers, true to the doctrine of Early Christianity which they all unconsciously profess, have raised their voices several times to warn mankind against the American ideal; their idea is that there are two kinds of Satanism. The one expresses itself in terror and cruelty, the other in comfort. And the latter is by far the most dangerous. No doubt, inertia is the law of matter as opposed to spirit. Wherever routine predominates, spirit dies. And very likely the routine of comfort is the most stable of all routines. The condition of America is no doubt more critical, from the point of view of spiritual progress, than that of Bolshevik Russia, because the terrible material condition of the latter country must needs keep the spirit awake. Russia can be reborn at any time. A tremendous effort will be required, if the same is to happen in the United States. . . .

But now let me add at once: *if* spirit should conquer there, this victory would mean more for the general progress of mankind than any previous spiritual conquest. For then spirit would for the first time find itself secure upon the basis of accepted material comfort, which it never has been heretofore.

VI

Before I end, I wish to draw the attention of my readers to some other dangers. Man, developed into the Lord of Creation, is the most dangerous animal that ever lived. Not only for others, but also from the point of view of his own welfare. He conquers and destroys everything he cannot use. To him nature is nothing but raw material. Of this, again, present-dayAmerica provides the best illustration. In America there is no sense of beauty as a motive power of any national importance. But such a state of things is highly dangerous. Beauty is the result as well as the expression of right proportions. If there is ugliness, this always means that the right equilibrium has not been attained, or else it has been destroyed. Now man, however powerful, still remains a child of nature; if he acts as her master only, repudiating his childhood, she will take sooner or later a terrible revenge. We Europeans have realized that mere intellect, if developed at the expense of life, becomes its enemy, bound to destroy it as a quality first, and eventually as a fact. The creative powers atrophy. But American technicism presents a still greater danger. If only business counts —I use the term in its most general sense —then none of the purely human powers, as opposed to the animal forces, have any chance to grow. And since the life-source of man lies in the spiritual, this must lead to physical devitalization.

To my mind, this provides the ex-

planation of many things which every intelligent observer of America must notice when taking the measure of American man. Notwithstanding the tremendous energy which he shows in special fields, he is very much less vital than the European. If he is not infantile he more often than not looks disproportionately old. We said that one possible goal of American civilization is a termitoid state. The termites are the most ancient of all creatures. But when they live their termite-life they still live out their whole nature. Man as a termite would not. He would leave unexpressed, more and more, all human powers. And since his real essence is human, he would probably die out. A life which is untrue to its own meaning never lasts.

This largely accounts also for the neurotic state of an appalling percentage of American business men. And many of them have become truly antlike. They can see no other point of view than their own. They can do one thing very well and rapidly, but beyond that they can do nothing. Very quick in their accustomed lines of action just as the insects are, they are incredibly slow in all others. Will the Americans become ants, after all?

We said that this could not happen because they would probably die out first. But there is a more hopeful outlook and with this I will conclude this paper. Very likely the animal ideal of a high standard of living will reduce itself automatically *ad absurdum*, making room for a higher ideal before it is too late. The higher the general standard of life becomes, the more difficult will it be to find human beings for the lower tasks of life, which will always have to be fulfilled. Then, one of two things is bound to happen. Either foreign slaves will be introduced in large numbers, or else the nation will make up its mind that it is not possible to continue forever in the assumption that material progress must indefinitely go on. And in both cases the only possible solution will be to restore spirit to its true place. One can rule slaves only if man as such means more than the "thing"; if initiative means more than adaptation. And man, as an essentially striving being, can inwardly put up with stationary conditions, and not very satisfactory ones at that, only when he seeks and finds satisfaction for his striving nature in dimensions where there is no question of comfort and success.

THE CENTIPEDE

A STORY

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

PALAMÚ was a one-man island, and Crashaw was that man. A cub like me did not count. I was there, indeed, less than a year, and I have never been back. For a few months, after my leg healed, I was in Crashaw's employ, as was everyone, more or less, but I was so useless that I could hardly be said to have any part in the life of the island. I had been spewed up on that strand by an accident of the sea, and Crashaw took me in, healed me, despised me, and eventually got rid of me. You would think, perhaps, that Crashaw, saddled with me, would have repaid himself with the companionship of an educated and well-intentioned youth. He didn't. An educated and well-intentioned youth (grateful, to boot) didn't come into his scheme of things. I was a plain nuisance. He never took me into his own house, he never talked to me of any but immediate practical matters, he never showed any desire for my society beyond the dictates of common convenience. I was in and out of his compound, necessarily, on errands. Beyond that, nothing. It was as if, from the beginning, he had determined that I should be of no value to him. I am sure that as soon as I turned from a dying into a living person he began to plan my exit from Palamú.

If Crashaw had any questionable business in or about Palamú, I never knew it. Indeed, I doubt if he had. In some of his absences, he may have carried on a secret trade in pearls, but that is only a guess. I am sure that he had nothing to do with blackbirding—even financing it indirectly. If he kept an occasional rendez-vous, on the lonely windward shore of the island, with queer canoes or lousy schooners, I doubt, as I say, that it was for anything more sinister than pearls—perhaps, indeed, only Marquesan jade. Nor if you brought evidence of crime against Crashaw could I confute it. Nothing was ever so secret as that sculptured column of a man. Everyone on Palamú worked more or less, as I have said, for Crashaw; and his regular business in copra was sufficient to account for a fair-sized income. Crashaw did not make the mistake of trading with the natives: the store was run, on his sufferance, by a Portuguese half-caste named Manoel, and Crashaw was only the lordliest of customers. He had arrived on Palamú, I understand, before the colonial office had had time to administer these smallest and remotest spawn of its South Sea catch; and the fussiest of bureaucrats would have had to admit that there was not room on Palamú for more than one lordship—nor was Palamú worth a controversy. He paid his taxes, undoubtedly, and they let him alone.

I had a history of my own—you don't come from a home like mine to a place like Palamú without making history on the way—but Crashaw never asked to hear it. I might have been inanimate, instead of living, jetsam for all he cared. Curiosity was not in the man; or, if it was, it concerned itself with choicer matters than I offered. A man in Cra-

shaw's position (though there are few so solitary and free) usually assimilates himself to his context, finds this or that outlet for himself. I couldn't see that Crashaw did. He never had any of the native girls living with him; he was never the worse for liquor. He denied himself even the intoxication and mystery of the spoken word, using the native tongue and the local pidgin for business only. It was a patriarchal life with none of the patriarchal intimacies and complications; and Crashaw would have been hard put to it to look like a patriarch, anyhow. He can't have been much over forty, and he was good-looking, in an adaptable, non-Nordic way—no blond beast. A steel blade had at some time slashed his left cheek from temple to upper lip, without, however, making his face sinister, since the cut had not twisted the modelling of any feature. It only made him more definite. He was fairly tall, strong, and darkish; aquiline in general effect; curiously supple for so solid a person. That is all I know about Crashaw. If, from what happened on Palamú, you can deduce anything, you're welcome. I've often wished I could deduce more. The natives all thought he was God. I didn't think he was God; but he was, obviously, the Government. I was moving in that scene, and should move off it, precisely as Crashaw decreed. He was waiting for the right schooner to deport me, I knew, for he had very definite ideas as to the best destination for me. There was no sense, he once said, in sending me anywhere except to some place where I could get a boat for a big port. Crashaw never thought the South Pacific was any place for me: all I could do with it was to drown in it.

It was not often I could tell Crashaw anything that interested, much less surprised him, and I remember the thrill as of treasure-trove, when, coming back from my morning bath in a pool up a ravine (Crashaw had a shower in his house, which I had never been invited to use), I saw, as I rounded the curve of our little bay, a motor boat carefully beached. I had taken a short cut through the palm groves to my pool, but had returned by the shore because never, in all my time on Palamú, did I tire of the iridescent waters breaking on black volcanic sand. I ran out to the edge of the strand, to look at this stray from civilization. It was a smart little motor boat, too small for business in those waters, with *Idalia* stenciled in gold on the bow—obviously one of those things yacht owners use for going ashore instead of oar-power. There was no yacht in sight. The object, however, could not have crossed any considerable part of that ocean on an independent venture: it was the child, the messenger, of the *Idalia*, whatever *she* was. It had no cabin worth the name, and concealed nothing.

I breakfasted first, for as I sobered down (on the run) I realized that it must have been brought there by human beings, and that if they had disappeared, they could have disappeared only in the direction of Crashaw himself. That island had a magnetic pole of its own, and Crashaw was its name. He would have sent for me if he had wanted me. I might as well satisfy a hearty hunger first. But in my hurry I drank my coffee boiling and splashed myself with mango-juice. The *Idalia*—I couldn't get it out of my head that she might even make a difference to me.

I found Crashaw alone on his shuttered porch, smoking a cigarette. He nodded at me, and I dropped on the porch step, panting, and told him about the motor boat. He nodded again.

"Mrs. Dicey and Mr. Merrion. I've sent her back to the hut yonder" (he referred to a small structure at the bottom of his compound) "with some girls to look after her. He's gone to the store to buy her some clothes. She arrived in full evening dress. Cast up here at dawn they were, according to his account . . . I have to go over to the other side to-day" (of Palamú, he meant, of course) "but I've ordered lunch for them.

They'll want to sleep, after a night like that. I've told Merrion he can rest here, on the verandah. You'd better come back here by cocktail time. Let them alone till then."

"Nothing I can do for them?"

He shook his head and rose. "Leave them alone. He's told me the story—a story. I'll see. If the yacht should come in while I'm gone . . . He says it won't, but I'm not sure." He reflected a moment. "Tell Manoel to send some boys down to get the motor boat into shelter. They came that way—they may have to go that way."

Just a few grudged sentences, incoherent yet weighty, on his way to the stained Ford that he was to drive off to his secret appointment. He didn't tell me their story, and I wasn't encouraged to ask them for it in his absence. I first met Mrs. Dicey and Merrion as Crashaw, at sunset, was shaking the cocktails.

Her speech betrayed her. It had the lack-luster precision of training. Stella Dicey was, clearly, not born to good English. She was very pretty, with delicate, small features that would eventually (I imagined) be mounted in fat. She was obviously in a state of extreme annoyance—a bisque doll in a temper. Merrion evidently had been born to good English, but he had corrupted, I judged, whatever in his heritage was corruptible. Mrs. Dicey was really delightful to look at, in a physical sense, and she had reassumed, for dinner, the orchid evening dress and silver slippers in which, I gathered, she had arrived on Palamú. Crashaw's house was comfortable—when you considered where it stood, it was luxurious—but it had nothing to do with this lady, who had obviously not left the *Idalia* without her vanity case. Perhaps it was in deference to the tropics that she was so much made up. Merrion, in his yachting things, a little crumpled and stained, to be sure, looked a gentleman ill at ease, twice too good to be saddled with this bathing beauty. I disliked both of them at sight, though her feminine lure (she was all feminine and all lure) quickened my starved and celibate pulse a little. She was common, and Merrion, I faintly felt, would stick at nothing, though he'd knife you with a certain grace, no doubt.

I heard their story from Mrs. Dicey, who seemed to want to tell it in her own words. Mr. and Mrs. Steve Dicey were cruising on their yacht, Merrion being their guest. The night before, after dinner, Dicey being tipsy, Merrion had suggested their running over in the motor boat to an island where they had all picnicked earlier in the day. They had sat there comfortably and talked, by the light of the ineffable moon, watching the swaying lights of the yacht. To their amaze, disgust, horror, the dipping lights had veered . . . the yacht had turned . . . as they stared, they saw now only the stern lights . . . the *Idalia* was leaving them.

Of course they had rushed for the boat, they had screamed, shouted, given chase. In vain. Steam had soon taken the *Idalia* out of their reach. After tossing for hours in attempted pursuit, they had beached themselves, before dawn, on Palamú—of which they had never heard.

"And how long do you expect it will take your husband to comb these islands for you?" asked Crashaw. There was nothing of the willing host in his tone.

Useless to ask her to compute or forecast anything. She bit her lip and did not answer.

Merrion spoke for her. "If you ask me, Mr. Crashaw, I'd say longer than it will pay us to wait for him. I'm sorry, my dear Stella, to force our personal affairs on this gentleman" (he ignored me completely) "but I think we owe him the truth."

"The truth is that Steve was drunk," she cut in; "and when he woke up, someone—that beast Hawkins, probably—made out to him that we'd done a sneak. He was furious and he ran away and left us. When he has sobered up he'll be sorry."

"How long does it usually take your

husband to sober up?" Crashaw turned his head in her direction.

Again, she could not answer a specific question. "I don't know just how drunk he was last night," she muttered.

Merrion spoke again. "I consider that we are castaways—public charges." He smiled. "Therefore, I say, Stella, the truth. The fact is that, while Mrs. Dicey and I have broken no laws of any land, we've been extremely interested in each other. Drunk or sober, Dicey had probably noticed. . . . Very likely he wouldn't have done such a dirty thing if he'd been quite himself—he may be thinking better of it. But if you want my candid opinion, he'll be too glad to get rid of us to start searching."

"Steve? Glad to get rid of me? It's not true, Conrad!" She was very near tears.

"Perhaps he isn't tired of you, Stella. Time will tell. But—he up-anchored and ran. . . . I don't advise you to look for rescue from Steve. He hasn't any real case in a divorce court, but I imagine he's steaming towards one as fast as he can. He'll trust to our nonappearance—which we can't help—to give him grounds. We're as innocent as you like, you and I, but Steve has got the money, he's got the yacht, he's got freedom of movement. We've got nothing—except what Mr. Crashaw will give us."

"You don't think any too well of Mr. Steve Dicey," Crashaw commented.

"I think he played a damn' dirty trick when he turned his wife adrift by night in the South Seas, in a rotten little boat, with no money and no clothes."

Stella Dicey began to weep softly at this picture of herself. Her mouth quivered with self-pity, spoiling the cupid's bow she had painted on it.

"I can't believe Steve would do it," she whimpered.

"But he's done it, Stella! Moreover, it's exactly like him. You didn't get anything *but* money when you got Steve, you know."

"He would probably not know Palamú," said Crashaw.

"He's not trying to improve his knowledge," muttered Merrion. "He certainly wasn't looking for clues last night—running away from them as fast as he could."

"It's a queer thing for a man to do." Crashaw seemed to be weighing the extraordinary action. Merely seeing Crashaw meditate set me to furious wondering. Had they deliberately eloped? Had they perchance killed Dicey? Was there any Dicey at all? The evidence before me appeared to defeat these crude surmises. This lady would never have eloped without a trousseau, and the large gesture of murder would have been quite beyond her. There certainly was an *Idalia* somewhere, and it must belong to someone. Why not, as they declared, to her husband?

Crashaw rose. "There's no way of getting you off Palamú to-night," he reminded them. "For a few days, we'll wait. Could you get Mrs. Dicey what she needed at Manoel's?"

Mrs. Dicey rose too, pouting. "I shall look like a native, but he brought me some things, yes."

"You had money?" He turned to Merrion.

"Enough for that."

"You can't be very flush—taken unawares. I'll settle with Manoel. Get what you need—the two of you. Wilton"—he turned to me for the first time—"tell Manoel Mr. Merrion is to have the quarters over the store. You'd better go down there with him. There's only the one shack in the compound—where Mrs. Dicey is."

Now I knew there were rooms in his own house where he could comfortably have sheltered Merrion or anyone else; but, with Crashaw, a hospitality he did not offer was a hospitality that did not, even hypothetically, exist. The single room with a verandah, at the back of his garden, which he had given to Mrs. Dicey, was the nearest a guest got to him—and I had never known that occupied but once. He was not going to corrupt

his solitude for Merrion, any more than he had done for me.

Crashaw moved away to his own quarters to get some things for Merrion, having ascertained his needs. I stood, patient and uncomfortable (only one word had been flung to me, by anyone, since we drank our cocktails) in the shadows of the porch, beyond the hot glare of the hanging lamp, watching a lizard-fight on the rafters. They had probably forgotten me. Otherwise how could she have turned to him and begged?

"Conrad, I can't stay in that horrible hut alone! Make him put another cot down there. You mustn't leave me. I'd die of terror. This place frightens me anyhow. There'll be animals, natives, noises, creeping things! I *can't*. You must stick by me, or I'll go off my head."

"My dear Stella"—he came forward and took her hand—"suppose Steve does come after us? I don't think he will, but suppose he did? You'd be fatally compromised if you had been sleeping in a two-by-four hut with me."

"I don't care if I am compromised," she wailed. "I'd rather be compromised than die! Besides, you needn't . . ."

He cut into her hesitation. "No, as you say, Stella, I needn't make love to you. But who is going to believe I haven't? Steve? If Steve thought yesterday I'd been making love to you, what would he think if he turned up here after a week and found us occupying Mr. Crashaw's guest-quarters?"

"If he comes back he'll be so ashamed of himself that he'll have to believe the truth."

"And just what will the truth be—if he comes back?"

"I've never been unfaithful to Steve. I'm not that kind, Conrad Merrion! You both ought to know."

"What Steve knows and what I know would fill two very different books," he murmured. The words evidently meant nothing to Mrs. Dicey, but, Crashaw returning just then with an armful of assorted objects, she turned and flung herself upon his manifest strength.

"Mr. Crashaw, won't you have another cot taken down where I am, for Mr. Merrion? I'm afraid to be there alone in the dark. It's awful, all this . . . I'm sorry to be a nuisance, but I couldn't help any of it—and I'll just die of fear in this wilderness by myself." She was actually shivering as with ague.

Crashaw looked at her, then at Merrion. "Are you her lover?" he asked bluntly. His voice sounded as if lovers were something less than human.

"Not as yet." There were mockery, deprecation, innocence all mingled in Merrion's strange smile.

"Or ever—you beast!" she shrieked at him suddenly.

Crashaw indulged in a gesture which was rather a disturbance of shoulder muscles than a shrug. "It's nothing to me. I'll have another cot moved down. It'll be narrow quarters, but that's your lookout . . . Mrs. Dicey."

I saw Conrad Merrion considering. He had turned from the others and did his deciding in private—not realizing I was there, opposite. Little impulses chased one another across his features, visible reflections of his course of thought. He wouldn't—he would. There was private triumph in the smile he quenched as he turned to them. "Very well, Stella, I'll come. If Mr. Crashaw would give me a pistol, it might be well."

Crashaw shook his head. "I use no firearms when they're unnecessary. There's neither beast nor human on Palamú to touch you—not in my compound." He strode off to give an order about the extra cot. I saw it, heaped with bedding, mosquito-nets, and Merrion's borrowings, preceding the couple down the hard coral path. Crashaw did not accompany the procession. As a guest, I had to take leave, and this I did when we were left alone.

"It's a queer business, young Wilton," Crashaw said. Had he not used my

name, I should not have known that he was addressing me, for he was looking lazily elsewhere. "I hope the husband will turn up—if there is a husband. There's no room for waifs on Palamú. Good-night." He went inside, and I was left to digest his tactful farewell.

I have hinted that I was not often invited to be Crashaw's guest; and the advent of the motor boat made no difference. Indeed, he kept me busier than usual, I thought, about the copra sheds. Merrion, I inevitably ran into often, for he could be caged in no compound; but I suspected, after a fortnight, that Merrion avoided me. He grew very intimate with the storekeeper, Manoel, and I would sometimes see them colloguing privately at the back of the warehouse with a bottle of square-face. Mrs. Dicey kept herself to herself, as the colloquialism goes, and except for an occasional turning over of all Manoel's stock in trade, she seldom appeared in Palamú town. I heard that, what with hammocks and curtains and a parrot in a cage, she had made the shack fairly comfortable, and that she spent a large part of her time turning Manoel's muslins and calicoes into clothing for herself. I suggested a picnic once to Merrion, but he shook his head. "I'll come with pleasure, but nothing will persuade Stella that there's anything up these heavenly ravines but snakes and vermin. She won't even go to the nearest pool to bathe."

"Does she use Crashaw's shower then?" I asked sarcastically.

Merrion smiled, with a twist. "He's never offered it. No, she doesn't wash, except in a basin. Has a native woman come in and use oils and herbs on her. They can massage anything out of you—except dirt. I don't know about that."

From that speech, and that only, I gathered that Merrion's suit (for all he shared her house) had not gone well. I had known, as well as I ever want to know anything, that when he agreed to protect her he had hoped for compensation. If he jeered at her abstention from the pool, it was because she had kept what she would have called her virtue. In the surrounding mystery of Palamú—its whichness and whyness and howness, set, alone and tiny, in the immense desolation of ocean—the few things you could know, you knew with extreme clearness. Yet the island, its philosophy, its overlord, its destiny, still seem to me one of the real secrets of the planet.

In a few weeks there was work, even for me, for a schooner was due to come in for copra, and there was a fury of gathering, breaking, and drying; and Crashaw did not scruple to use me for any job where hands were needed. I staggered under the sun, where the piles grew, and at twilight was too tired for anything but hasty eating and loglike sleep. When the schooner arrived, Crashaw, typically, dismissed me, for he liked to transact business quite alone. He had the condescension to tell me that the copra-boat would not serve my turn, but that he expected to speak of me to the skipper, who might, at some larger port in the copra area, prevail on another captain to call in at Palamú. A man, Killoran, was even mentioned as the definite recipient of the message. When Killoran heard Crashaw wanted him, he would come. I suspected that Crashaw had reasons for wishing to see Killoran himself; for I was hardly good enough to divert Pacific traffic. Anyhow, I was to wait for Killoran. It was Crashaw's opinion, I knew, that the more directly I made for main-traveled roads the better. I should be as badly off on the Solomons or the Carolines as on Palamú. I made it a point of pride to show no curiosity and to leave him to his dirty captains. Indeed, I indulged in ostentation: I went off by myself to the other end of the island on a three-day loaf. I had enough of the native speech to ask for food or shelter in any village, and I knew where were the high places which I must avoid.

I came back, after three days, quiet

in mind. Doubtless Crashaw did know best, and it was wise to wait for Killoran. Crashaw would have a real reason for shipping me wherever he decided to ship me. Moreover, he was ready to pay my way. I held no cards to justify me in trying to play my own game. The shade, the sunlight, the waterfalls, the fruits, the perfumes, the tender, naïve, dark gentry—all the benignity of the unspoiled, unmissioned tropic—soothed me, and I swung into Palamú town on the third afternoon, in a gay and gentle mood.

Yet, once back in my own tiny shack, I began to wonder. You could not see the smoke, the flaunting vines, the roof-thatches, the very pigs of the little port, without being aware at once of Crashaw, and wishing uneasily to know his state of mind. Some places depend, for their peace, on natural resources, some on religion, some on government, some on health, and some on gold; but Palamú took its weather only from that dark, imperturbable person. A one-man island: I'll say so! I did not have to ask for news: there was a message for me. I was to dine with Crashaw. So I smartened myself with clean linen and went to his house, for the sun was nearly spent, and you swallow your cocktails in the five minutes before the dark crashes down.

I found him alone on his porch and, for the first time in six months, he looked glad to see me. He even shook hands with me. "Killoran will soon he here for you, young Wilton," he said.

I tried to find some deprecating words of gratitude and all, but he checked me.

"No—no. He'll be late, perhaps, for I've sent word to him to stop by Papeete and fetch some fineries for Mrs. Dicey."

Evidently, in three days, he had come to regard Mrs. Dicey's needs more seriously than he had shown any earlier sign of doing. To be sure, it was a fortnight since I had seen her; but Merrion had given me no hint of Crashaw's regarding the girl (she was very young, Mrs. Dicey) as anything but a pest. I tried not to smile, but the thought of what Killoran might buy curled my lips in spite of me. I think Crashaw noticed the quiver.

"She made a list, and I've sent it to Killoran. There'll be French dresses and shoes, anyhow, in Papeete."

I felt fogged. There had, clearly, been a shift of values in my absence. "Why didn't you send Merrion to shop for her? He'd probably do as well as she would herself."

"Merrion left with the copra."

"Merrion?" I stammered. "But where is *he* going?"

"Ask those that know. He did his dealing at night—through Manoel, probably. Anyhow, he got off in secret. He must have had cash on him he never told about, for Shedd would never have taken him for charity, and Manoel's a good go-between, I don't doubt, but he's no money-lender. Merrion's left Mrs. Dicey high and dry, and there's no one except me to fend for the woman."

"I always thought he was a bad one," I murmured.

"So she says."

"And"—I ventured much—"there may be no harm in her, but I wouldn't trust her too far. She's no truth-teller, I imagine."

"Women are not notable for truth-telling, young Wilton—or men, either. I'd trust Killoran as far as any man I know. But best trust no one."

Perhaps Crashaw's unwonted frankness went to my head, for I had never before had man-to-man speech with him. I probed further into the situation. "What does she do down there, timid as she is? Do you want me to go and sleep on her porch?" Indeed, my chief memory of Stella Dicey was her clear terror of tropic fauna and flora. The mere metallic rustling of a royal palm would set her shivering if she was alone.

"There's no need for you to bother yourself with Mrs. Dicey. She's in my house and under my protection."

I bowed. So that was it! And Mer-

rion had flown—in a jealous rage, perhaps? Crashaw's next words, however, did not bear that out.

"While Merrion was there I didn't interfere. In spite of their mysteries, I thought they might be lovers. But she must have stood him off. I believe she *has* a husband and a yacht—though I doubt if she ever sees them again. She doesn't appear to miss Merrion—not since I told her she could come up here."

The cocktails were now shaken up; and walking to the house door, he pushed back the beaded curtain and called, "Mrs. Dicey! We're waiting for you."

Stella Dicey emerged and shook hands with me—the gesture of a hostess, I said ironically to myself, for she had never in her life, until now, saluted me in any way. She looked very pretty, in some pink thing she had fashioned straightly out of one of Manoel's bolts of muslin, and her feet in their straw sandals were beautifully arched.

Crashaw lifted his eybrows. The scar twitched a little. "Sorry, Mrs. Dicey . . . I thought I sent you word of a guest in time for you to dress."

"I've only one real dress—the one I came in. And those slippers shrank with the wet. They hurt."

"You don't have to walk far in them now," he reminded her. "You look very charming—but too much on the native side. However, I am sure Mr. Wilton will excuse you this once."

He had evidently, in spite of his magnanimous, unprecedented gesture of giving her house-room, placed her where he had long since placed the rest of us—at his orders.

"I shall feel less unconventional," he went on, with a hard smile, "if we try to keep up some of the decencies. I've never had a woman in my house before, and such formalities as we can manage, I think we had better adopt. When Killoran arrives, he ought to bring some clothes for you."

We drank our cocktails, Mrs. Dicey shuffling her lovely feet uncomfortably as if to keep them from being clearly seen. Crashaw's words had got under her skin, evidently. Two cocktails gave her courage, for the blood came back beneath her cheek to blend with the rouge, and she began to talk.

"It is unconventional for me to be here, Mr. Wilton, but if I had stayed in the shack, I'd have been dead from fear. I saw the biggest spider, the very last day . . . Silly of me, I know, but I always have been the timidest thing." She offered her timidity as a grace to offset the pink shroud of a dress, the native sandals.

"I told you you could have Kané to sleep there," Crashaw reminded her.

"Oh, but a native—and only a woman."

"Any native woman can take care of a spider."

"It's queer"—she chattered on, brisked up by the liquor—"how hard it is for one woman to trust another. It's natural for us to be taken care of by a man."

Crashaw did not smile, nor did I. You saw that she meant what she said. The fact that two men, within recent weeks, had pointedly refused to take care of her made no difference in her lovely, empty smile. Crashaw was taking care of her at present, wasn't he? There is a virtue which is as loose, as promiscuous, as vice; and Stella Dicey had it. I had met Stella Dicey before, far away, clothed in other flesh, and had suffered from her. I tell you, I recognized the mixture at once, though my Stella had been dark-haired and older. That first night, when I saw Mrs. Dicey's mouselike hands, furtive, quick, and petty, I knew that the creature had risen before me again. I could have fallen for her easily enough had not my unhealed stripes throbbed a warning. Women like Stella Dicey are promiscuous, since they see none but a cash difference between man and man. They make no real choices; they have no taste. I have put this in because you won't understand my account of things unless you know that I despised her, and

why. You can, of course, accuse me of anything you like.

It was clear to me then, and on other evenings when I joined them, that she was doing her best to charm Crashaw and, so far, boring him to death. He didn't see her, all day, I make out, but had to dine with her, and couldn't endure a tête-à-tête. And yet—do I really know? Would he have taken her into his house at all, broken his sacred habit, if he hadn't responded faintly to the lure of her? She was perfectly safe in the shack, and Crashaw wasn't the man to bother about the terrors of safe people. After that night she always wore the orchid dress and silver slippers, and Crashaw used to sit staring, not at her face, but at her body and feet. I thought she had the value of a mannequin, for him—all civilization expressed in a woman's evening attire. Yet, hang it, he could have afforded, I believe, to live on his income in any capital of the world, and watch the whole damn aviary! He had money enough to turn his sword-cut into a grace. Then the thought of Crashaw anywhere else would, in the instant of its birth, destroy itself. He was Palamú, as the king used to be "England." There couldn't be any Crashaw without Palamú, or any Palamú without Crashaw. It was no longer a choice; it was an indestructible fact. Every palm tree and waterfall and hibiscus on that darned island was just another way of saying "Crashaw." You don't give up a destiny like that; it is intertwined with your very being.

I had just one talk with Mrs. Dicey, on a day when I went seeking Crashaw on business and found him absent and her alone. Instead of withdrawing, she welcomed me to the verandah, sent for drinks, and indicated Crashaw's own pet chair.

I was uneasy at first, for I didn't know what she wanted of me. It seemed, however, that she could take thought for the morrow, like anyone else.

"Mr. Wilton, do boats ever come here?"

"Copra boats. Like what Merrion left on."

"Boats *I* could leave on, I mean."

"I've been here some months, and there has been, as yet, no boat for me," I answered. "Perhaps you could bribe this Killoran man when he turns up with your trousseau from Papeete."

She smiled a little—and she was good to look at, if you demanded no assurances save of the flesh.

"What I want to ask you"—she bent forward and turned on (forgive the correct mechanical phrase) all her physical charm—"is whether you, knowing Mr. Crashaw, think there's any chance of his helping me to get home—will he give me money, and tell some dreadful shipperson to take me somewhere? I haven't a cent, myself."

"Neither have I." I considered. "Frankly, Mrs. Dicey, you must, by this time, know Crashaw better than I do. You've seen more of him than I ever have. He'll do what he damn pleases—and how should I know what he'll damn please to do about you? Does he like you?"

Her doubt was pitiful. "I don't know. He never said so. But he wouldn't have let me come up here to stay if he'd hated me, would he?"

Privately, I agreed—yet you couldn't be sure. "He's human. If he thought you were going to faint from fear down there, he might, out of kindness."

"I wish I knew." She was almost fretful.

There it was. I suppose it was the first time in her life that a man had failed to disclose his intimate personal feeling for her. She had been turned down—shed like refuse; and she had been desired: she had never before, I imagine, met a manner that left her in doubt. I should guess that she had never had, or wanted, friendliness from a man.

"Have you asked him to help you get off?"

A makeshift handkerchief came out, and she began almost to whimper. "I don't dare ask him anything. He frightens me! I thought perhaps you could tell me something about him."

"Not a thing," I replied smartly. "I have never even been inside his house."

The big blue eyes opened. "Really? Well, there's nothing there. Would you like to see?" She half rose to conduct me.

"I will wait until Mr. Crashaw invites me, thank you." Did she think I was going to ally myself with her by doing little, spying things?

"There's a bath, and three bedrooms, and a living room he uses in the rainy season. The boys sleep in the kitchen wing beyond the passage." She *would* inform me.

"Thanks. I don't even care to know. . . . You'll have to ask Crashaw, straight, what he'll do for you."

She eyed me queerly, and I began to see. She was not only afraid enough of Crashaw not to want to ask him for anything he hadn't offered—except as stark immediate fear of a spider might set her yammering; she didn't care to imply that she desired to get away from him. After all, he might be the only man left to her. I followed up my suspicion.

"Do you think there's any chance of your husband's coming back to look for you, Mrs. Dicey?"

"He'd come unless his mind was really poisoned against me. He'd never have done this if he hadn't been drunk—and Hawkins talked to him. But of course the longer it lasts, the more he'll think Conrad and I eloped, and when he gets home he'll get a divorce, just as Conrad said. How can I get my alimony if I'm not there to fight it?"

I began to be almost sorry for her. Naturally, she would have to have alimony, until she acquired another man. But alimony sounded ridiculous on Palamú, even to me, and I couldn't imagine it would move Crashaw an inch. Of course this poor weak thing must think of her poor weak future. Yet to think of your future, on Palamú, was a difficult business, as I well knew.

"I can only suggest that you ask Mr. Crashaw. He must have something in the back of his mind. Try to find out what it is."

I got up to go. She wouldn't ask Crashaw, I knew. Not having anything very promising to go home to, she wouldn't beg him to send her. Crashaw himself might be the only chance she had. What she really wanted was that *I* should ask Crashaw. Well, I'd be hanged if I would. I didn't even ask him about myself.

All this Crashaw stuff may sound foolish to you. You'll have to take my word for it. He had life and death power, in fact; and, more than that, he was the biggest moral phenomenon in sight. He was so secret and so calm. Crashaw, I believe, was not much taller than I myself, but I always think of him as a giant. That shows you, a little.

Less than ever did I wish to be dragged into it, now that Mrs. Dicey had talked to me. I was afraid that she would somehow put me in the position of questioning Crashaw—elicit some remark that sounded as if I wanted to know his intention with regard to her. I took the liberty of refusing Crashaw's subsequent invitations to dine—I could, as they came by messenger. I didn't wish to be made to seem a knight of Stella Dicey's; and she could give one that look very easily, with all her little female tricks.

Then one day Crashaw raided my place in person. "What's struck you, young Wilton, that you'll never come to the house any more?" he began, in my doorway. I felt immediately that I had been insubordinate. (Craven? Well, when you owe a man your means of subsistence, your silly life itself, how do you manage not to feel inferior? He could have made me a cadging beachcomber by lifting a finger. There wasn't a native on the island who would

have touched a man Crashaw had tabooed.)

I muttered something about feeling *de trop*, thanks all the same.

"*De trop?*" Crashaw wrinkled his sword-cut in a laugh. "Do you think Mrs. Dicey and I have much to say to each other? Or are you sulking?"

"There's nothing for me to sulk over, as far as I know."

"Glad to hear it." He gave me an odd look. "Then I'll expect you—a little before cocktail time, by the way. I think you've never seen my house. Killoran ought to turn up any day now, and it may be possible to send you off very soon."

"Are you going to send Mrs. Dicey off with him, too?"

Crashaw laughed again, that rare laugh of his that held mirth but somehow never shared it with anyone else. "Let her elope with you? My dear young man, what would you do with her? If she wants to go with you, I'll see what can be done—but I don't think she's quite so foolish as that."

"I loathe her," I said curtly. "But even I can see that Palamú is no place for her."

"Palamú is a good enough place for anyone if I choose to make it so," he informed me.

He spoke like Prospero; yet I didn't doubt his veracity. A queer kind of loyalty brought out my next words. "If you'll excuse my speaking so about a friend of yours, Mr. Crashaw, I mean that she's not good enough for Palamú. Whatever there is here she's incapable of liking or understanding."

"I don't doubt you're right, young Wilton. But I don't find myself much interested in the range of her understanding. You mustn't ask too much of primitive people. Mrs. Dicey's as backward as Kané. Before sundown, then. . . ." His shadow grew long across my little pathway.

When I reached Crashaw's place, Mrs. Dicey was outside, sitting beneath a banana clump with some sewing. She wore the orchid dress and the silver slippers, I noticed. Crashaw called to me from the house, and I entered. I was not without curiosity as to what he had made of his island habitation, but he gave me little time to look at his furniture. He showed the place like a hurried house-agent. "Bathroom, extra bedroom, Mrs. Dicey's room, my room"—he led me quickly from one to the other. On the threshold of his own room he stopped and pushed aside a beaded bamboo curtain that I might look within. I saw what he had wanted me to see: some garments of Mrs. Dicey's on a chair, her vanity case on a dressing table. That was that. We went out to the verandah for our cocktails. I remember resenting the fact that never, in all these months, had he offered to lend me any of the books in his living room—and now it was too late. But I couldn't exactly resent the way he had chosen to inform me of their relations: how else, after all, could he have done it better?

That knowledge made a difference, yet I had not to show the difference, of course. The difference, I may say, was not in Crashaw, secret and imperturbable as ever. As for Mrs. Dicey, her changed status, as far as I could see, had given her neither confidence nor joy. She was evidently still baffled by Crashaw; had acquired no conscious empire over him. In love? Well, if you ask me, a woman like Mrs. Dicey never *is* in love. I decided he was not personally antipathetic to her, for there was no hint of aversion in any motion or tone of hers. Of course she must have pleased him, after some fashion, or this would never have come about. As I've remarked before, he wasn't a man to be enslaved by his appetites; if they had come to this conclusion, the two of them, it had not been, I felt sure, by reason of violence.

All the same, it wasn't a pleasant party for me, and I was glad when Mrs. Dicey left us and went in. The odor of frangipani flowed into every cranny of

the moonlit dark—Crashaw had extinguished the lamps when the moon rose—and I began to feel, as I always did, alone in the scented night, the reality and rightness of Palamú. The populous sunlight was different. Crashaw was smoking a cigarette that barely impinged on the surrounding perfumes. I wriggled in my chair. I must go, before he sent me, yet, just once, I wanted to speak to him with my head up. I never had. I probably shouldn't have then if my days on Palamú had not been, by his own admission, numbered. There was another world—not so good, perhaps—and in it people sometimes spoke their minds. Since he wanted me to know the facts, he couldn't resent my comment. I pulled myself up to it.

"Before I go, Mr. Crashaw . . . It's none of my business, and I don't know why you've dragged me into it even as much as this. But since you did, may I ask if you are going to marry Mrs. Dicey?"

He stretched back farther in his deep chair, and it creaked. "I can't marry her. She has a husband."

"Who will presently divorce her, I take it."

"I dare say. But it would be rather difficult for me to ascertain, wouldn't it?"

"Not in the least." And, as he emitted an interrogative grunt, I went on, "I know nothing of your affairs except that you must be in communication with people in big places. It's not difficult for you to find out anything—it only means time."

"Quite so. But it would mean putting machinery in motion—I don't know that it's worth it."

"Surely she will want to know what her position is?"

"Do you think so?" The voice was deep, but careless.

"None of my business," I mumbled again, "but the lady can't stay forever on Palamú. She'd go raving crazy. Her kind belongs where there are shop windows and movie theaters and cabarets. She—she's not good enough for you, Mr. Crashaw."

I suppose all that queer, disappointed loyalty of mine lurked in my voice, for he chuckled a little. "Then I'd certainly better not marry her, had I?"

There was no getting at him. I sighed. Yet I wanted to warn him (me, warning Crashaw!) that the end of infatuation comes soon. And you can't put people on the doorstep in Palamú. I rose.

"It's not my business," I repeated once more. "But I know what she is like. The towns are full of them, not worth their keep. She'll whine, all over the place, and some day you'll kill her, to quiet her."

Crashaw laughed slowly in the dark. "So you think me a violent man, do you, young Wilton?"

"No." I started down the steps. "But a man Stella Dicey couldn't appreciate to her dying day. And a man who could be maddened by being isolated, intimately, with sheer vulgarity."

"You have quite a vocabulary"—he did not rise, and the voice followed me down the coral path—"but this matter won't be settled by phrases."

"That's just what I'm afraid of," I retorted, from my safe distance. Unpursued by a reply, I drifted into the night.

I stayed away from the big compound during the next days, and Crashaw did not raid my quarters again. For some reason, he had wanted me to know of their relations; I knew; he had no further use for me. Killoran did not come; but you know how it is when you are scheduled for departure: you can't settle down to the old, tranquil rhythm. I hung about the port, those days, looking for Killoran's schooner. I talked with Manoel and other notables of Palamú town. I sat on the pier and kicked my heels. I didn't dare go off into the bush, for fear my boat should come. In the course of my loafing, I learned that Crashaw's new household arrangements were perfectly well known. His serv-

ants had talked, I suppose. Crashaw was not the man to forbid them. What he wanted to keep secret, he saw to it that no one knew. I took what Manoel told me as news—news that did not interest me. However ill I might think of Mrs. Dicey, I wasn't going to gossip with a half-caste about her—as I gathered Merrion, earlier, had done.

After five days of this loafing existence, it came. "It"? Well, the crash. Fate doesn't go on temporizing forever. Something always happens—eventually.

It is queer that the only thrills I ever had on Palamú (I was too weak to be thrilled by having my life saved) came to me from Steve Dicey, whom I never saw. First, the sight of his motor boat, beached by Merrion; then, weeks and weeks later, as I emerged from the palm groves after a walk, the vision of the *Idalia* herself. With my own eyes I saw her riding at anchor beyond the native outriggers and all the sprawling, palm-infested beach life, and a white dinghy drawn up to the rickety fishing-pier. The rowers were defending it, in friendly fashion, against welcoming Palamúans. I made my way to Manoel's, and found him serving a gin fizz to a man in the yacht's uniform.

"Mr. Wilton, he know Crashaw," Manoel vouchsafed, and the man squared round to look at me.

"Say, is Mrs. Steve Dicey on this island?"

"There is a lady here who calls herself that."

"What do you know about that?" He sank his ferret face into the tall glass. "We ran across Mr. Merrion in Raratonga, and he said she was here. They did a bunk together somewhere in these parts. I don't know what Merrion told the boss, but he's come looking for her. And you say she is here? Well, that beats everything. Never supposed Merrion would tell the truth—about anything."

He cocked his empty glass forward with an insinuating gesture, and Monoel replenished it.

"Any Mrs. Crashaw up there?" he asked me; and I did not like the manners of this officer of the *Idalia*. This might, it occurred to me, be "the beast Hawkins."

"There is no Mrs. Crashaw. Mr. Crashaw is the only white man on the island" (hard on Manoel, but I had to say it) "except me, and I'm here only temporarily, by accident. He owns the whole place, and is the only person who can give aid and comfort to a castaway. As far as I know, Mrs. Dicey is the only white woman who has ever set foot on Palamú. When the *Idalia* abandoned her and Merrion, they were in luck to hit a place where they'd be kindly treated. Merrion lit out one night on a copra boat, no one knows why. Mrs. Dicey has had a pretty raw deal."

His sharp, narrow face puffed visibly with the dirty words he was prepared to exhale upon me, but I turned on my heel and took my leave. This person had evidently just arrived at Manoel's place, but Manoel's eyes had a greasy glitter, and I was afraid Dicey himself, preceding this creature, had had more chance . . . I didn't go to Crashaw's house, where I certainly would not be wanted. Instead, I made my way to the other side of the little bay, where the *Idalia's* motor boat still rested under its neat bamboo shelter. I sank down tailor-fashion on the sand, my head against its side. Sooner or later, someone would come for that motor boat.

So the story had been true: there *was* an *Idalia*, vehicle of destiny for at least four people. Dicey had sobered, in time (a long time); enough to believe Merrion when he met him in Raratonga. I could imagine the terms in which Merrion had sworn. . . . And the poor little cat just hadn't waited long enough. Who would have dreamed the two men would meet? And if they hadn't, her husband would never have come scurrying back for her. Merrion had undoubtedly cashed in heavily, off there in Raratonga, on his own innocence. I found myself hoping, positively, that

she'd be able to bluff it through. If prayer is the soul's sincere desire, I prayed that Mrs. Dicey might convince her husband. Then she and Crashaw, both, could resume their natural destinies.

The man Hawkins (of course he may not have been Hawkins) came for the boat, in a great hurry, about sunset. Two natives ran behind him, carrying petrol. He squared his shoulders truculently when he saw me. "Here, here, get away from that boat. Have you been tampering with it?"

"I haven't touched it. Mr. Crashaw has had it kept in excellent order—and built a shelter for it, as you can see."

"He probably expected to keep it—along with her." The ferret eyes grew foul. "But it belongs to the *Idalia*, and I'm taking it back there—*pronto*." He had the boys shove it into the water (the tank had now been filled) and he gave the little engine a turn or two.

"I suppose you'll take this back for Mrs. Dicey. Keep straight out for sixty feet and you'll get draught enough. Then you can take it in to the pier."

He straightened and wiped his hands. "Where do you get that? The boss has gone back in the dinghy. You didn't suppose he would take her away from the man who's keeping her, did you?"

"Didn't he come to take her away?"

"More fool he. Merrion pitched him some kind of a yarn. But she's living with the man who owns this —— island, ain't she? Well, he's welcome to his —— as far as we're concerned. That's all. I'll trouble you to get out of the way while I start her up."

"Look here!" I shouted—for he was starting the boat. "Your boss is a swine if he's gone off and left that poor thing a second time. If she never listened to Merrion, do you suppose—"

I didn't have to finish my sentence, for the rat was crouched over his wheel, making out into the bay.

Less than ever would I be wanted at Crashaw's, but I ran straight for the compound, notwithstanding, and entered as surely and swiftly as if I had been sent for. Dinner was laid—but uneaten—on the big verandah, and the cocktails stood warm in the glasses. Crashaw sat heavily hunched in a big wicker chair, his back towards me. He did not speak to me, and I realized that he was unaware of my presence. I edged into the shadow by the steps, wondering whether or not to give a sign.

Somewhere inside an hysterical woman was pacing the floor and now and then raising her voice to reach that figure on the porch. Weeping, weeping—and then a wild, weak complaint. "Why couldn't you lie to Steve?" Tears, and an uncontrolled gagging in the throat. . . .

"When I got here, it was too late to lie. He had pushed his way into my house. Your own face was enough, for that matter. Did you lie to him?"

"Of course I did."

"Well, he didn't believe you. Small blame to him. If ever anyone looked like a guilty woman, it was you."

"I'm *not* a guilty woman." More sobs.

"No . . . But you looked it. He had probably heard gossip before he got up here. And—he saw the room."

"You could have explained to him . . ." She choked, and went on. "I came to you because I was afraid. That horrible thing across the mat . . . My God, people can die from centipede bites!"

"I killed the centipede."

"How was I to know there weren't more of them?"

"Did I not search every corner of the house?"

She wailed, within, but did not deny. "A gentleman . . . " I heard the vicious strangle with which the words came out.

"Very few gentlemen would have refused a charming woman who pleaded so to be taken." He spoke with as little irony as if he had been pronouncing a mathematical formula.

"I was afraid to stay alone."

"I could have sat up all night outside your door, had it been necessary."

Anger evidently dried her tears for a moment. She spoke quite clearly now, within the curtain, "You never offered to."

"No. I didn't. It wouldn't have been courteous. For you made it quite clear what you considered the only adequate protection against centipedes."

Her voice broke again. "I can't think what made me—I was mad with fear. . . . I've always been a good woman. . . . I stood Conrad off, over and over."

His voice grew suddenly tired. "Woman, woman, why not admit that you kept your virtue until the odds were too great? I'm not blaming you, you poor thing, for seducing me, am I?"

"Seducing you? Oh—oh!" Stella Dicey had evidently never heard such terrible words before.

"I don't know what else you'd call it. You—" he recited to her, in brief phrases, what her procedure had been. She began to cry frankly again. Still I lingered there, unable to move, with the untasted meal in the fringe of my vision.

"Perhaps you think I like having my life interfered with by a centipede that arrived ten days too soon," he went on coolly. "But there's no use crying over spilt milk. Dicey's gone, and he won't come back."

"He'll divorce me."

"Certainly. But meanwhile Killoran is bringing you all the loot of Papeete. Try to cheer up."

The curtains clinked, and she came almost into the verandah—not quite, because (I suspected, that is) she was a tear-sodden wreck.

"When I'm free will you take me to Papeete and marry me?"

Crashaw rose and drank a warm cocktail, then stretched his arms. I moved farther back into the deep shadow of the bougainvilleas.

"I am not a social animal, Stella. But I won't sink to the shabbiness of a husband. When I send you away, I'll at least give you money for the trip."

Was there anything in Stella Dicey, I wondered, holding my breath beneath the verandah rail, that could distinguish between strength and rottenness? I waited, to learn.

"You've taken away my good name forever, you've—"

He cut her short. "Tell that to the Pacific Ocean, Stella! It never heard of your good name."

"Everybody on Palamú will know, now, that Steve has been and gone."

Crashaw suddenly laughed aloud, not unkindly, but with that unsharing mirth of his. "Palamú will take you up a mountain and make magic over you and bring you down a goddess, if I say so, Stella. If you had had eyes in your head, you'd have known, weeks ago, that there's no public opinion on Palamú." I thought of Manoel, but Crashaw himself forestalled my thought. "They know you're my mistress—and what of it? It only means that you're much more important than you were before. There's no Palamú column in the Hong Kong papers."

A strange comment came from within the house. "If I stay here with you it will only be because I consider myself your wife in the sight of God."

"Make it out with your God as you choose. Of course, I don't know what He's been thinking these last ten days. But it's none of my business. However, I'm glad you don't intend to sulk. If you sulked, I should have to go off on a cruise with Killoran and leave you here alone."

He sat down at the table then and placed some food before himself. "Are you going to eat any dinner? No? Then I advise you to go to bed and sleep. You've had a trying afternoon."

No sound of motion came from within the house, and presently he called into that stillness. "Without vanity, Stella, I'm a better man than Steve Dicey. And for ten days you've been telling me

so." I heard a soft slow sound of withdrawal. She had no retort. Crashaw was left, save for the unknown eavesdropper, quite alone.

I don't defend my eavesdropping, yet I don't particularly regret it. What harm could it do Crashaw? It was accident at first, and later I could not have revealed my presence. Now, he must never know. So I stood there, cramped and aching, until finally a boy came to clear the table, and he rose and went within. I saw him light a lamp and sit down with a book. When he at last settled down to steady page-turning, I departed with infinite care.

Two days after, Killoran came. I never saw Stella Dicey again. After Killoran's cargo was carried to Crashaw's house—the boys were rushed on that job—the lord of Palamú bent all his efforts to getting Killoran off again. I did not hear their talk, but I had orders to be ready, at a moment's notice, to leave.

Crashaw came down to see me off and to receive, inevitably, my thanks. My gratitude had to cover a period of six months, as well as the immediate future, which he was financing, and it was difficult to phrase. He stopped me with a wave of the hand.

It would have been impossible for me not to speak of Mrs. Dicey—Crashaw himself would have had to think it strange. But what to say, knowing what I knew—and his not knowing that I knew it?

"I hear Mrs. Dicey's husband came—and went. I didn't see him, but I saw his boat. She is still here."

"Yes?" The question mark in the voice put it up to me again.

"Nothing you want me to do in that connection, when I get home?"

Crashaw frowned. "What in the name of heaven could you find to do?"

"I might let you know whether he has got his divorce."

He laid a heavy hand on my shoulder. "Young Wilton, if you break the peace of Palamú with mails and such"—he took his hand away—"I shall regret that I ever saved you from the sharks. Better a foul death than such impudence as that."

I was leaving Palamú forever, in a matter of minutes, so I spoke without fear. "I wish to do nothing whatever except to serve you. As for impudence—I cannot help knowing what has happened here."

"Mrs. Dicey, from first to last, has done as she chose, on Palamú. If she had dreamed that sot would come after her, she might have chosen differently. But mistaking the future happens to us all."

I hung my head. The boys were waiting, paddles poised, to row me out to the schooner. I must be off—yet it had to come out. "If I thought she was worthy of you, fit for you, I can see Palamú might be paradise. But—" I looked up straight into his grim smile.

"Will you stop worrying about me, young Wilton? There is no paradise—here or hereafter. But Palamú is, and will be, what I choose to make it. What the lady wants of a man is easily given: I am quite sufficient to it. What I want of a woman is so little that there is no room for disappointment. If you want my assurance that she won't be allowed to suffer—she won't. Will that satisfy you?"

I flung back my head. "No! I want some assurance that she'll never make you suffer."

He looked positively helpless for an instant. "You damned young fool . . . Thank God you're leaving. Into the boat with you! She hasn't it in her power to make me suffer. Get that into your silly schoolboy noddle, or I'll tell Killoran to shove you overboard, the first dark night. There's really no tragedy here, young chap—except that she got scared out of her wits once by a centipede. I killed the centipede. But somehow that wasn't enough for her. Damn you, do I have to tell a worthless young cub who can't even dry copra properly, that she flung herself at me

. . . *after* she knew she was safe?"

"And then the *Idalia* did come," I muttered, as I turned my back. I might not care, but there was irony enough in it.

"And then the *Idalia* did come," he agreed. "But, centipede or no centipede, she wouldn't have lasted ten days more. Her fear goes deeper than centipedes, young man. She's afraid to sleep alone."

I got into the boat then and seated myself. "And you pitied her," I flung, from that safe refuge.

"I don't pity people, but I try to grant reasonable requests. The world goes better so."

We could not, at the last, shake hands, for the boat was already rocking away from the pier, though no paddles would be dipped until Crashaw gave the sign. "She'll make you miserable, yet," I called, over wreathed Palamúan heads.

His head went back as he laughed aloud, full to the throat, it seemed, with the volume of his mirth. "When I feel that coming on, I'll ship her to you, with a dowry. Perhaps then you'll stop worrying."

He waved his hand for a signal, then turned his back and strode off. The regular swing of the paddles brought me quickly to the schooner. I watched him, all the way, but he never looked back. Of Palamú, with the eternally closed lips, I have never, since, heard a word. I do not even know, on my own side of the world, whether Steve Dicey got his divorce.

LONELINESS

BY EDWARD SNELSON

WHEN I think of the things I may not know,
Strange tongues, and shores that I shall never see,
And life's long puzzling flow
That tells me nothing, and the strange eternity
That sets me free:

And more than these, when I think how the deep
Long struggle of mankind brings us to die,
Yet after winter sleep
The Spring comes stifling in our desolate sky
Her speechless cry:

And when I look into man's little store
Of knowledge and his vast uncertainty,
And see his deepest lore
Lost in the world and sounding fruitlessly
Life's deeper sea:

Then am I lone indeed, and see all men
The same, all comrades in a blank distress
Ready to help, but then
Snatched out into the dark, whose secretness
No man can guess.

THE DUTIFUL AND DAMNED

A PLEA FOR THE MIDDLE GENERATION

BY ELMER DAVIS

EARNEST persons who worry about what they read in the papers have had plenty to keep them busy of late. Law enforcement, the tariff, war debts, the argument as to whether the farmer should be relieved or abolished—any one of these might reasonably cause a good deal of head-shaking among those who Take the Longer View, even if their faith is so strong that they have not yet begun to wonder what has become of the abolition of poverty which was so positively promised last fall. But as an offset to any clouds that may overshadow the future, consider this ray of light—we no longer hear much about the shortcomings of the younger generation.

Only a few years ago, viewing the younger generation with alarm was one of our foremost national sports. Any professional moralist could earn half a column in any paper by a little excoriation of hip flasks, petting parties, short skirts, and bobbed hair. When a church conference assembled in those days you could be fairly sure that, after passing a resolution proclaiming the Volstead Act a great success, and a second resolution denouncing the widespread violation of the Volstead Act which was undermining the republic, the brethren would settle back comfortably to listen to a good hot sermon about the misdeeds of the boys and girls. But that item is likely to be missing from the program to-day.

Why? Well, it would be gratifying to believe either that the boys and girls are behaving better or that the moralists have acquired a higher flash point and no longer explode on such slight provocation. The first of these may very well be true. Most of my acquaintances are over thirty-five years old or under ten; but I hear from those who are more familiar with the intermediate age groups that the younger generation of these times shows an inclination to modified forms of earnestness. But I am afraid that any hope that the moralists are cooling off would be illusory. Some of them are not saying much just now because they wore out their vocal cords last year, denouncing Al Smith and the Pope; but plenty of others are still in eruption. Only, they say little now about the young people; their fulminations are aimed at the generation that is just breaking forty, the generation to which I happen to belong. And that is not fair. We served our term of conscription as the objects of head-shaking and viewing with alarm fifteen or twenty years ago. Why must we go through it all again?

II

It is our misfortune, I venture to believe, rather than our fault. We happened to be born about twenty years before the history of manners turned a corner, and thirty-odd years before a certain psychological theory trickled out from the narrow circle of expert opinion and became part of the common belief. This is the view that environment counts for so much more than heredity that the way people behave is a consequence of

the training given them, and the example set, by their elders. It is no new idea by any means; it goes back at least as far as Jeremiah, who remarked that because the fathers had eaten sour grapes the children's teeth were set on edge. It may be right, it may be wrong. At any rate, it was out of favor when my generation was growing up; we happened to be the last of those who were blamed for their own shortcomings, and the first who had to take the responsibility for what was done by their successors. We have caught it coming and going; we are ground between the upper and the nether millstones.

Back in the administration of President Taft our elders said about us all the things that elders have been saying about youngers since the Stone Age—more, I suspect, than young people of to-day have had to listen to; for by now parents seem to have given up hope of being able to do much about it and are saving their breath, which is beginning to get short anyway in the course of nature. But in 1913 the older generation was still unlicked, and it was convinced that never in history had any older generation had such a set of young hellions to contend with.

That was not quite true, but it was intelligible; for 1913 marked the peak of a movement that had begun two or three years earlier. In those days a rising politician named Woodrow Wilson was beginning to talk about something he called the New Freedom. This particular movement was not what he was talking about; but it was a new freedom too, and possibly had greater consequences. For ages it had been an axiom that boys would be boys; but along about 1911 the girls suddenly decided, for the first time in several centuries, that they would be boys too.

The particular phenomenon which became known about 1913 as the Modern Girl was not appearing for the first time in history. She was described, in those days, by Owen Johnson and Robert W. Chambers, as she has been described since by Michael Arlen and F. Scott Fitzgerald. But she had already been described in great detail, and in almost exactly the same likeness, by one P. Ovidius Naso two thousand years earlier. The girls with whom Ovid used to make dates at the Roman Circus would fit into any younger-generation novel from 1911 on to this day. She was described again in the *Arabian Nights;* for the conditions that produced her in New York and Chicago, London and Paris were the conditions that had produced her in previous ages in Rome and Bagdad, and no doubt in Alexandria and Babylon too. The Taft administration was not even the first appearance of the type on the modern scene; as long ago as 1904 Robert Herrick depicted what would have been called, twenty years later, a typical Scott Fitzgerald girl. But about 1911 the type suddenly began to occur in quantity, and it had a better chance to get around.

For about that time there was a great and sudden relaxation in manners, in the larger cities all over the world; it must have been stewing for a long time, but not till 1911 did it boil over. In terms of New York, it might be described as the period when the Bowery moved uptown; when respectable women, previously recognizable by their whereabouts, took to going out with their husbands (or other women's husbands) to cafés which husbands had previously visited alone; when what in those simpler days was called Vice moved out of its restricted district and began to check its wraps over the same counter that received the habiliments of virtue. In the old days, if your wife had a prurient curiosity to see Diamond Lil she had to go down to Gus's joint with a slumming party; but by 1913 she and Lil could be found at adjacent tables in the Plaisir de Paris Cabaret on Times Square, dressed alike and drinking alike. Girls who a few years earlier would have had to sip a glass of sherry at home if they wanted a drink between meals (assuming that well-brought-up girls would have any

such abhorrent and untimely appetite) could now go down town to drink stingers at Rector's or Forbidden Fruit at Bustanoby's; they could smoke at restaurant tables, which a few years earlier would have checked them off as Bad Women. And for the first time in a century, Sex became a permissible topic in mixed conversation. Young people of to-day may wonder what mixed company talked about before Sex was taken off the ice. The recollection eludes me. Possibly there was less talk; which would not have been such a bad idea.

So far as I can see, this Great Emancipation of 1911 to 1913 was the beginning of all that has happened since; for when the girls were once let out nobody ever got them penned up again. My generation had nothing to do with it, of course, except that we arrived just in time to receive it with open arms. If what the reverend clergy, and the professional head-shakers in general, said about us was true, we were a pretty tough lot. In fact we were rather tame, by post-war standards; but we were told that we were tough, and with a great and soul-filling joy we believed it; and before we had begun to get tired of thinking about our toughness the War came along and gave us something more urgent to think about.

Eventually the War was over, and we could go back to our old interests; but those of us who tried it discovered that something appalling had happened. We had become the Pre-War Generation, as antique and outmoded as Jonathan Edwards or Savonarola. The young people of 1920 lumped us with our elders who had lately been abusing us, and the elders no longer paid us the compliment of abuse. They simply ignored us and flung epithets past our heads at a new crop of young people who seemed better worth abusing. We felt the degradation rather keenly; but as by that time most of us were settled down in the suburbs, and more concerned about the baby's Grade A milk than about the bootlegger's Grade Z Scotch, we resigned ourselves to the march of events, went about our business, and forgot our ancient pretensions to iniquity.

III

But now that our children are growing up, the moralists once more deign to notice us. All the epithets that ricocheted off our tolerably thick heads when we were younger are coming back at us on the rebound, and hitting us where they hurt more. For somewhere in those lost years when the Younger Generation of 1913 was busy Making Good in a Big Way at the office or in the nursery some fiend in human form resurrected the theory that if there is anything wrong with the young people it is their elders' fault.

I wish they had known this in my younger days; but that was the age of old-fashioned individualism, when every man was supposed to stand on his own feet and take his own medicine. If the son of righteous parents cleaned out the cash drawer and eloped with his neighbor's wife, the righteous parents received the condolences of the community for the effort they had wasted on an ingrate wretch who had proved unworthy of a Christian home. When that happens now the head-shakers look hard at the parents and wonder what was the matter with the way they raised the boy. Twenty years from now society may have gone the whole length of logic, and decided, in such cases, to turn the boy over to a psychiatrist to be re-educated in a comfortable sanitarium, staffed with nurses pleasing to the eye; while the parents will be sent to jail for life on the charge of criminal mismanagement. That may be the right way to handle them; I am only contending that it is hard on us who were born about 1890 and came along just in time to absolve both our parents and our children from blame.

The Middle Generation was more humanely treated fifteen or twenty years ago. The most outstanding phe-

nomenon of the Great Emancipation was the revival of dancing. Till about 1911 dancing had been in the main a sport of limber youth; when you had begun to carry weight and your joints had stiffened a little, the waltz was apt to be too much for you. Then came what were called the new dances; they were ungainly and awkward enough, but they did have this advantage, that anyone could dance them. (The tango was an exception on both counts; a thing of beauty when done by experts, but possible to experts alone.) But anyone could manage the bunny hug, the turkey trot, and all the other maneuvers that eventually condensed and simplified themselves into the one-step. A fat lady of sixty, to be sure, looked rather ridiculous when she was dancing them; but she did not look much more ridiculous than her light-footed granddaughter. Before that time most people had laid away their youth in moth balls when the first baby was born; a renunciation which was not only respectable but almost inevitable. But in the Taft administration the Middle Generation came back to life. Men and women resumed dancing who had not danced for thirty years and, instead of confining their performances to formal evening parties, they became addicted to what were known as dancing teas, though if you ever saw anybody drinking tea at one of these affairs it was something to write home about.

The Middle Generation has been dancing and drinking ever since, in such time as it can spare from the prosaic but unavoidable occupation of making a living; and now the head-shakers begin to tell us that we are to blame for all the trouble. If the young people drink it is because they learned it at home; if they stay out all night they can put up the excuse that they have been touring the roadhouses in search of father and mother (or somebody else's mother). Whatever the young people do that anyone does not like is due to the evil example set by the Middle Generation. If Willie or Geraldine, brimming with synthetic gin, assaults a traffic policeman, don't blame Willie or Geraldine. The culprit is the slightly stout, slightly bald gentleman who is sitting at his desk down town trying to figure out how he can meet the interest on the mortgage, the next installment on the car, and the income tax.

As I write, for instance, there comes to hand the pronouncement of a New York pastor, worthy of note not only because it is one out of many but because this particular clergyman happens to be known as, on the whole, a rather moderate and reasonable person. "Children," he says, "are to-day what children always have been." Not so we who are somewhat elder. "Instead of training the child in the way of his going, we are training him in the way of our going. The way of the child's going is the way of purity, faith, ideals, religion." (What has become of Adam's Fall, in which we sinned all, this eminent theologian does not explain; nor does he seem to know a great deal about children. But let that pass.) "We train our children," he says, "in the way of impurity, infidelity, and hypocrisy; we train them in the way of realism and irreligion."

I do not suppose that all of the reverend gentleman's clerical brethren would endorse his implication that realism and religion are incompatible; but most of them would agree with his view that the purity of the new generation has been contaminated by contact with those whited sepulchers who are their parents.

It may be so, but if it is so our elders, or some of them, must have set us a bad example in 1913. If they did, nobody abused them for it; in that more tolerant age it was generally held that it was a fine thing to see Father and Mother getting a second dose of youth. They might look slightly absurd as they waddled around the dance floor, but everybody gave them three cheers for trying; and nobody cheered more en-

thusiastically than we who were then the Younger Generation, for we knew that when Father was on the party Father would take the check. That was supposed to be rather praiseworthy; the financial burden of entertainment was being lifted off the shoulders of the young people who were just making their start, and laid on shoulders which had got so used to burdens that one more did not matter.

Nowadays when we pay the check we set a bad example; but apparently nobody ever set a bad example to us. We must have been totally depraved by nature.

There is a difference, you may say: drinking to-day is an ingredient of crime; in 1913, if reprehensible, it was at least within the law. So it was, but that did not restrain the moralists of 1913. Whatever was being done was wrong, if you believed the moralists. Dancing was wrong, smoking was wrong; the ankle-length skirts that were slit up to the knee for convenience in dancing were just as wrong as the knee-length skirts that came along a decade later. Bobbed hair was unknown in 1913, so the moralists did not have that to preach about; but now that short hair is general, one hears of small towns where a girl who lets her hair grow is promptly set down as a bad woman.

No, the moralists we have always with us; and being abused by the moralists is something that every younger generation has had to endure in the past, as normal and inescapable a part of the painful process of growing up as high-school algebra and puppy love. If the incidence of blame has been shifted to the middle generation, being abused by the moralists is part of the normal human burden that every middle generation will assume hereafter. But I still do not see the fairness of loading a double burden on a generation whose only especial and extraordinary turpitude is that it happened to be born about ten years before the nineteenth century went out.

IV

Well, what of it? Very little indeed, so far as the moralists are concerned. They shout, and if their bite were as bad as their bark they might make most of us extremely uncomfortable; but complainants against the intolerance, the censorship, the Puritanical repressions of American life commonly overlook the fact that most of this is taken out in talk. The greatest triumph of those who are, in current parlance, known as reformers was the Eighteenth Amendment; and persons who have been seriously discommoded by it do not seem to be very numerous. No, the excoriation from the pulpit and the platform could be ignored, perhaps even welcomed as something that tends to toughen the skin and promote a better sense of proportion in the victims of all these jeremiads. But some of us who are indifferent to the earthquake and fire of the shouting evangelist feel a little disquiet as we hear the still small voice of the educational psychologist. The business of the reformer after all is with the castigation, and if convenient the punishment, of what he regards as sin rather than with its prevention. If there were no sin there could be no reformers. But prevention is the business of the educator, and in his task of looking after the generation that is coming on, he is apt to make the generation that is moving toward the exit rather uncomfortable.

The purpose of education, said Mr. Mencken a year or two ago, is to set the young mind on a track and keep it running there. Mr. Mencken ought to know, for he has stayed on the same track for a long time, and very profitably; nevertheless, I venture to suspect that he is confusing two things. The purpose of school education, as anybody who has any contact with progressive schools must know, is to keep the young mind from getting on a track for as long as possible. What puts most of us on a track is the business which is somewhat comprehensively known as Life, and

specifically that part of it which is involved in making a living. That too is education, or ought to be, though inasmuch as most of us pass off the scene about the time we feel at last that we have begun to know something, it does not appear to be of any great practical use.

Most of us, at forty, are on a track, and there rarely seems much point in getting off. Running on a track cuts out some of the variety in the scenery you may observe as you go along; but you go farther, and get there sooner (wherever it is) and ride a little more smoothly. Whether your locomotive is a Mogul or only a switch engine, it will do better on the rails than if it set out across country. Granted that the moralists who say your track leads straight to the everlasting bonfire have a chance, even if only a thin one, of being right, you might as well stay on it and see what happens.

But the educators are thinking about the next generation, not this one; so of late years they have gone in for educating not only the children but the parents as well. And the sort of adult education that you are likely to get from these well-meant endeavors to keep up with your children tends to drive the middle-aged mind off the track into the ditch. If the faults of the child are due to the ignorance or mismanagement of the parents (and very likely they are), the school which tries to make something of the child must know first of all what is the matter with his home environment. They put it more tactfully, of course; they ask you to fill out questionnaires, and to join the Parent-Teachers Association. But it is a rare questionnaire, or a rare Parent-Teachers program which does not contain some item that leaves you with the suspicion that everything you have been doing so far is wrong.

Suppose that is true—at forty you probably feel that it is too late to go back to the crossroads and take the other turn. If you have laid a track, you are probably pretty well satisfied with the scenery along the way, regardless of the more magnificent vistas that might have been observed on the other side of the mountain, where the grade was a little steeper. But some of these questionnaires, which the conscientious parent must fill out because they give the teachers a better chance to do something for his child, would leave any man or woman of spirit with the feeling that most of the things worth seeing were on the other side of the mountain. That is not the intention, of course. The intention is to find out what the child's background is like—an excellent thing for the teacher, but sometimes a little disturbing for the two people who are the background, and might prefer to let sleeping dogs lie.

I have seen a questionnaire which flatly asked the parents if they were adjusted in their home life. What self-respecting woman over thirty would admit in writing that she is satisfied with her husband? She may be, most of the time; or more likely, if she is wise, she has never analyzed her feelings, since the matter probably possesses at the moment no more than an academic interest. But there is the question in black and white; and like a harried witness in court, she must answer yes or no, with none of those shadings and qualifications in which truth is most generally approximated. If she says yes, some inner voice may ask her, Is that so?—and she is apt to feel that the psychological expert who looks over the answers is going to set her down as a female vegetable, wholly lacking in initiative. If she says no, there is her answer on the record, and in her more morose moments she may feel that she ought to live up to it.

The most devastating questionnaire which has come to my attention is one which sought to illuminate the child's background, quite innocently and quite reasonably, by finding out what the parents did with their spare time. It covered a week, during which father and mother were supposed to set down the

amount of time they devoted each day to any of some forty or fifty occupations (work being excluded). The object, it turned out later, was to discover how many people are leading provincial lives in New York—behaving, with all the attractions and opportunities of Manhattan around them, as if they still lived back home in Brownsburg. Till I studied that questionnaire I had never realized how many things are being done in New York that I had never thought of doing; nor how many of the things I do in my spare time—with amusement and profit, as I had unscientifically supposed—were pastimes which a psychological expert regarded as simply unworthy of mention. I filled out that questionnaire because it came from a school that was rendering invaluable services to one of my children; it was only a piece of bad luck that I filled it out in the hottest week of summer, when it would have been absurd to do anything if I could help it but sit around smoking cigars and listening to the phonograph. But as I looked at those long blank columns I felt pretty sure that the experts would set me down as one on whom New York was wasted, who might as well have stayed behind in Brownsburg. And as often as my liver is out of order, I wonder if they may not be right.

It is not good to be made to feel that, at forty. You are on a track, and if the roadbed is fairly smooth and the general direction satisfactory you gain nothing by being derailed. But I cannot sit down now to smoke a cigar and listen to the phonograph without wondering if I shouldn't be out at a meeting of the Rotary Club or the Statistical Association, or doing something else that the enlightened mind found worthy of putting into that questionnaire as the sort of thing one might be doing.

V

We who were once the Younger Generation of 1913 are bearing the burden and the heat of the day; we go to the office every morning and keep the wheels going round in the glorious squirrel cage that is called American prosperity; we pay the taxes that enable prohibition agents to take their wives to the night clubs which we and our wives cannot afford, and we try to bring up children who shall know a little better than we did what it is all about, if anything. We are doubtless to blame for a good deal, and shall be to blame for some of the shortcomings of our children; but to saddle us with the guilt of everything that has gone wrong since 1910 and everything that is going to go wrong up to 1950 seems excessive. No doubt faulty home training has had a good deal to do with some of the errors of each generation; but I am not persuaded that the present tendency to throw all the responsibility back on the parents is any more practically useful, however more plausible it may be from the scientific point of view, than the earlier doctrine that carried it back to Man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree. It will not do the next generation any harm to take at least some of the responsibility for its behavior on itself.

ROUND TRIP

A STORY

BY W. R. BURNETT

IT WAS about ten o'clock when the look-out let George in. The big play was usually between twelve and three, and now there were only a few people in the place. In one corner of the main room four men were playing bridge, and one of the center wheels was running.

"Hello, Mr. Barber," the look-out said. "Little early to-night, ain't you?"

"Yeah," said George. "Is the boss in?"

"Yeah," said the look-out, "and he wants to see you. He was grinning all over his face. But he didn't say nothing to me."

"Somebody kicked in," said George.

"Yeah," said the look-out, "that's about it."

Levin, one of the croupiers, came over to George.

"Mr. Barber," he said, "The Spade just left. He and the Old Man had a session."

George grinned and struck at one of his spats with his cane.

"The Spade was in, was he? Well, no wonder the Old Man was in a good humor."

"How do you do it, Mr. Barber?" asked the croupier.

"Yeah, we been wondering," put in the look-out.

"Well," said George, "I just talk nice to 'em and they get ashamed of themselves and pay up."

The croupier and the look-out laughed.

"Well," said the croupier, "it's a gift, that's all."

Somebody knocked at the entrance door, and the look-out went to see who it was. The croupier grinned at George and walked back to his chair. George knocked at Weinberg's door, then pushed it open. As soon as he saw George, Weinberg began to grin and nod his head.

"The Spade was in," he said.

George sat down and lighted a cigar.

"Yeah; so I hear."

"He settled the whole business, George," said Weinberg. "You could've knocked my eyes off with a ball bat."

"Well," said George, "I thought maybe he'd be in."

"Did, eh? Listen, George, how did you ever pry The Spade loose from three grand?"

"It's a business secret," said George and laughed.

Weinberg sat tapping his desk with a pencil and staring at George. He never could dope him out. Pretty soon he said:

"George, better watch The Spade. He's gonna try to make it tough for you."

"He'll try."

"I told him he could play his I. O. U.'s again, but he said he'd never come in this place as long as you was around. So I told him good-by."

"Well," said George, "he can play some then, because I'm leaving you."

Weinberg just sat there tapping with his pencil.

"I'm fed up," said George. "I'm going to take me a vacation. I'm sick

of Chi. Same old dumps, same old mob."

"How long you figure to be away?" asked Weinberg.

"About a month. I'm going over east. I got some friends in Toledo."

"Well," said Weinberg, "you'll have a job when you get back."

He got up, opened a little safe in the wall behind him, and took out a big, unsealed envelope.

"Here's a present for you, George," he said. "I'm giving you a cut on The Spade's money besides your regular divvy. I know a right guy when I see one."

"O.K.," said George, putting the envelope in his pocket without looking at it.

"Matter of fact," said Weinberg, "I never expected to see no more of The Spade's money. He ain't paying nobody. He's blacklisted."

George sat puffing at his cigar. Weinberg poured out a couple of drinks from the decanter on his desk. They drank.

"Don't get sore now," said Weinberg, "when I ask you this question, but listen, George, you ain't going to Toledo to hide out, are you?"

George got red in the face.

"Say . . ." he said.

"All right! All right!" said Weinberg hurriedly, "I didn't think so, George, I didn't think so. I just wondered."

"Tell you what I'll do," said George; "get your hat and I'll take you down to The Spade's restaurant for some lunch."

Weinberg laughed but he didn't feel like laughing.

"Never mind, George," he said. "I just wondered."

"All right," said George. "But any time you get an idea in your head I'm afraid of a guy like The Spade, get it out again, because you're all wrong."

"Sure," said Weinberg.

After another drink they shook hands, and George went out into the main room. There was another table of bridge going now, and a faro game had opened up.

The look-out opened the door for George.

"I won't be seeing you for a while," said George.

"That so?" said the look-out. "Well, watch your step wherever you're going."

George got into Toledo late at night. He felt tired and bored, and he didn't feel any better when the taxi-driver, who had taken him from the depot to the hotel, presented his bill.

"Brother," said George, "you don't need no gun."

"What's that!" exclaimed the taxi-driver, scowling.

"You heard me," said George. "You don't need no gun."

"Well," said the taxi-driver, "that's our regular rate, Mister. Maybe you better take a street car."

Then he climbed into his cab and drove off. George stood there staring at the cab till it turned a corner.

"Damn' hick!" he said. "Talking to me like that!"

The doorman came and took his bags.

"You sure got some smart boys in this town," said George.

The doorman merely put his head on one side and grinned.

There were three men ahead of George at the desk, and he had to wait. The clerk paid no attention to him.

"Say," said George, finally, "give me one of them cards. I can be filling it out."

The clerk stared at him and then handed him a card. George screwed up his mouth and wrote very carefully:

Mr. Geo. P. Barber,
Chicago, Ill.

The clerk glanced at the card and said:

"You'll have to give us an address, Mr. Barber, please."

"Allard Hotel," said George. "Listen, I'm tired, and I can't be standing around in this lobby all night."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk. "About how long will you be here?"

"I don't know," said George. "It all depends."

As soon as George was settled in his room he unpacked his bag and undressed slowly. He still felt tired and bored.

"Some town," he said. "Why, the way them birds act you'd think this *was* a town."

He turned out the lights, lighted a cigarette, and sat down at a window in his pajamas. It was about twelve o'clock and the streets were nearly empty.

"Good Lord," he said; "why, in Chi it's busier than this five miles north."

He flung the cigarette out the window and climbed into bed. He lay thinking about The Spade and Weinberg. Finally he fell asleep.

He woke early the next morning, which was unusual for him, and discovered that he had a headache and a sore throat.

"Hell!" he said.

He pulled on his clothes hurriedly and went across the street to a little Italian restaurant with a green façade and an aquarium in the window. The place was empty. He sat down at a table in the front and stared out into the street. A waiter came over and handed him a menu. The waiter was tall and stooped, with a dark, sad face. He studied George for a moment then addressed him in Italian. George turned and stared at the waiter. He did not like to be reminded that he had been born Giovanni Pasquale Barbieri.

"Talk American! Talk American!" he said.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. "You a stranger here?"

"Yeah," said George.

"I seen you come out of the hotel, so I thought you was."

"Yeah," said George, with a certain amount of pride, "I'm from Chicago."

"Me, too," said the waiter. "My brother's got a plumbing shop on Grand Avenue."

"Yeah?" said George. "Well, I live 4000 numbers north on Sheridan."

"That so? Pretty swell out there, ain't it?"

"Not bad," said George. "Say, what do you do around here for excitement?"

The waiter smiled sadly and shrugged.

"That's what I thought," said George.

"If I ever get me some money I'm going back to Chicago," said the waiter.

George ate his breakfast hurriedly and gave the waiter a big tip. The waiter smiled sadly.

"Thank you. We don't get no tips around here like that."

"Small town, small money," said George.

The waiter helped him on with his overcoat, then George returned to the hotel. He didn't know what to do with himself, so he went to bed. When he woke up his headache was worse and he could hardly swallow.

"By God, if I ain't got me a nice cold," he said.

He dressed in his best blue-serge suit and took a taxi down to Chiggi's. Chiggi was in the beer racket and was making good. He had a new place now with mirrors all around the wall and white tablecloths. The bouncer took him back to Chiggi's office. Chiggi got up and shook hands.

"Hello, George," he said. "How's tricks?"

"I ain't starving."

"In bad over in Chi?"

"Me? I should say not."

Chiggi just grinned and said nothing.

"Listen," said George, "does a guy have to be in bad to leave Chi?"

"Well," said Chiggi, "the only guys I ever knew that left were in bad."

"Here's one that ain't."

"That's your story, anyway," said Chiggi, grinning.

The bouncer came and called Chiggi, and George put his feet up on Chiggi's desk and sat looking at the wall. From time to time he felt his throat. Once or twice he sneezed.

"It's a damn' good thing I didn't come over on a sleeper; I'd've had pneumonia," he thought.

Chiggi came back and they organized a poker game. George played listlessly and dropped two hundred dollars. Then he went out into the dance-hall, got himself a girl, and danced a couple of times. The music wasn't bad, the floor was good, and the girl was a cute kid and willing, but George wasn't having a good time.

"Say," he thought, "what the devil's wrong with me?"

About two o'clock he left Chiggi's, got a taxi, and went back to the hotel. It was raining. He sat huddled in one corner of the taxi with his coat collar turned up.

He went to bed as soon as he could get his clothes off, but he didn't sleep well and kept tossing around and waking up.

At eleven o'clock the next morning he came down into the lobby. He went over to the mail clerk to ask if he had any mail; not that he was expecting any, but just to give the impression that he was the kind of man that got mail, important mail. The girl handed him a sealed envelope with his name on it. Surprised, he tore it open and read:

". . . as your stay is marked on our cards as indefinite, and as you are not listed among our reservations, we must ask that your room be vacated by six to-night. There are several conventions in town this week and it is absolutely necessary that we take care of our reservations. . . .

W. W. Hurlburt, *Asst. Mgr.*"

"Well, tie that!" said George.

The girl at the mail desk stared at him.

"Say, sister," he said, "where's the assistant manager's office?"

She pointed. He went over and knocked at the door, and then went in. A big, bald-headed man looked up.

"Well?"

"Listen," said George, "are you the assistant manager?"

"I am," said the big man.

George tossed him the letter.

"Sorry," said the big man, "but what can we do, Mr. Barber?"

"I'll tell you what you can do," said George; "you can tear that letter up and forget about it."

"Sorry."

"You think I'm going to leave, I suppose?"

"Well," said the big man, "I guess you'll have to."

"Oh, that's it," said George, smiling. "Well, try to put me out."

The big man stared at him.

"Yeah," said George; "try to put me out. I'd like to see somebody come up and put me out. I'll learn them something."

"Well, Mr. Barber," said the big man, "as a matter of fact, it is a little unusual for us to do anything like this. That is, it's not customary. But we were instructed to do so. That's all I can tell you."

George stared at him for a moment.

"You mean the bulls?"

"Sorry," said the big man. "That's all I can tell you."

George laughed.

"Well," he said, "I'm staying, so don't try to rent that room."

He went out banging the door, ate his dinner at the Italian restaurant across the street, talked with the waiter for a quarter of an hour and gave him another big tip, then he took a taxi out to Chiggi's. But Chiggi had been called to Detroit on business. George had a couple of cocktails and sat talking with Curly, the bouncer, about Chicago Red, who had once been Chiggi's partner, and Rico, the gang leader, who had been killed by the police in the alley back of Chiggi's old place. At four o'clock George got a taxi and went back to the hotel. All the way to the hotel he sat trying to figure out why he had come to Toledo. This was sure a hell of a vacation!

The key clerk gave him his key without a word, and George smiled.

"Bluffed 'em out," he said.

But when he opened his door he saw a man sitting by the window reading a magazine. His hand went involuntarily toward his armpit. The man stood up; he was big and had a tough, Irish face.

"My name's Geygan," said the man, turning back his coat. "I want to see you a minute. Your name's Barber, ain't it?"

"Yeah," said George. "What's the song, flat-foot?"

Geygan stared at him.

"You talking to me, kid?"

"There ain't nobody else in the room that I see," said George.

"Smart boy," said Geygan. "Come over till I fan you."

"You'll fan nobody," said George. "What's the game?"

Geygan came over to George, whirled him around, and patted his pockets; then he lifted George's arms and felt his ribs; then he slapped his trouser legs. George was stupefied.

Geygan laughed.

"I thought you Chicago birds packed rods," he said.

"What would I do with a rod in this tank town!" said George.

"All right," said Geygan. "Now listen careful to what I say. To-night you leave town. Get that? You birds can't light here. That's all. We've had some of you birds over here and we don't like you, see? Beat it and no questions asked. You stick around here and we'll put you away."

George grinned.

"Putting it on big, hunh?"

"Yeah. You better not be in the city limits at twelve to-night or . . ."

"Listen," said George, interrupting, "you hick bulls can't bluff me. Just try and do something, that's all. Just try and do something. You ain't got a thing on me."

"All right," said Geygan.

Geygan went out. George took off his overcoat and sat down in the chair by the window.

"Can you beat that!" he thought. "It's a damn' good thing I got my rods in the trunk. Why, that mug actually fanned me. Yeah. Say, what kind of a town is this, anyway? No wonder Chicago Red hit for home!"

He got up and unlocked his trunk. There was a false bottom in it where he kept his guns and his liquor. That was safe. Well, they didn't have a thing on him. Let them try and put him out. All the same, he began to feel uneasy. But, hell, he couldn't let these small-town cops scare him.

He was taking off his shoes when somebody knocked at the door.

"I wonder what the game is," he thought.

Then he went over and opened the door. Geygan and two other plain-clothes men stepped in.

"There he is, chief. You talk to him. He won't listen to me."

"Say," said the chief, a big gray-haired man, "they tell me you've decided to prolong your visit."

"Yeah," said George, "indefinitely."

"Well," said the chief, "if you want to stay here, why, I guess we can accommodate you. Fan him, Buck."

"Say," said George, "I been fanned so much I got callouses."

"That's too bad," said the chief. "Go ahead, Buck."

Buck whirled George around and gave him the same kind of search Geygan had given him, with this difference: he found a gun in his hip pocket, a small nickel-plated .32. George stared at the gun and began to sweat.

"Geygan," said the chief, "you didn't do a very good job."

"I guess not," said Geygan.

"You never found that cap pistol on me," said George, staring hard at Buck.

"Will you listen to that, Buck!" said the chief. "He thinks you're a magician."

"Why, you planted that gun on me," said George. "That's a hell of a way to do."

"Well," said the chief, "when your case comes up, you can tell it all to the judge."

"My case!" cried George.

"Why, sure," said the chief. "We send 'em up for carrying rods over here."

George stood looking at the floor. By God, they had him. Wasn't that a

break. Well, it was up to Chiggi now.

"Listen," said the chief, "we ain't looking for no trouble and we're right guys, Barber. I'll make you a little proposition. You pack up and take the next train back to Chicago and we'll forget about the .32."

"He don't want to go back to Chicago," said Geygan. "He told me so."

George walked over to the window and stood looking down into the street.

"O.K.," he said, "I'll go."

"All right," said the chief. "Buck, you stick with the Chicago boy and see that he gets on the right train."

"All right, chief," said Buck.

Geygan and the chief went out. Buck sat down and began to read a newspaper.

Weinberg was sitting at his desk, smoking a big cigar, when George opened the door. Seeing George, he nearly dropped his cigar.

"Hello, boss," said George.

"By God, I thought you was a ghost," said Weinberg. "What's wrong with your voice?"

"I caught a cold over in Toledo."

"You been to Toledo and back already! Did you go by airplane?"

George grinned.

"No, but I made a quick trip. What a hick town. You ought to go there once, Abe, and look it over."

"Chicago suits me," said Weinberg.

George sat down, and Weinberg poured him a drink. George didn't say anything, but just sat there sipping his drink. Pretty soon Weinberg said:

"George, I was hoping you'd stay in Toledo for a while. Rocco was in the other night and he told me that The Spade was telling everybody that your number was up."

George grinned.

"Ain't that funny!"

Weinberg didn't think it was funny, but he laughed and poured himself another drink.

"Yeah," said George, "that's the best one I've heard this year."

THE FIGHT FOR GLORY

ANONYMOUS

ALL those who have attained even a moderate success in literature must be in the way of receiving many letters like the following: "My Dear Mr. Blank: I am a boy fifteen years old, and it is my ambition to write —to be a writer as you are, however, mostly in fiction. I have always wanted to be an author, and the ambition grows with every passing day. There are, of course, questions that come up in my mind which I seek to have answered by writers of your position in the profession. I have written to many English and American authors, among them being John Galsworthy, Sheila Kaye-Smith, John Drinkwater, May Sinclair, James Boyd, and Sherwood Anderson; and they have, of course, helped me very much indeed. But I should like to have your views on this question: what do you think is the best way for one such as I, who intensely desires to write, to learn to do so? And what authors do you suggest that I read? If you can possibly answer, I shall most certainly appreciate it."

To these artless and touching appeals I generally try to respond with some specific suggestions. I further point out that the writer must remember that he is one among perhaps a half million, or a million, boys and girls, all cherishing the same ardent desire and enthusiasm as he, whose competition he has got to meet and overcome and obliterate, and I considerately quote the remark of Voltaire, probably one of the most brilliantly successful authors who ever lived, "If I had a son who wanted to write, I should wring his neck out of sheer paternal affection." At the same time I emphasize that anyone who is born to write will write, and that no obstacles, no drawbacks, no torments, no difficulties will ever turn him from his predestined path. The editor of HARPER'S has, however, suggested to me that an account of my own prolonged struggle with difficulties of all sorts may perhaps be of some interest and value to such aspirants for literary distinction; and it may be he is right.

There are all varieties and forms of success in the writing profession. There is the author who at an early age blazes out into sudden and phenomenal triumph, carries everything before him through his lifetime, then practically fades away, and is little more heard of. Such a case was Thomas Moore, whose poetry was the delight of men and women for two generations, who was received and fêted and flattered everywhere, from his boyhood to his old age, and who is known now only by a few relics in the anthologies and a minor place in the repertory of song. And again, there are those who triumph as early and whose glory is of a more enduring quality. There is Byron, who "awoke one morning and found himself famous" and whose fame has lasted for a hundred years, with notable variations, but on the whole with solid significance.

As there are those who make a reputation early, like Mr. Kipling, and then continue to live on it for a long life and after, without much further effort, so there are others who have an extraordinary gift of renewal, who seem to have put forth all the genius that is in

them in one form, and then, just when the world considers them worn out and exhausted, they manifest their power in some fresh field with equal brilliancy and plenitude. Scott, for example, placed himself among the first in romantic poetry for ten years. When Byron threatened to outshine him he turned to the Waverley novels and made a new form of art which far surpassed anything he had done in verse. George Sand astonished the literary world with her stories of passion and rebellion. When she had drawn all she could from this vein, she turned to the high-wrought romance of *Mauprat* and *Consuelo*, and just as the critics thought she had given her best and given her all, she developed the exquisite grace and tenderness of the Berry pastorals, which in her later middle life seemed to revive all the freshness and ardor of youth.

Again, in contrast to these early successes, there are those who make their way only with long labor and continued and varied experiment to a popular esteem which does not come to them till advanced life, or even till old age. It would seem as if Shakespeare's career was a process of building of this kind. Wordsworth's certainly was. While Moore and Byron were selling their thousands of copies, Wordsworth was selling only tens. In the same way Emerson, during his best and active years, had but few admirers and followers in comparison with the authors of "Evangeline" and "Snow-Bound"; yet Emerson's present position is somewhat above theirs.

And there are the authors who know little of glory in their lifetime. There was Keats, whose thirst for greatness was unparalleled and who died at twenty-four, believing that his name was writ in water. There was Shelley, dying at thirty, with not even the reputation of Wordsworth at that age, and never for a moment suspecting that he would come to be reckoned among the greatest poets, not only of the nineteenth century, but of the English tongue. And yet again, there is the curious case of the authors who have the most intimate conviction of their own genius and the firmest belief that some day it will secure them immortality, while it never does. Southey, for instance, is no doubt still rated as a respectable, important prose writer. He himself proclaimed with the utmost positiveness that he would stand high among English poets. Yet who to-day reads "Thalaba" or "The Curse of Kehama"? With those titles who could? And beneath and behind all there is always the half million, or the million, or the countless numbers, like my fifteen-year-old correspondent, who with touching simplicity start with the determination to be great writers. Where do they end? Some in the poor-house, some in the insane asylum, some behind the counter, some behind the plow, and some continuing the mad, hopeless, intoxicating dream until they die.

My own case may perhaps not be included in the class of complete failures, since I should obviously not have received letters like that of my young correspondent. But it has been far enough from meteoric success, and as I look back over the past fifty years, it seems to me that I see little but difficulties, drawbacks, checks, rebuffs, discouragements. No doubt this is because of a complete lack of the mysterious element of genius, which at once swept the Scotts and Byrons and Sands into the highest heaven of glory and enabled the Wordsworths and the Shelleys to establish a secure place there in the end. In default of such genius, I have been obliged to gain the success that has come to me by unfailing, undying, indomitable persistence. I was talking with Robert Frost not long ago and we agreed that, so far as we had observed the matter, the quality which led most to success in the literary life, perhaps in any life, was just this, of plain sticking to it. Of course, if you haven't a certain gift, no amount of obstinacy will answer; but in so many cases a gift

that is really admirable is lost and thrown away by indifference and inertia. Slight discouragements, unexpected obstacles, irritating snubs divert and disconcert the proud or the indolent, and a long hope and a lofty aspiration are disregarded for the trifling distractions of every-day existence.

But, as I look back, I am astonished to see how early the literary passion took hold of me and with what undiminished ardor it persisted through every variety of drawback that could be conceived. Many centuries ago the philosopher Jerome Cardan said of his early days and his lofty hopes: "This one thing I know, that from my earliest childhood I burned with the desire of an immortal name." Earliest childhood is a vague term; but when I was thirteen or fourteen years old, and wrote my first tragedy, I began to conceive the dream of rivaling Shakespeare and I never relinquished it, in one form or another; and I shall not until I die. There is perhaps some exaggeration in the verses I once wrote on the subject, but there is a vast deal of truth:

Ever since I can remember I have thirsted after glory,
And my earliest desire was to have a name in story.
When my mates were only eager for their sport or game or pastime,
I was thinking, thinking, thinking, of a name that should outlast time.

And the passion is even more reflected in the words of my youthful journal, at the age of nineteen, crude, immature, and cheerfully — or tragically — sophomoric, as you would expect them to be, but stamped with genuine feeling, all the same: "I have staked my life upon one desire, one effort, one passion. It is no fleeting whim, born of the hour, no butterfly fancy, or ambitious dream, such as every youth of intellect and taste must know. It is a matter of life and death with me. It has become a passion round which all else must revolve, and with which my heart beats or breaks. It seems as if such intense, overpowering desire, such constant labor as mine could not fail to achieve their object. I know not; but this I know, that if I cannot be a great poet, I shall commit suicide, or die in a mad-house."

None of the alternatives has been realized as yet, but a lot of things may happen in a few brief years, and I have at last come to learn that nobody is really great until after he is dead anyway. Meantime, while the goal and the glory and the success may seem as far off as ever, the accumulation of obstacles and difficulties which have been overcome and put behind me seems, as I look back, so great, so insuperable, that I wonder my courage and persistence were not worn down and blighted long ago.

II

One mighty and ruinous difficulty I have never had to contend with seriously, and this difficulty, to many aspirants, is so blighting and so final that they may well feel that I know nothing of what the bitterness of the struggle is. In all my efforts at a literary career I have never had any profound anxiety as to where the bread and butter were to come from, I have never had any desperate need of money. When you realize how many great careers have been destroyed by pot-boiling, how many geniuses have been driven to despair by the absolute necessity of keeping themselves or—far worse—those they loved from starvation, it seems as if one who was free from such necessity, who was never obliged to worry himself as to where food and clothing were to come from, ought not only not to complain, but ought surely and early to succeed, if he had any of the elements of success in him at all. It is hard to tell which is more trying, the lot of the man who throws himself into literature as his only means of support and accepts poverty and privation so that he may devote himself to the one pursuit he loves, or that of the teacher, or the clerk, or the book-agent who accepts such positions so

that his family may not starve, and all the time cherishes the dream of combining with them the literary achievement that is the real nursling of his soul.

But apart from the matter of assured fair material comfort, I do not think I had much to assist or encourage me in my literary aspirations. I had no particular sympathy in my own family. My father was a highly cultivated man who knew the great writers of the world. He was also himself an admirable speaker and writer and he imparted to me a certain lucidity of thought and energy of expression. But he had no desire whatever to see me an author. He would have liked to have me an able man of business, as he had himself been, or possibly active and useful in public affairs. Failing that, he did not much care what I did. But he had always looked upon a painter or a musician as the most contemptible of vagrants and Bohemians, and I do not think he regarded an author as being much better. Nor had I any of the associations of companionship which naturally encourage literary aspiration. My playmates were interested in business, or sport, or practical affairs, but I never had the slightest inducement to speak to any of them of the hopes and desires that were burning in my soul. I never did speak of such things to anyone; and the wonder is that, under the circumstances, the burning went on as it did; yet perhaps the very circumstances were just what made it smolder and blaze.

The most persistent, the most besetting of all the drawbacks which thwarted my literary career, the drawback which hampered it long before it began, was that of ill health. My mother and six or eight of her brothers and sisters all died of tuberculosis before they were thirty. My younger brother was carried off by the same plague at the age of nine. I lived in intimate association with him during the last months of his illness, and there seemed every reason to expect that I should follow the rest of my family. The scars now remaining on my lungs show that the danger was real and serious. Everybody took the greatest possible pains to keep me alive, but nobody really expected to succeed. Under the circumstances my father, though he was devoted to me in every way, could hardly take my future very seriously when he was convinced that I should not have any future. What was the use of educating the grave?

Therefore, in my childhood I was knocked about from one school and one teacher to another, was much of the time in no school at all, and could not be said to have ever had any genuine, systematic education. I educated myself, by vast, vague, utterly erratic reading; and a very uncertain, unstable, and amateurish affair it was. As I used to put it, not unfairly, I was educated by ill health and a vagrant imagination—not a very practical method of preparing for the battles of the world.

The climax of the vagrancy came when I was fifteen years old. When it was just time for me to settle down to serious study, if I ever hoped to get anywhere, I developed an alarming cough, and my elders decided that the only salvation would be to drop everything and go to the South of Europe for a year. This nearly finished me. I hated Europe. I hated traveling. I hated foreign food and foreign manners; and general homesickness, restlessness, and disgust came nearer bringing about the end than actual disease. Spiritually I suppose I learned something of the world and life, but the disruption of all settled habits more than made up for this.

When I returned from Europe and had taken another year to get back to where I was before I started, I set myself vigorously, with an excellent tutor, to prepare for college. I managed to get in, creditably enough; for I had a fair intelligence when I was disposed to use it. And again the collapse. I really hoped college would set me on my feet, would give me the intellectual and literary start which I was beginning to long for. Before I had been in college a

month my health gave out wholly and hopelessly; and it was quite evident that that avenue to success was completely closed to me.

Again I was thrown back upon myself and forced to feel that the ordinary pursuits and activities of men were out of my reach. It was the same over and over, in everything I tried. My father would have liked to have me do something in the business world and, as college was impossible, he took me in his office for the few hours each day that my strength was equal to. But I hated business and everything connected with it. Even if I had loved it, of what use was it to enter the battle of Wall Street with only strength sufficient for two hours' work a day?

I soon gave up the vain effort and settled back into the same old story of solitude, seclusion, introspection, and always books, books, books. Perhaps the real secret and the real trouble was that I loved it so. When I was forced to mingle with men, I managed it. When I was thrown among them, I liked them and enjoyed them, and I do not think they disliked me, if they thought anything about me. But I always had, and I fear I always shall have, an enormous preference for my own society to that of anyone else; and sooner or later most of us seek the things we really prefer.

III

All that is important in this story is of course the bearing of the matter of health upon my literary aspiration and effort. It cannot be denied that a certain fragility of physique has definite advantages from this point of view. In the first place, when you know how to use it judiciously, health affords an admirable excuse. I have cultivated this always, to the fullest extent, so that many people think that I have quite health enough for doing anything I want to and never enough to do anything I don't. I hope this view is exaggerated. But it is certainly true that ill health has helped me to avoid a great many of the interruptions and distractions that make many literary careers difficult, if not impossible. Public duties and responsibilities are pressed upon me. Occasionally I have accepted them, with disastrous results. Usually I answer that I am not well enough. It seems contemptible, but it throws the burden on someone else. Any man or woman who succeeds with literature has hundreds of calls to join time-consuming societies, to give lectures and talks all over the country. These things are, sometimes, amusing and, sometimes, profitable. More often they are tedious, wearisome, and irritating. I have escaped them practically altogether.

And the positive advantage consequent upon this is that one can work steadily and uninterruptedly and can, therefore, accomplish a considerable amount in apparently a very limited time. I have never been able to work more than two or three hours a day at most, often less; but by sticking to this program with resolute persistence, by allowing no outside distraction to interfere with it and no temporary indisposition or spiritual reluctance to draw me away from my desk when the proper time came for approaching it, I have managed to pile up a list of books which from the point of view of mere quantity is fairly respectable.

But, at least as it seems to me, none of these minor advantages in any way makes up for the terrible handicap which illness chiefly imposes on you, that of cutting you off from life. For the literary man—not for the scholar—but for the literary man, who looks upon his work as an art, nothing is more important than contact with the world: to watch men live, other men, all men, to know how they live, rich and poor, high and low, virtuous and vicious, to enter into their lives and understand them and live them, first of all, before he undertakes to describe them. I have vainly tried to make up for this handicap by asserting, by believing, as in a certain sense I do, that any one life is an epitome

of all lives, and that in one's own soul one can find and study and reproduce the essence of humanity as it affects and constitutes all the men and women who ever lived. This sense of human affinity and kinship is rich in suggestion and possibility. It has been the basis of all that is of any enduring value or significance in my work.

But besides the fundamental identity, there is the vast, the variegated, the picturesque superficial difference, which to the unthinking casual observer constitutes practically the whole of life. It is this widely varied surface, and consequently the quick and keen and sure portrayal of it, that I have missed; and that lack, owing mainly to the drawback of ill health, has been the ruin of the supreme aspiration which in literary matters for me has dominated all the others. As a creative writer I have been a dismal and pitiable failure.

And it cannot be denied that creative writing, to the literary artist who aspires to be a weaver of beauty in words, is the chief, if not the only thing that counts. You will note that my young correspondent, whose letter I quoted in beginning, says, "I want to be a writer as you are, however, mostly in fiction." When I was his age I felt the same, and my feeling to-day is not in any respect different. It was only because I could not be a poet, or a novelist, or a dramatist that I took up with a dull and prosaic second-best.

Therefore, my first efforts, and for some years my only efforts, were in poetry. I wrote long poems and short poems, light poems and heavy poems, grave poems and gay. The odd thing was that I wrote for myself and made little attempt at publication. My solitude was so complete, I had so little contact with the literary world and so little encouragement, that it did not occur to me that there might be a possible market for my wares. When I did, timidly, begin to send out one or two, the receipt of the deadly printed slip of rejection, "the editor thanks you, but is already well supplied with this kind of material, no unfavorable comment is intended," froze my courage so entirely that I put my verses back in my drawer and abandoned the attempt. Even to-day those printed slips, which still come, give me the same feeling of numbing, paralyzing irritation which they gave me then, carry with them the desolating inference that I had better be selling patent-medicines than dabbling in literature.

I shortly turned from poetry to novels, poured all my passionate aspiration, literary and other, into an autobiographical romance. No publisher would look at it. Probably it was as well for me that they did not, but the total and blighting rejection was just as disheartening, for all that. I wrote a novel dealing with a young and earnest minister's loss of belief; for in those days religion was still a power in the world. Just as I finished it, Mrs. Ward's *Robert Elsmere* appeared and, though I had never heard of it, it made my book seem a palpable and futile imitation. I then wrote three other novels, which got published somehow. The first paid its way and had a little notice; the others died before they were born, and after that the publishers would pay no attention to me. My unconquerable obstinacy refused to yield even so, and I tried more novels. I still try to dispose of one occasionally to some innocent publisher who asks me for some of my productions. He smiles and stretches out his hand eagerly. In a few weeks—or months—the manuscript comes back, with vague expressions of civil regret and tactful explanation. The one that pleased me most was the delicate comment of the publisher who, after enlarging on all sorts of excellent points, remarked that he did not think the book could be sold "in commercial quantities." Can you beat it for charm? Commercial quantities! There will be no other test for the poor author to the end of the world.

I was even foolish enough to waste my energy for years in the most hopeless and gigantic undertaking that can delude

any author, the one that fooled Henry James out of some of the best hours of his life, the theater. Can you imagine anything more absurd for one situated as I was and living as I lived than to hurl himself against the barriers that surround dramatic success? Yet I have in my drawer some fifteen plays, only one of which ever struggled into print—at my own expense—while not one of them has ever come within speaking distance of the stage. For—to me—the fascination of such work is simply irresistible. Never have I known more delightful hours than those when, ten years ago, I poured my whole soul into the production of a five-act comedy in verse which was assuredly to win the prize in some two-penny contest or other. The prize went to a play which was never acted or printed, by a writer who has never since been heard of. At any rate, it did not go to me.

No doubt my utter failure in all these creative lines is owing to an utter lack of genius for them. But I like to console myself with the possibility that it may be owing in large measure to the accursed limitation of health and the consequent isolation which at all times prevents me from plucking life, real life, out of the mouths and hearts of men. Men speak plays and laugh plays and live passionate plays, in the world right about me every day—I am told they do; but I am prohibited from turning these plays of vital fact into the plays of high-wrought art that I ought to be able to make out of them because I can only think and never live.

The curious feature of it all, from the purely psychological point of view, is that I am wholly incapable of judging my creative work myself. Of course the phenomenon is common to authors generally, to all types of artists; but I don't know that the psychological curiosity is any the less on that account. To me my poems and novels and plays appear to have qualities of unusual and distinguished excellence. Take the creation of character. The testimony of a certain number of interested readers, even of a certain sale "in commercial quantities," would seem to evince that I have a fair power of taking characters to pieces. I try to put them together and make them live. To me it appears that I have reasonable success in doing so. One character especially, a working over in all sorts of ancient and modern phases and aspects of the delightful ideal Shakespearean fool, to me has the stamp of creation in many incarnations. All this party and his fellows win from the publishers' readers is the remark that he cannot be sold "in commercial quantities."

I make these statements with no spirit of bitterness or complaint, simply to indicate to those who are treading the path of literary effort the difficulties and obstacles and, perhaps worst of all, the puzzles that are bound to meet them at every turn.

There were of course times when even my obstinate zeal for literary achievement and success gave way under the strain. Again and again I said to myself, what is the use, when you can never be sold "in commercial quantities"? You have tried through youth and early life. If there were an atom of genius in you, it would certainly have come out. Why not give it all up and lie in the sun and watch the ravishing world drift by with no effort to immortalize yourself by interpreting it? I quote one passage from a letter written thirty years ago to show how prostrating such moods were —while they lasted: "I say to myself, what earthly use is it, risking one's health and keeping oneself in a state of worry and excitement when there isn't the slightest hope or chance of accomplishing anything for oneself or anybody else, when both public and publishers have shown so unequivocally that they care for nothing I do, and even if my books should squeak through a doubtful publisher's hands, no human being would ever look into them or care for them? It leaves life a little blank at first, and it is curious how suddenly near the removal

of any such future preoccupation seems to bring one to death—one stands right on the very brink of the precipice with just a faded rose or two here and there to pluck before one rolls in—*et puis ce sera fait.*" Perhaps there was something in Voltaire's expression of paternal tenderness.

But these intervals of discouragement, or anticipatory death, were comparatively rare, and they did not last long. I grew restless, discontented, uneasy; and the lure of the desk and the pen soon proved irresistible. From another letter, written soon after the preceding, I take a passage which shows how violent and engrossing the transition always was: "The plague of literature is upon me and I have fallen back into the very worst stages of play-dreaming and play-planning. It fascinates me like drink. I can't get away from it. . . . Nothing appeals to my ambition like the idea of success on the stage, the wild intoxication of an excited, crowded, applauding house—there still seems to be nothing in life to equal it, and I am anxious to keep struggling and struggling for it, even though the chance of getting it is so very, very small."

There would come some little gleam of encouragement and hope. Perhaps a casual critic would say a pleasant word, or an insinuating editor would hold out some vague hope of future acceptance, and instantly my imagination was on fire, and I was back with renewed ardor at the desk. As I recall those days, it seems to me that the matter of personal influence, of "pull," has meant very little in my case. Rarely there has been some slight advantage of personal relation with an editor or publisher. I have used these things without remorse when they came in my way, all the time despising myself for doing so, and all the time keenly realizing how much they may count for and how far they go in the making of many considerable careers. No doubt, if I had had access to them, I should have availed myself of them to the full. As it is, I feel that whatever little I have accomplished has been by sheer effort of patience and persistence on my own part, and favoritism and support and patronage have had little to do with the matter.

IV

So it rolled on through the middle years. The hope of every form of creative literature grew dimmer and more elusive. But occasionally an editor would show mild interest in my critical efforts, and finally I told myself that if I was ever to succeed, I must find some new, special line, in which what gifts I had, if any, would have more chance than in the novel or the play. As so often happens, almost by sheer luck I at last hit upon such a line, when I was nearly fifty years old. To my intense astonishment editors and publishers responded with cordiality, if not with enthusiasm, and though the response of the public was slow and limited, it was solid, steady and, what was more important, increasing. Thus, at an age when I should have been considering the grave or the old people's home, I found myself an author of sufficient distinction to get letters from aspiring boys.

Even so, the success has been far from continuous and, I need not say, far from satisfying. Always there are the luring, tantalizing, mocking spectral shadows of the novel and the stage teasing me from a distance. What if my plays should be acted and my novels sold "in commercial quantities" long after I have gone away? Again, though my writing in my chosen line has had some success, that of others has had infinitely more. I would not take one jot away from them. I realize keenly that if they succeed better, it is because they better deserve to. All the same, when their books sell "in commercial quantities" and mine do not, it leaves a certain sting. And always there are those damnable letters of rejection, sometimes regretful, sometimes polite, sometimes indifferent, but never received without a momentary qualm of despair.

And always there is the desperate struggle with health. There have been months and years when writing was simply impossible. There have been other years when it was worse than impossible, in that you could force yourself to do it and did, but all the time the effort was exhausting and pregnant with an almost nauseating disgust. There were years when a prostrating aural vertigo, like that of Dean Swift, made it dangerous to leave the bed at all, and I hardly dared imprison myself under the typewriter for fear of getting caught and cramped in an intolerable position for hours. There were years when nervous fatigue and insomnia seemed to make all intellectual effort out of the question, and when fifteen or twenty minutes a day of actual writing was the most I could accomplish. Naturally, the physical limitations, as a whole, do not diminish with time; and it is to be expected and accepted with such equanimity as you can command that just when opportunity comes to you, when the world seems beginning to listen eagerly, you are losing your power of supplying that which would give the world pleasure.

With the physical incapacity grows the haunting doubt as to whether mental capacity is not failing also. So long as you had the best of life before you, or at least not behind, you felt that the flesh might be weak, but there was no reason why the spirit should not respond with superb nonchalance, in spite of the failure of the flesh. But it seems as if the creeping decay of age must undermine flesh and spirit both; and you are at least sure that you yourself will be the last to whom such undermining will be perceptible.

And back of these personal doubts, there is the larger question, is it worth while anyway? The farmer, the merchant, the mechanic, even perhaps the teacher and the preacher and the politician, are of obvious use in the world. But the author? We are swamped, buried, smothered under the multiplicity of books. Nobody can read even the smallest portion of the good books that already exist. What possible excuse can there be, then, for afflicting the world with more? Thus, at moments, when one has sacrificed one's health and one's vigor and one's money and one's happiness in achieving a career, one is forced to admit to oneself that that career is little better than a career of crime.

So one comes back to Voltaire's pleasant resolution to dispose of his offspring from sheer paternal tenderness. Yet, as the boy of fifteen writes me that he is determined to become a great writer, so I felt at fifteen, and so I feel at sixty-five, and so I shall feel at eighty-five, if I have the misfortune to live so long. The unconquerable, ineradicable, imperishable instinct persists through every difficulty and every obstacle to the end. It is simply the incorrigible impulse to fling out against the encroaching darkness of oblivion the splendid gesture of life, which probably is all there is of life and always will be.

QUICKSILVER

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

AGATHA GREY had taken a hurt so hideous that if she were to live to a hundred she would never get over it; yet because she was upright and innocent she had not let it leave a scar that anyone could see. Now after a year, in the bow of the motor-dinghy on the way across to Anchor Island, her brow was so lineless in the April wind and her eyes so quiet and level that the cottage keeper, who had guessed from the telegrams something of the tragic mess the epidemic had brought to light under one of his roofs, had to marvel at her.

"You understand," he protested over the popping of his engine, "we never knowed who they was, nor nothin' about 'em. Folks *do* rent out o' season, even respectable ones."

"Of course. I understand."

Even when she entered the cottage there was no break. She had to go first through the room where Willa Curtson lay, an hour dead. This woman in the case, whom Agatha had never seen, she did not see now, averting her eyes as she passed the bed. But then it was as like her to stop to pick up a wisp of no longer wanted lingerie from among the dust-kittens on the matting and restore it to the chair-back from which it had fallen days ago.

When Agatha had crossed a hall she came into the room where her husband lay. Eric was not dead. For a moment, with diamonds of sunshine sprawled across his bed and just enough of the color of the abeyant fever on the clear skin beneath the dark-red tumbled hair, he looked so like his old bedevilled and bedevilling self that he actually succeeded in confounding her again. But it was a short show, for he too was confounded. (Perhaps he too had always been confounded.) Water came out of his eyes and rolled down his sunken cheeks as he lay and looked at her.

"You were never anything but an angel to me, Agatha. Why on earth did I do it?"

"I don't know."

There it was, the whole miserable thing, in three syllables. Agatha had a good mind. She could understand a solid thing, like the silver of happiness that one can hold in one's hand. But she could not understand this in Eric that was fluid, that ran glittering and hunting, no matter how tight her cupped fingers, and slipped away between them in the end.

"I don't know, Eric, but never mind. I'm sorry you're ill." She undid a handkerchief to dry his cheeks and eyes. "You'll be all right though, now I'm here."

At that he put her hand away and stared at her. "Why, so you are!"

Eric turned and stared otherwheres, out of the window at the sky of spring, down at his corded hands, around him at the gimcrack match-board walls with the two shut doors. There was a look of confusion on him, like a man fallen out of the moon, picking himself up from the ground of earth and trying to wipe away from his face and eyes the trailing

wisps of a light brought with him. Worse than anything else, that chimera light from far and far away hurt Agatha. Mercurial, moon-hungry, madcap, she felt it mocking her pedestrian, home-keeping soul, and the knife turned sharply in the hidden wound.

But Eric broke out laughing.

"It's funny. You here. Willa in one room, safe and cold. Me in another, getting ready for it. And that—" he nodded to the farther door, "in the third."

"What, in the third?"

"Didn't they tell you?"

Agatha would not break; she *would not* hurry. She opened the door, passed through, closed it, and stood studying the young woman there with a suckling infant at her breast.

"Is that yours?" she asked at length.

"No'm, I got one, to the house, but mine's a boy-baby. This is *theirn*."

"I see . . . I see. . . ."

Eric had used up too much. He did not know Agatha when she came back into the room, nor was he to know her again before he died, just before dusk that evening.

When he was gone, before Agatha set about doing any of the dozen things she knew she must do, she went out into the air to stand a while. The sky in the west, all fever-red a moment ago, was a greeny yellow now, and so was the water. Against it, black in silhouette, the cottage keeper mounted from the landing-stage. Hours ago Agatha had sent him, protesting, to bring back a nurse and a doctor from the mainland. He had but one with him, a man with a bag, who came on up the branch path toward the cottage alone.

He stopped with his feet set apart, heavy chin down, head butted.

"Are you the woman of this place?"

"Are you the doctor?"

"I am Doctor Curtson."

"Oh!" This, of a sudden, was too awful. "You—then—you're the husband."

He realized at the same instant. "You're Grey's wife."

"His widow. . . . Will you go in?"

She went first, to light the lamp in that room. As she withdrew she saw him standing with his feet propped apart in mid-floor and his chin still heavy in his neck, his back to the bed, a wooden figure, brain bound, aim lost, knowing nothing better to do, now he was here, than to bend stiffly and pick up from among the dust-kittens the undergarment that had slid down from the chair again.

But, yes, unconscious of it, he did more. He threw a shadow behind him, and it was the shadow that stood above the bed and looked down. Monstrous on wall and ceiling, black, malformed, horridly crippled, there was something in the over-hulk of that unhuman shape, lowering in secret above dead Willa's bed, so utterly incongruous with the human figure of grief, bewilderment, and futility which cast it unawares, that it gave Agatha a queer little catch and shiver as she closed the door and went, taking her own shadow into Eric's room.

Dudley Curtson said a thing next day. Agatha had been speaking of the tragic irony of the fact that he, a doctor, should be the last person whom they, sickening to death for want of one, could ever let know. And he had shaken his head. For he was not, it seemed, a practitioner, in that sense; he was a specialist in nervous disorders, sometime superintendent of his own middle-western state's institution for the criminally insane. In place of lessening the irony of things, he seemed to realize of a sudden that this magnified it. The ready flush, that was like the bleeding of his reopened wound, darkened his temples. He winced, bitterly mortified, and stared at the ground.

"You'd think, having had to deal with twisted minds all my life . . . but no, this of Willa's was not—not 'in the book.' Behind every unreason we know that we must assume a reason. But here there was no reason. My wife had everything apparently to make her happy.

Queer as it may sound, I think she *was* happy, with me. I've tried to find where I was not good to her, and good *for* her. I've tried honestly, and I've failed."

So here there were two of them, both good, both level-eyed and straight-minded, left to study with equal helplessness the fingers between which a fluent metal, too quick and too silvery for their sanity to deal with, had gleamed perversely and run away.

Between them, in the days following, they did what needed to be done. They were the practical, cleaning up, as always, after the impractical; the nursing of their own requickened hurts could wait. The whole dismal mess, down to the bills and clothes-sorting, they discussed and went at with an iron assiduity. All the things but one.

For their very assiduity was, after all, but a desperate procrastination. In the sand of little details, ostrichlike, they hid their heads as long as they could. Then when there was absolutely nothing left, there *it* remained, enormous, more enormous than ever, the bit of debris that, no matter how sedulous their sweeping, would not sweep up.

From the first, though neither confessed it, the presence of that little bundle of flesh-alive fascinated, and with an equal power, repelled them both. Curiosity, animosity, bitter embarrassment; in it there was a little of each and more than all. Though each had tried, neither had yet succeeded in touching or even looking directly at the child, who remained in the care of the cottage keeper's daughter. As to the question what on earth was to become of it, by tacit consent they put that off and put it off. They must have all the lesser problems out of the way before they tackled that one; that was the overt reasoning. And then when the field *was* cleared, and their very bags packed in readiness for going, however resolute and considered their answer to the question sounded, it was in truth but another begging of it, a renewal of temporizing, a confession of the dilemma.

The infant was doing well at the breast. It would be unwise to take it away yet awhile. The air at Anchor Island was good for baby breathing, better than the air of either Boston or of Cincinnati. So if Alberta Wheems was willing for a consideration to go on with the nursing for a time . . . and Alberta was. And that was the way it was left when the two got up into their trains at Hoopertown, the one bound west with his leaden box and his leaden misgivings, the other east with hers.

The lead of the casket could be put out of sight, under the ground. But the lead of the other, Agatha discovered, could not. After Eric's interment the queer hebetude that had bound her brain was loosened; reawakened, she looked at herself and her act of abandonment. If there was mixed up with it still an element of the malign and restive fascination of that flesh-and-blood relic of Eric's love for another woman, she would not recognize the fact. Why could it not be simply the conscience of her womanhood, standing appalled?

Seventy-two hours later she was busy unpacking her trunks at the island cottage keeper's house, quietly, so as not to awaken the infant, whose crib she had had moved into the varnished front room which she had taken for a month.

Weedy ground, ragged brush-woods, empty water; by the tenth time she had gone to the window to gaze out on nothing but these (and the roof of *that* cottage down toward the shore) the realization of what a month was to mean here began to come over her. There is no saying what her emotions would have been had she known, that first day, that on this islet she was to spend the rest of the days of her life.

She made the acquaintance of the baby girl, whom, for want of another name, she took to calling April, after the month of her birth. In defense against utter dullness, she multiplied her nursely duties, the tests and temperatures, the changes, the baths. She discovered a thrill in the bathings of the

naked mite which an instinct gave her a care not to analyze. Agatha Grey had been horribly hurt by two people. Now, the tables turned, to have been given a hostage of them, given to hold *its* defenseless innocence in *her* hands, at *her* whim, above the drowning water—for all the world as if daring it, quicksilver, to slip away between those fingers *now* —when shadow-shapes too weird for Agatha to know had danced around the margins of her consciousness for just so long she would catch the baby back safe to her bosom, and in the excess of a nameless revulsion cover its head with kisses.

People's minds grow queer in vegetation. Agatha would have been indignant if anyone had accused her of coddling bitterness or of nursing self-pity. She had some excuse for being hoodwinked, for bitterness took a deceptive guise, choosing Dudley Curtson to settle on. How easily he had "stood from under." When she looked at herself, servant to a responsibility really no more hers than his, self-exiled, "doing the right thing," she had to smile.

So it was that she was made to smile at the other corner of her mouth, when, one dusk, turning homeward from a little walk with April in her arms, one of the episodes of the beginning was almost precisely re-enacted. There was the same pale yellow on sky and water; the same silhouettes against it, on their way up from the landing. When Curtson came to where she was he stood again with his feet apart, his chin heavy, at a nonplus.

"The man told me you were back here. Why haven't you let me know?"

Agatha's heart sang. Here of a sudden was a woman's wage for self-sacrifice.

"I didn't want to bother you."

"I've been mistrusting it; I had a suspicion that day we left." There was a frown of preoccupation between his eyes, which remained fixed from first to last, half embarrassed, half mesmerized, on the woolly bundle in the woman's arms. He shook his shoulders, changed his tone. "Well, you've done your stint, Mrs. Grey. Now that *I* can be here for a time—"

Agatha's protest was her triumph: "Indeed, no! I'm not a man with a profession; I can stay on here as long as I'm needed, indefinitely. That's settled."

"But you see I'm not, just now, a man with a profession. I've arranged, for a while—"

At that, of a sudden, Agatha shifted April to her other armpit, out of the line of his sight, as a hawk might hide from another its bit of prey. And she said with vehemence, as she started for the house, "That's absurd. To-morrow you go back to your work."

"I've been at that all my life. Mayn't I be allowed one—one holiday?"

"*Holiday!*"

"As a matter of fact—" he started. But then he reddened and was silent.

He had to use that trump-card next day, however, to put an end to her arguments.

"As a matter of fact, I've no practice to go back to, Mrs. Grey. I've retired."

"At your age? It's worse than absurd, it's shameful. *Why* have you retired? Say!"

How could Curtson say? A thing so tenuous yet so powerful that it could lay hands on a man in full career and bring him to a full stop, how hard for even a professional psychologist to give it a name. It was not as sudden as that sounds, of course. It had been at its work ever since the week-end of that house-party from which his wife had gone away with a man she had not known till then. This was simply the finish, the last outside of the crash of his gutted self-esteem. . . . The queer part of it was that Agatha Grey should have asked the reason. She should have known, for she had been through it. The stop she had come to was quite as full as his.

If there was ever a strange group it was that corporation of three on Anchor

Island. The vacuum in which it existed had nothing to do with the geographical isolation. Even when this was broken with the coming of summer and the meager influx of cottagers (so meager that the old keeper had to give up what hope he had clung to through dwindling seasons and think of the sheriff's hammer in earnest at last)—even this mild insurgence of life, so exciting to the islanders, touched these not at all. If there was no keeping bodily clear of it altogether, it made no difference. Agatha Grey and Dudley Curtson, April's carriage divided between them, could sit for hours, wrapt each in his own thoughts, on a beach where ten vacationists were bathing, and so far as they were concerned it might have been a desert strand.

There was endless speculation about the trio, of course, and endless gossip; "stuck up" was the kindest of the epithets used against them on the gingerbread piazzas. There was humor in this: that not the wildest fiction the snubbed cottagers ever managed to weave ever succeeded in touching a tenth of the wildness of the fact. It would have wanted a weirder kind of imagination than flowered beneath the roofs of Anchor Island.

Curtson nearly went crazy. It would have been better if, along with his pride, he had lost a brain susceptible to the torments of tedium, a body full of blood and muscles, and a man's shame at being held in a snare of spiritual sloth which he could not understand. Not that he submitted without a fight. Once he even had his trunk packed to go.

"You ought to go too," he apostrophized Agatha. "April will be all right here; you know it as well as I do. We should both clear out."

"It looks as though we both should have to before long—all three of us, in fact."

The man widened his eyes. "What do you mean?"

Agatha had been listening to the old islander's troubles. Now, with the failure of the season, it began to be a settled thing that before another year he would have to let the property go for whatever he could get above the taxes, and move out to Dakota, where his elder daughter had a farm. Curtson's jaw hung to hear all this.

"But good Lord! What'll we do? Where's there any other place for April?"

That was the end of his leaving. Reemptying his trunk quietly, like a man willing to sing small, he rearranged his things in his little back room, and there they remained for two months, till inaction drove him wild again. This time, to fortify him, there was a wire from the west, asking him to come in consultation on an unusual melancholia case. That he got no farther this time than before was not his fault, but the fault of a second wire, saying it had seemed better altogether to send the case on to him, there at Anchor Island.

Presently the like had been done with two other cases of curable dementia; by Thanksgiving stoves were installed in one of the cottages and an attendant put in charge.

Curtson began to be another man; given an inch of activity, he commenced to think in miles. One raw day near Christmas, when he and Agatha were tramping the beach which by this time they could have walked blindfolded, he stopped to look back over the low sandy scape of the islet. He slapped a thigh.

"It *would* be ideal."

"Ideal for what?"

He told her. With a finger in the air he drew her the picture already shaped in his imagination, the administration building here, the reception and observation units there where the house stood, and still others rising in place of the jerry-built cottages.

"By George! I've half a mind— I wonder what Hoxey would take for the island."

Agatha spoke quietly. "Twenty-two thousand dollars. I bought it two weeks ago."

Curtson stood away and looked at her. Emotions that had lain dormant till now sprang wide-awake, doubts of her playing fair about April, mistrust of everything, hostility.

"Why did you do that?" he challenged her.

"Truly, I don't know. It was a question of the Hoxeys' having to go away. . . . How much of an undertaking would this of yours be—in money?"

Curtson, brought to hard earth, reddened. "I am not a rich man," he said.

"I suppose, in State Street, I wouldn't be called a rich woman. Still, perhaps, between us, we might at least make a start."

Curtson continued to stand and look at her, and the redness did not leave his face.

When April stopped being a baby and began to be a girl, though she had the mother's features, and especially the dark eyes at once as quick as a flying bird and as quiet as a hiding one, in Agatha's sight these were nothing, and she was Eric all over again. Equally, though she had Eric's deep-red hair, his clear skin, and a dozen of his bedevilling mannerisms, Curtson saw his wife and no one but his wife, breathing and walking there.

With these illusions, and with the memories, which should have been let wither, kept so perennially and painfully green, how could either of them have been human and yet have stood it? How could they have been so wonderfully good to that little life that in the gestures of its very innocence seemed to discover hourly new ways of mocking them?

Here is the measure of their absorption in the child. They were man and woman, Curtson barely forty, Agatha in her thirties still. For a while they were tried in isolation, washed up from the same wreck on an island as desert as a desert isle. Then they were tried in a growing mutual activity; more than thrown together, bound together, unmitigatedly, for years. And so, that nothing ever happened between them, not by even so much as the glint or beginning of romance, would seem on the surface an amazing thing.

On the surface. But the trouble was that the hidden bond already between them was too strange and too powerful; beside it the bond of love and marriage would have looked ridiculous; an instinct knew it from the first and kept their hurt hearts clear of that folly. They would have been astounded to be told all this, and, such is the duplicity of the mind defending itself against itself, indignant. This was particularly strange in Curtson, precisely whose business it was to know what went on in the covert of the unconscious, to hearken, not to a man's words, but to what his shadow was saying. Yet when he looked at April (and that was always) whatever of devotion, of concern, of vicarious delight-of-living there might be in his own head and heart and mouth, there was only one word in the shadow heart of the other that lived in his boots with him, and he never knew it. And he never knew that the one word was: "Wait!"

Quicksilver . . . April, the girl of six or seven, Willa Curtson's slender limbs aflash in the sun on a summer beach, running to be running, hunting to be hunting, and Eric's wine-red hair twisting and whipping in the golden wind. And those two, watching.

They began to be middle-aged, and here is what youth could do for them. To Agatha, it was for the moment as though *she* ran in the sun-blaze; to Curtson, it was *he* that played in the wild warm wind. Overtly, their eyes shone, and a quicker breath came. But covertly, unrealized, something of fright, of strangeness and bitterness, was added to a hidden score against that youth. For Agatha never had and never would have run like that. And Dudley Curtson would never know what it was to do anything but work, even when he played.

April, the girl of nine or ten or twelve, on a winter night, her litheness coiled in a chair before the fire in the Domestic Administration wing of the big main building, a book in her lap, her eyes on the page, her limbs as quiet as heavy sleep. What was that stillness like? Was it like something with bars?

How slowly she read. To the others, over their books, it seemed as though she must be reading that page a dozen times. Or—not at all. What *were* her eyes doing then? In the shadow of Eric's tangled hair, where were the dark eyes that had been Willa's gone? . . . So that was why the stillness was like the stillness of a cage from which the bird has flown.

How pretty she was, how docile, how good, the steady eyes of the elders said.

But out of their sight the shadows on the walls behind them started slightly, shaking themselves to the alert, pressing tighter together the fingers of their truculent hands.

"Wait!"

No parents could have spent themselves for an own child as those two did for April. If there was anything she could want for health and happiness, they could tell themselves truly that they did not know what it was. Everything they did they did for her alone.

For her they performed what was almost a miracle. They took an unkempt, ill-built, nearly soilless island and within a decade they made of it a paradise of grass and trees and flowers, of swept beaches and meandering, embowered paths, of commodious buildings, and of a population, running to three hundred at times, which, though it might have seemed queer to some, never seemed queer to her. No more salubrious a spot could have been imagined for the sad-souled and twisty-minded people who had to live there, imprisoned for a while; the very beauty of it, healing, was the island's success. But in fact that had never been but the by-product. Firstly, from the first, it had been for April, a Garden of Eden in which she would always be content to stay.

For this she must be. Agatha and Curtson had known two people so possessed and perverse that they never knew their own fortune, mercurial children, throwing away security for peril, good happiness for bad misery. If there was so much as a seed of that in this child, God give them power, it would wither before it grew.

The first dozen years were the easy ones; then, metaphorically, and without needing to warn each other, they rolled up their sleeves and set the sinews of their kindness. It wanted an infinity of that; it took a patience rare in middle-age, which begins to forget the cloudy hells and heavens, the mantlings and blanchings and shyings at nothing of that *début*. It called not only for discipline but for self-discipline in themselves; above all others, the self-discipline of the shut mouth, when time and again it would have been so grateful and easy to put one of the poor girl's bugaboos to flight by giving it a name.

But it is by things' names that we remember them; identified, they grow important. That is all very well for youngsters who are going to have to deal with them. But April wasn't. So April's weren't to be noticed, and April wasn't to be told.

She took to doing things she herself could not comprehend. There were days when she thought she would tramp the beach a little way, and, once started, on she would go at a more and more breathless pace, around and around the mile-and-a-quarter circuit, her eyes out and away in blue sea distance, or troubled on the mainland shore, that land she had been taught to think of as ugly and tiresome—on and on and on around, borne willy-nilly by her legs at half a run, till she was so done in that dinner made her ill.

There were other days when, looking at the island populous about her, the strange ones that had never seemed strange to her looked of a sudden ten times stranger than they were, their eyes

all oddly concentric on her, some shy, some bold, some avidly friendly, some menacing. So, shivers up and down her, she would stand beset, at bay, till her foster-parents would come as if by chance to walk and talk of other things with her, their arms in hers—and the shadows behind them holding hers between them, trapped.

If those two could be utterly kind to April, *for* her they could be utterly compunctionless.

There was the episode of Stuart Robey. Hardly more than a boy, something had snapped, some tiny fuse of loyalty to life had blown, leaving him for the while in the dark of a suicidal melancholia. Time was his medicine: had he not been almost certainly curable he would not have been at Anchor Island. His trick was quietude. As though afraid to stir in his darkness for fear of hitting things, for hours that grew into days he would sit on the turf or lie on the sand without the movement of a muscle, the eyes in the mask of his tragic negation fixed steadfastly on some one blue point in distance.

There was a week when all of April's wonder and timidity in face of people came down to a center and fastened on Stuart Robey. The others ceased to exist, she saw no one but him. She too could be as quiet as an image, except that as she sat and watched him from a distance that lessened day by day, there was an almost continuous ebb and flow of color beneath the translucent skin of her throat and cheeks. An ecstasy, an agony, of puzzlement. Why did she grow red, why white, why hot, why cold, as she contemplated the beauty of the sadness of this wonderful, wonderful boy?

And then one afternoon Stuart Robey became aware of her. Removing his gaze from the distant point, he brought it to the figure a rod away. April, at fifteen, had begun to come into her inheritance of hungry loveliness, yet the innocence of childhood still lay on her like a troubled sleep; the adoration in her wide dark eyes was half panic, the pity half wonder, and the slant sun had set a burning halo on her hair.

Something happened to the muscles of Stuart's face, all of them at once, a sudden relenting of tendons that had held them taut. Presently a wince ran from his eyes to his mouth, and that wince was a smile. He arose and drew nearer, reached out and took her hand.

Bang! There's no other word for it, when April's fingers felt the touch of his. A deafening chord, a blinding light. But not her fingers alone—down went her brow, esurient for its share of that hand-touch before it was gone, and so her cheeks, her lashes, her lips, her breast. And when the hand should go, what? For standing, now, was like trying to stand against a gale.

Agatha Grey, coming as fast as she could, fetched to a stop at sight of that wild, awakening leap of innocence, her hand against her heart. From her heart it moved to her throat, and from there to her eyes, which were playing tricks.

Agatha had always seen (or had believed she saw) only so much as was Eric in April; the red-haired, white-skinned girl might as well have been a boy, till now. But now—Bang! Again, there's no other word for it. The sudden new arc of that bowed body, all victory and all defeat, all defiant and all cringing—now it was woman, woman, woman. No, a sharper sting than that. It was Willa, Willa, Willa.

A bit of Eric here, a gesture of Eric's there; in the weird instant Agatha saw them but as loot of victory, trophies won and worn.

Yet it was not the arc of flesh, not even the trophies, that made Agatha cover her eyes a second time to darken the light in them of something which, as a good and loving woman, she must hate in herself, despise and fear. It was a thing she saw before her there, and knew now must have been the thing that made April's mother the Willa who could know Eric for an hour and carry him away for

life and death—a thing neither noun nor verb, neither substance nor act, but rather an irradiation, an impalpable, galvanic effluvium of the spirit, a frailty more devastating than strength, a duplicity as single as innocence, an improvidence fiercer than a miser's thrift—a sum of things a woman as sane as Agatha must bitterly contemn, oh, bitterly, and—never know what it is to possess. Silver to grasp at; quicksilver to elude the grasp.

Agatha had had scales on her eyes for years. Now with a third passage of her hand she put them back on her eyes, started her feet again, ran and got April away.

Next morning Stuart Robey was sent back to the sanitarium of his case-origin, one in western Ohio, where incurables were taken. Curtson wrote the opinion without a quiver.

April was not told immediately that he was gone. She was kept in her room in a condition of nervous upset that would have made it dangerous in Curtson's judgment, a judgment the more firmly pronounced for that he felt himself, for the first time, unsure and inept in judgment. He felt himself distorting things and couldn't help it; he went on seeing molehills as mountains. It was worse even than a physician trying to treat himself. In April up, wild to be let go, he beheld hysteria; down on her bed, exhausted, dumb, motionless for hours, in her quiet he seemed to see the encroachment of a morbose hebetude.

But it was before her utter simplicity that he found himself dismayed. The bread that he and Agatha had cast on the waters returned now to confound him. He was trained in listening to evasions and hearing the truth. This fierce limpidity of April's every question and impulse had him beyond his depth. But it was true; how could she be expected to know what these things were, self-consciousness, circumlocution, false shame? Who had told her that she must not want out loud: "I want to go now, because I know he's waiting to see me, and wondering, and I want to see him, because he's so straight and strong and sad and beautiful and kind"? Why should she blush to say, "I want to hold his hand, and kiss it"? Or blanch, when the yearning mutiny was on her, to cry, "What reason, what *right* have you to keep me from going and finding him?"

That last aspect, that clear-eyed, overweening, somehow pagan fury, born of innocence, took Curtson aback as nothing else had done. As he studied her at the height of it, he had a sense of a force resistless and irresponsible, a will-to-have-what-it-wanted which recked so little of obstacles that it could not know there were such things, and of a sudden he had to shut his eyes. For now it was *his* eyes that were playing tricks.

He had always seen April as the reincarnation of his wife, the Willa of the earlier, saner years. He had always wondered in pain and futility what power there could be on earth that could blind her and bind her and carry her away from him. Now when he dared open his eyes, there it was. He had never seen Eric Grey, except as a shape beneath a sheet. Now he beheld him alive. Alive and still possessed, more triumphantly and mockingly than ever possessed, of the stolen flesh of Willa, possessed as a devil possesses, wearing it as his own.

Curtson got out of the room; in the corridor he stood and fought. "It's not April's fault. It's not *April*. It's something—something . . ." He hadn't a name for it, though he had a name for every other insanity; and to a man like Curtson this *had* to be insanity. He locked the door, gave the key to a nurse, and went out to sit in the air on the steps, where Agatha was sitting.

They had nothing to say, nothing they dared say, to each other. Nor dared they keep their eyes anywhere but straight ahead. Each had had a glimpse of the shadow that stood behind, malformed, implacably patient, and neither wanted another.

From that day on they knew the work they were going to have in saving April "from herself." Nothing arbitrary or pitiless in any other direction mattered. Nothing that was "for April's good" could come at a price too high. It was for April's good that, one by one, the younger patients were weeded out and sent back to the institutions of their origin, till Anchor Island began to be known as a home for the aged infirm of mind. And so with the house physician, who had to be discharged in place of an older man. And so with the gray-headed, wooden-legged tutor, who was caught lending his pupil a copy of *Paolo and Francesca* to read. And so even with the fat, middle-aged nurse, who, given April in charge, was the heart of faith in watching temperatures, trying to rally her out of her suffocating moods of melancholy, or to tempt her appetite by tidbits when she had none—so with Alice, the nurse, who was the heart of faith, but who had had love-affairs in her youth which she couldn't always remember not to talk about.

But their time was the dearest sacrifice that Agatha and Curtson laid on the altar of April's good. Whenever she was abroad on the island, even though a nurse or tutor was with her, one of the elders tried to be within eyeshot of her too. No longer could she lie prone on the sunny grass and dream seaward, unwatched. No longer was she free to roam the beach alone, around and around; one of them went with her, measuring the pace.

Why? What possible chance of peril was there left on Anchor Island now?

Who could say? There was an uneasiness that never slept. A shadowy, omnivorous mistrust. And it was right—one lowering of the guard, one shrewd concatenation of mischances—and what? Quicksilver is so quick. . . .

One Friday morning in June of the year April was seventeen she got up, for no reason, hours earlier than anyone, and went out to have a look at the day, soft with spring.

One Wednesday Doctor Curtson had to go to New York to testify in a damage suit, to be gone two days.

One Thursday evening a young fellow was around the Hoopertown waterfront inquiring about the tender for Anchor Island. When he was told the last for the day had gone he seemed distressed. He could hire a fisherman to take him across in his motor-dory; the man was there at the dock. But then he decided to wait in the hotel over the night. He didn't sleep much; before it was more than gray he was out looking for that doryman; wild to be on the ground while a chance in a hundred still seemed fair odds and his presumptuous courage held, in the red of dawn he was off across the quiet Sound.

Courage? Cheek! A Doctor Swanson, of Troy, an elderly consultant, had been engaged as assistant-psychiatrist at Anchor Island. He suffered a paralytic stroke the week he was to leave for there. His assistant was Terry Monck. The berth at Anchor Island was a good one, wanting a man of experience, and so of years. Terry was twenty-six, the ink of his doctorate hardly yet dry. Chance in a hundred? Not in a hundred hundred. And yet, if Doctor Swanson would delay writing, give Terry time to get there unheralded, enthusiastic, self-confident, lucky—well, he was Terry, and he *was* but twenty-six.

Certainly he reached the island early enough. At first he saw no one stirring ashore. But as the water-space narrowed he saw a girl on the landing-stage.

The dory came and bumped; the doryman put his painter through a ring. "Here y'are." But for the moment his passenger only sat there on the thwart like a deaf one, his sandy hair, unhatted, more and more tumbled in the wind, his chin long with a sobriety of astonishment, his blue eyes fixed on the image caught in a troubled net of sunlight and springtime and morning, there above. And he had seen plenty of girls, what's more.

The girl had seen hardly any young men, and no young men at all like him.

How long they remained so, dumb struck, only the impatient doryman could have said.

By and by, "Who are you?"

"I'm Terry Monck, the new psychiatrist, to see Doctor Curtson. And who are you, please?"

"I'm April. And my uncle is away, and he won't be back till afternoon."

"I'll—I'll have to wait then."

"Yes. Not in the boat, though. Come, I'll help you up. Take my hand."

Concatenation of mischances, with a vengeance. That morning Agatha had a headache and stayed in bed. Once, conscience speaking, she asked Miss Proctor where April was. The nurse reassured her. The new psychiatrist, "Doctor What's-his-name, from Troy," come that morning, was having a talk with April and a walk.

It was not till noon that an intimation of the truth got into the darkened room. What the stupid nurse was saying was, "It's a Godsend for her, having somebody around here young and attractive enough to be half-human. You'd hardly know April, from yesterday."

That finished the headache. "What—why—Doctor Swanson must be a man of fifty."

"*Fifty!*"

"It *is* 'Swanson'—the name—you're sure?"

"No, ma'am; I didn't get it very well, but it wasn't 'Swanson,' I don't think."

April and the new doctor, those whom Agatha questioned when she was dressed and out informed her, were somewhere along the south beach. When she had hurried there she saw them, little figures to the east. Her first impulse was to run and run and run. But when she saw that they were coming toward her she knew it was wisdom to take hold of herself, stand quietly, and wait. So she did, pinning her huddle of noonday shadow grimly down.

Blue, blue sea, white, white surf, tender breathless green of springtime, golden sand. And they had had it from dawn to meridian, whole. Something for mockery. Who was it had said here, "Let it be a Garden of Eden for April"?

When the pair had come abreast of her, Agatha opened her mouth and had the weirdest of all her frights. For when she had called sharply, "April, your lunch is waiting; I want you to come with me," and when she saw the two going on rapt, like one thing walking radiant, she had an awful sense that her words had only gone half way, had hit against the glassy wall of another dimension there, where they could walk and she could not, and fallen dead. The panic she had been fighting got her. She *had* to try again. This time, thank God, the words went somewhere, and brought April back.

But Agatha had felt too helplessly little for that instant to be able to get over it soon. Had there been an argument she would not have been equal to it. There was none. April did her bidding and went up to the Wing ahead of her with a docility almost somnambulant.

"There's no use your waiting," she told Terry, when she had listened angrily to the beginning of his half-bemused, half-impassioned plea. "You'll not do. Doctor Curtson will only tell you the same. There's a boat leaving at two—no, it will do you *no* good to see the Doctor—this is private property, and after two you will be considered a trespasser."

Terry's face was flaming. He bowed, turned, and made directly for the landing.

Agatha had a time with April. At lunch, to the girl's rapt surety, "I'll see him this afternoon, all this whole afternoon," she knew nothing but to humor her. Afterwards, since it was not two yet, she must temporize, "Yes, but you must lie down first, a little while." It was when, the hour past, the truth was told, that the fearful part began.

Curtson had seen it once, but Agatha

never had. And the fearfulest of the fearful part was the part that was quiet—deadly quiet, deadly clear.

"*Why* should he go away? Why *shouldn't* I see him? What's wrong in that?"

What a question! It had never even occurred to Agatha to state it even for herself. It never would. She would never let it. She answered as if the answer were axiomatic.

"You wouldn't understand, my child. You must simply take what we say."

But it was in the periods when there was even no word, no color, no twitch of movement, that Agatha felt herself beaten smallest by forces outside her comprehension, battered by the winds and waters of seas never charted in the geography of her Platonic schooling.

Yet for all her sense of odds too eerie against her, Agatha wasn't to know the half till nearly dinner time. Then it was April, at a window, crying, "Why have you lied to me?" An arrow of anger. But a catch of doubt, a breaking of Elysian light, "Oh, but you only did it to fool me, then—to surprise me—later on!"

And there outside, under a tree and against the water, was Terry, watching and waiting.

Agatha went out of the room to go down. But in the corridor she went weak against the wall. "What's the use?" she thought. And she thought, "When, *when* will Dudley come?"

When he came on the last tender, quick as she was to the landing, Terry beat her.

"I only thought if I could *see* you, Doctor," he was saying when she got between.

"Tell him, Dudley. The tender can go back, to take him. Now. Immediately."

Curtson studied her. He studied Terry Monck, from head to foot of his delectable youth. In a flash he had put the two and two together. His face went dark.

"Immediately, yes!" He turned to shout to the tender crew, but then, ashamed of his own and Agatha's hysteria, he took himself in hand. After all . . . "No, Mr. Monck; but you will be good enough to take the first boat in the morning. To-night you will have a room in the staff-house. Montgomery there will show you to one."

Agatha tried to tell him about the day as the two went on. "As for April, Dudley, she has not been . . . Dudley, actually, this afternoon April has not seemed to me . . ."

"I know. I know."

Curtson went up to April. He studied her. Under cover of labored small-talk he started to take her pulse, but put her wrist quickly away. What need for mere mechanical evidence?

"Miss Proctor," he said, outside, "you'll sleep in the alcove in there to-night, please."

He kept his face averted when he went down to where Agatha sat on the doorstep. Dusk gave way to a fog of moonlight. Agatha shivered. She tried to laugh it off for the chill. But then she said, "No, but I wish you *had* sent him. I'd feel safer."

"Pshaw! I guess, between us, we can take care of her."

"But can we? Dudley, listen. Do you know, young as April is, I believe we've got to think of marrying her. Some man we could know about—an older man—old enough and settled enough to be kind to her, yet absolute. We've got to think."

Curtson shook his head, no longer trying to hide the pain in his eyes.

"Agatha, I'm beginning to be afraid April will never—never be fit—never be . . ."

It choked him; he couldn't finish. And there was no need; Agatha had heard what she dreaded. They sat with bowed shoulders, swayed by grief, these two good people.

Behind them their two shadows sat with swollen shoulders, rocked by another thing.

The evening was a hard one. More

than once they started, peering, thinking to see a prowler in the mist. Between uneasiness and tragedy it was a task to keep even desultory words going. Near eleven, Curtson got up to go across to his own steps. What occurred to his nerves then it would be hard to say—some plucking at the sleeve of his unrest.

"Agatha, have a look at April. I'm anxious to know how she sleeps to-night."

Agatha went up at a walk. She came down at a run. Her face was like paper.

"April is not there."

"What are you talking about?"

"Miss Proctor's asleep in the alcove, and the door is locked. But Dudley, the screen is up in one window, *and April is not in that room. And I am not crazy.*"

"You must be. There's nothing but sheer drop from there, twenty-five feet, to concrete."

They started on common impulse, their shadows swarming and scuttling even with them along the wall. But when they came to the corner of the building and turned, the shadows, unleashed, darted long, black and ravening ahead. And when they came, what did they find? The concrete of the area walk, empty; the third-floor window open, overhead.

Wings?

There was a fall of heavy feet behind them, across the grass from the shore. At first it was one figure, distorted; then they saw it was Terry, with April in his arms.

"She has hurt her leg, Doctor, terribly. I don't know if anything is broken. She came down there to me on her hands and knees."

Agatha started to cry out, but Curtson hushed her.

"She must be taken upstairs," he said.

"I will carry her, sir."

April's face came out of his shoulder, big-eyed, moon-white. "He will carry me."

"I love her, sir. I will not let anyone take her away from me."

"Do you hear? He won't let anyone take me away from him. He loves me."

Curtson had doubled his fists. But of a sudden he had a feeling about them akin to Agatha's earlier in the day; he felt them as solids blown thinner than thin air in the wind of another dimension, where young lunacy could stand and mock and defy him, untouchable.

He steadied his voice. "Carry her upstairs, then. Come, this way."

But at the front door he said to Terry, "Now we will take her. *Yes!* Good-night." To April, "But he is so tired, child, after all this way. To-morrow morning? Oh, yes, yes."

Agatha and Curtson stayed with April the rest of the night. In her quickness and queerness she had almost killed herself once; they wouldn't trust mere screens again.

It wasn't so much this that kept them, though, attentive to the swollen ankle of which she alone seemed unaware, hearkening and answering "Yes, yes," to her infatuated babble of to-morrow and Terry again, pinning her down between them, their shadows locked heavy across the bed. It was something that had come on the girl that held them fascinated and crucified, the stamp of a light on her face and in her eyes, reawakening bitter memories. Like one brought back from the moon, trailing wisps of a light never on land or sea, mercurial, madcap, serene, they felt it mocking their pedestrian, home-keeping sanity.

Their own thoughts and own shadows frightened them; they tried desperately to put them out of mind and sight. "Poor child! poor child!" they sorrowed with their meeting eyes.

In the morning (after that tender was safely gone) they took April across to the East Building to have the bone in her ankle set. It was a dilatory business; between this and that it used up hours. At the Home Wing the masons needed the time.

When they did take her back to her room, when, looking for Terry at last,

she saw, not him, but new iron gratings imbedded in the window masonry, they were prepared for storm. They were fooled. All day she lay quiet, as inattentive to those iron lines across the windows as if they were lines drawn in a dream, the stamp of that chimera light from far and far away still lambent on her brow and in her eyes.

So she went through red sunset and blue dusk. But when night had brought the moon out, of a sudden, ankle-cast and all, she got up, hobbled across the floor, grabbed hold of those bars, shook them, beat them, tore at them, and screamed.

The worst of it was that Agatha and Curtson could do nothing to help her. When they could no longer stand the sound she made they had to get out and away as far as they could.

They went blindly, at random, not knowing where. It must be repeated, they went blindly, not knowing where. For unless it can be believed that, from beginning to end, they did not know where they were going, these two become abominable. And *they* were not abominable. Certainly none could have "done more for April" than Agatha and Curtson had done.

The trouble was that they were but two of four, and the other two were the shadows that lived in their shoes with them. Those shadows? All the memories the good must forget, the wounds of vanity, the poisons of jealousy, the black resentments of man and woman scorned, all the things they must put out of sight behind them, these were the substance of the shadows of the unconscious, under their hearts, behind their minds. *They* might forgive and forget. But those shadows? Never, never! From the first step to the last act, it was the shadows alone that knew where they were going and what they did.

For if this were the story it would seem, and seemed to Agatha and Curtson most of all, then it becomes but a tangle of inconsistencies, a tragedy of errors. But it is not that, the history of a loving-kindness doomed to fail. It is the history of a devious, a shadowy, a complete revenge. In it there was never an indecision, never one misstep.

Why did they come back to the island and the infant in the beginning, first Agatha, bewildered, stubborn, then Curtson, dazed by his own irrationality and the stoppage of his life? Responsibility? That would be carrying it a little far. Affection for the baby April? Neither of them knew the baby April then.

The shadowy players that brought those two pawns back across the board never did know April as April. They knew her only as Eric and Willa, Eric and Willa who had eaten their cake and were not to have it to eat in this new flesh again—not if shadows' hands could lay hold of it in time.

By that first move, back to the island, the shadows had dug the ore.

When they made the island an insane asylum, a garden, and a jail, they had smelted it.

When they had fed April's body healthy, normal, warm, and kept her imaginings weazened in the wrappings of that bugaboo ignorance of things, then they had made the iron.

When they had tampered with Agatha's woman-intuition, and with Curtson's professional sagacity, scaring them, making it plausible and forgivable for them to see mountains where only the molehills of a natural and ardent adolescence were, then they had begun to shape the bars. Then it was nearly all over. It wanted little more than to call the masons to bore the holes in the window-stones.

They went at random, Curtson and Agatha, to get away from that sound. Beyond the first building, past the second; still they were not away. They came behind a third, the one where the domestics and laborers lived. It was growing dark. Just before and below them a light shone out through a window of the basement kitchen, falling upwards

across their faces. Their eyes grew old. Tears of desperate grief came out and rolled down.

A little way behind them stood the wooden barrack where everything untidy or unsavory was thrust away, scraps and rubbish and fertilizer. It was not kept up as the other buildings were, for it was out of the public sight. Scrollwork hanging, clapboards gaping, shingles split. Of all the summer cottages once on Anchor Island, by what chance was it that it was *that* cottage that had been spared to stand these years mocked by tin cans and soiled papers, defiled by fertilizer bags? Who but shadows could have said?

Because the light in front of Agatha and Curtson was so close, the shadows thrown behind them were magnified. They swarmed gargantuan up the beaten clapboards and sprawled enormous and glutted over the tired eaves.

What's that sound, winding in the night? Quicksilver? How now?

What's that name, crying? "Terry!"?

("Eric!")

("Willa!")

Quicksilver laughs at fingers that are all thumbs. Let it laugh at bars that are all iron. Ho-Ho! The laughter that is last is best.

The two weeping in the shaft of light from the basement never knew about the shadows. All they knew was that their common desolation seemed of a sudden to have brought them closer together than they had ever been. It was strange they had never done it before. Fumbling, they found each the other's hand.

SHIP MODEL

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

UNTIL he placed it on the mantel there,
The room was but a dingy place and only
Dark memories and ghosts of old despair
Would occupy his hours. Quiet and lonely
He sat and read a dusty volume through;
He drew his pension check and put away
His savings as old men are wont to do,
And count them over day by lengthening day.
But now there is new glamour in his eyes,
New conversation on his quivering lips,
As though he had returned from tropic skies
And brimmed with all the tales of seas and ships;
He sits and dreams to-night, and nods away—
And is his heart in Venice or Cathay?

TO PICNIC IN FEZ

BY LELAND HALL

NOW, when I decided to go from Marrakech to Fez, Djilali said to me, "Fez is a wicked city. The streets are dark and narrow. Rivers rush under them. The man who sees you are a stranger and a Christian will invite you to his house with magic words. In his house he will rob you. Then he will cut your head from your body; and he will drop your head through a hole into one river, and your body through a hole into another river; and your head and your body will be separate in the plain where the rivers come out from under the city. They will be naked." Therefore, when I departed from Marrakech on my way to Fez I did not know what lay before me unless it were risk and danger; and without Djilali, who had been my safe friend, I was alone.

I had chosen the way by Safi and the sea; and in the motor wagon with a dozen Arabs I felt out of place, for I could not speak their language except to say, "Thank you. There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is the Messenger of Allah." It was still early morning; the sun was brilliant and the shadows long. Swiftly we pulled up from the plain in the midst of which is Marrakech. Great hills stepped in behind us, hiding from my backward look the city and its groves and even the snow of the High Atlas, which no mere distance ever darkened. In the curves of the road we stopped abruptly to spare the Berber shepherd and his flock; and in the straightaway we often halted while the nomad cursed his superb camel into passing us. Then we were on a plateau. On either side of the road, as far as the eye could see, the land was furrowed cinnamon and brown. Camel and donkey, hitched to the same plow, walked disdainfully up and down the fields, pulling the share some son of Adam guided. Far off to the west, under white clouds, the blue of the flax was so like the sea that I thought Safi, which is on the sea, was no farther than across the fields in view.

But it was a long way. In midmorning we stopped at a little white roadhouse, where we got down to stretch our legs; and one of the Arabs, who was well dressed, took my arm and led me into the roadhouse to buy me coffee. Then we sped on again through the cool wind, till the plateau broke down before us, and we coasted and twisted into a sterile valley where there was no longer water in the river bed and the windless air was hot. Having gone down into the valley, we must climb up in low speed on the farther side, and cross a ridge; when we came truly to the sight of the sea, which was blue as flax with not a ship on it, and to Safi, and my hotel on the hills above it.

In the evening I descended into the town. As I passed a café a man called out to me in Arabic; and there at a little table sat the Arab who had bought me coffee on the way. With him sat a young Arab. Together they invited me to drink coffee. The young man's name was Mohammed el Barka; and as he spoke a little French, we were able to converse over the coffee. Upon my telling him I was an American, he lifted the edge of my coat and was disappointed

to discover I carried no revolver in my hip pocket. For he had seen the moving pictures, young Mohammed, and knew my country as we show it to the world. Yet for all I failed to conform to type, he liked me none the less; and with that immediate friendliness, which takes no stock of intimacy or length of acquaintance and which is natural to his intuitive race, he urged me to stay over a day or two in Safi so that he might be my host and guide.

Towards noon of the next day, after we had been wandering through the little town, he ducked with me into a side street; and before I knew it we were up a flight of stairs and in an Arab café, a sunny place.

"Here," he said, "you will hear the music of my people, which you tell me you enjoy."

I sat against the wall. The proprietor hung up his best song birds in the sun of the balcony so that they sang. The mimosa trees rustled in the open windows. After a while two musicians came, and then a third, Mustapha. They sat before me on the floor with their lutes, Ahmed, Youssef, and Mustapha the first musician. While they were playing to me the proprietor asked if he might prepare a lunch; and thereafter my ear was for the music, but my eye was for the master of the café and Mohammed squatting on the balcony and peeling potatoes and carrots and shredding meat into a big bowl.

In time Mohammed himself led me to a dish of stew, seasoned with herbs. I ate as best I could with the thumb and two fingers of my right hand, for the trouble of many forks and dishes is not in this country; and the youth sat at my side, watching how clumsily I put food into my mouth and naming in Arabic each thing I ate. Meanwhile the sound of the music never ceased, nor the trilling of the birds with it; and fragrance of the mimosa was in my nostrils with the taste of the stew.

It was at noon the next day I must take the bus on my way to Mazagan, which is on the way to Fez. In the crowd round the vehicle stood the master of the café, and Ahmed, Youssef, and Mustapha, who had come to embrace me and to wish me Godspeed. Young Mohammed asked for a leaf from my note book and, having made room for himself in the crowd with his elbows, wrote on the paper in Arabic.

"My friend," he said, handing me what he had written through the open bus window, "here is a note to my cousin, Tahar el Bouab, whom you will find collecting custom at one of the gates of Fez. Give it to him, and he will take care of you."

When the bus started, they cried out, "Peace go with you," and waved their hands.

II

Mazagan and Azemour, Casablanca and Fedallah and Meknes, these are towns on the way to Fez, and Meknes is but a short stage from it. The letter which Mohammed had given me to Tahar the Gate Keeper was always in my pocket. I did not know what was written in it, for, though I took it out and looked at it, I could not read the Arabic letters; and even had I been able to do so, I should not know the meaning of the words they spelled. Therefore, my curiosity had grown great about it; and besides I thought, "Shall I go on to Fez, which Djilali told me is a city of wickedness, with a secret letter?"

Now, in Meknes I was conducted by a young Moor who was attached to the hotel where Europeans put up, to show them the sights of the city and interpret for them when they wish to buy at the shops. He tried to persuade me to buy, for merchants would give him a percentage on all the trade he brought to them and he made his living thus, like all guides attached to Moroccan hotels. But I told him I had no money to spend and wished only to see the city, with its twisting little streets in which the stranger is soon bewildered, and the gardens which lie round it.

When I walked with him through the city, I closed my eyes upon the old embroideries and the old brasses which were displayed in the shops and turned my ear from the merchants' entreaties. But he would not give over his persuading.

"Enough of the city," I said at last. "Let us drive to one of the gardens where there are no people to push against me."

We sat down in the shade of the trees and rested. He asked if I would send him a book which would teach him English. He knew French well, how to read and write it as well as to speak it; "but," he said, "many of the tourists who come here are from your country or from England, and few know how to speak much in French. This is too bad, for they have a great deal of money and would spend it if we could talk to them."

And this is certainly true, as they have a proverb in their own language which says, "At sweet words the lioness will give you her milk."

Then I thought of Mohammed, of the master of the café, and of the three musicians, Ahmed, Youssef, and Mustapha. I took the letter from my pocket.

"You who can read the language of the Franks," I said, "can you do the same with your own?" For there are not many of the Moors who can read and write their own language. And I told him I did not know what was written in this letter.

"Show me the letter," he said.

I handed it to him, and he read it; but when he had finished he would not tell me what was written in it, only that it was a good letter.

Then we returned to the hotel without much talk. After we had got down from the carriage at the hotel gate he said:

"Go, now, and eat. In the afternoon I will come for you and take you again to the city."

"But I wish to buy nothing in the city," I said.

"It is not for you to buy that I shall take you there, but to drink tea at my house with my friends."

When I came out from the meal I found him waiting at the hotel gate. He set off at once, walking swiftly, and I followed him into the city and to the shop of a merchant, who was young and fat. He was dressed in fine robes. On his head he wore a fez, but on his hands leather gloves from Europe.

"Show the merchant the letter which you showed me this morning."

I gave over the letter to Hamed, the merchant, and he read it. Then he brought up a stool. "Sit here," he said; and he went away with the guide who had brought me and left me alone in the shop.

While I sat alone, Europeans came into the shop and treated with me as if the rugs and cushions all about were mine to sell. Presently my guide returned, carrying cones of sugar and sprays of green mint in his hand; and at his heels the merchant returned. He sent away the Europeans from the shop, saying he would not trade with them to-day; and he bade me wait in the street with the guide while he shut and locked the doors of the shop.

This being done, we went through many crooked streets till we came to the door of a house, where Hamed knocked and called out loudly, so that the people stopped and looked.

In the center of the house was a tiled courtyard, with the sun shining in it and an orange tree growing there by a pool, and four doors which opened into four lofty rooms. Having removed our shoes, we entered one of the rooms and sat on the carpet which covered the floor; and when Hamed, the merchant, clapped his hands, a servant brought in a brazier with fire burning in it and a copper kettle, so that we might have tea. The servant brought a basin with water, also, for us to wash our hands.

While the tea was brewing, Hamed laid the letter on his knee and translated to me what was written in it, which was about as follows:

"Praise be to God, the One and Only. Mohammed el Barka wishes peace to Tahar, his cousin, and let Tahar receive the Christian who brings him this letter, and give him shelter if he needs it, and food and drink, and do what is in his power to make life pleasant for him in Fez, where he is a stranger. For the Christian who brings this letter is my friend and comrade and will give you news of me."

The servant brought cakes of almond meal for us to eat with our tea; and when we had eaten and drunk and washed our hands, Hamed, the merchant, said to me:

"Those in Safi shall not do more for you than I. Wait, and I will write you letters."

He wrote three letters to three rich merchants of Fez and wrote their names on the outer fold. But while I thanked him for the letters, I said I would not be beholden to three rich merchants since I had no affairs which could interest them; that I desired only to see the people of Fez and how they lived.

"Wait," he said, "I have not yet done. You are a stranger and cannot speak our language. The streets of Fez are steep and narrow. You cannot find your way in them nor can you trust the citizens to help you. You must have a guide. I will give you the name of a man I know there who will be your guide and whom you can trust. Take your pencil and write down this man's name in your letters so that you will not forget it."

I wrote down the name Mohammed Larossé.

III

From Meknes to Fez the road passes among hills which are big as mountains and gashed by the rains. In the valleys under the misty light and on distant slopes the iris and the flax were blue lakes in the red land, unreal lakes no keel could plow; and the calendulas were gold that was spilled on the barren hillside. From the crest of the hills the road runs down to the plain in which Fez is sunk like a funnel with walls round the rim and the towers of mosques rising from below. The sun was shining on it. Beyond it were other hills.

When I had eaten in my hotel, which was just without a gate of the city called the Iron Gate, I went in through the gate and walked along the street which is like a rim above the town, where there were high walls and trees in flower hanging their branches over them from gardens behind. A young Moor joined me, whose robes were somber and neat and who spoke to me politely in French. We were alone together; for the business of the city was below, and those who lived up here, being rich, could sleep in their gardens through the heat of the day.

It was not far, he said, to the gate where Tahar el Bouab sat; and he showed me the way. There were camels and donkeys coming in through the gate, which Tahar counted and taxed. The camel drivers made their beasts kneel in the gateway and outside while Tahar read the letter I had brought and while he spoke to me through the young Moor. Since he was so busy, I begged him not to concern himself with me; and he said he would come to see me at my hotel on the next day.

Then the young man took me to a quiet place.

"Wait here," he said, "and I will find you Larossé."

And in a few minutes he brought Larossé to me, for he had been idling in this upper part of the town. When I first looked at Larossé, the man who was to be my guide in Fez, which Djilali had said was full of wickedness, I thought there could be nothing more wicked than he in the whole city. Though he was young, his face was battered, his shorn skull dented with scars. His eyes, of a yellowish gray, were small and abnormally far apart; his voice was hoarse and blatant. The hand he offered me was thin and soft and cold. And he attached himself

to me, for, he said, his life was mine because I was the friend of the merchant in Meknes.

With this ill-favored and ill-clad man I first went down into the city of Fez. When we had come to the lowest part of it, where the street was so narrow that the walls of the houses almost met above, he seized my hand and dragged me through a doorway, so that we were in darkness. I felt at my feet the invisible forms of men sleeping. Then Larossé pulled me to a corner and put my hand against the wall, in which I felt rungs set as in a ladder. He climbed up the wall through a hole in the roof, and I followed him and found myself in an upper chamber where the daylight was dim through a tiny window. On the floor lay a man wrapped in a black robe, and there was a pot of yellow flowers before him; and another man, who had been leaning by the wall, crossed over and sat silent in a corner. Larossé sat down, and I sat down beside him, and no one said a word.

From below came the sound of bellows blowing, which meant that someone would soon bring us tea up through the hole in the floor.

"The Moors are fond of flowers," I said to Larossé in French; for amid the shadows of the chamber where we sat so still the pot of flowers drew my eyes like the glow of embers on a hearth. At the sound of my voice the man wrapped in black raised his head, muttering a word; and Larossé spoke to him in Arabic. Then the man rested his head again on the floor; but put his arm stealthily from the folds of his robe and, seizing the pot of flowers in his hand, set it away from him towards me.

"He gives them to you," said Larossé. "The man is a gardener, and you will not lack flowers while you stay in Fez."

Another man climbed up through the hole in the floor. In the center of the room he stretched his arms a moment, then sat by the wall with a sigh of contentment. My companions chuckled and spoke to him, and he told them a story, laughing.

"This man," said Larossé when he had done, "has just come from prison. Two weeks ago he was walking in the town at night and he met a woman and wished to sleep with her. So she said, 'Come to my room and you shall sleep with me.' But when they came to her room, there was another man in the woman's bed. She liked him better and laughed. So this man was in a rage. He tore the blanket off the man in the bed and ran away with it. But the woman reported him to the pasha. They caught him and put him in prison for two weeks. He comes from prison now. That is why we laugh."

In a little while it was dark in the room, and when the master of the café brought up tea he brought two candles which he lighted. He brought with him also a little lute, which he played while we drank tea. I listened to the music and the sound of the men's voices talking. When it was time for me to go the gardener took the flowers from the pot, dried their stems on a fold of his robe, and gave them to me to take to my hotel.

In the street before the threshold of the house, in the glare of the acetylene lamps hung on the walls of the shops at hand, stood a young man waiting for Larossé. His face was fresh and comely; and his eyes were lustrous, but one of them was bigger than the other. Larossé did not greet him, nor he Larossé. He walked with us swiftly up the steep, crooked streets which ascend from the depths of the city; and when we came to the top into the wide street with the flowering trees hanging their branches over the wall, he sang along the way. His name was Hassan, and he was a fine singer for the pleasure of it.

At the gate of the hotel I took money from my pocket to pay Larossé, who made his living by guiding strangers; but he refused to accept it.

Early the next morning he came to the hotel for me. We spent the day in

the city with the craftsmen, sitting with the potters while they turned their wheels, and with the weavers while they wove. Larossé took the shuttle from one of them and, sitting before the loom, shot it to and fro; for he had been trained as a weaver. At the end of the day he likewise refused to take wages.

On the third day we sat with the cobblers and the millers, the dyers of leather and the leather workers; but we did not visit the merchants, nor stop to talk with those who called to us from their shops; because Larossé knew I wished to buy nothing. At the end of that day I insisted so firmly on his accepting his wages that he admitted money buys food more than friendliness. When I took out my pocketbook I found I had not the exact amount of what I owed him, and he had no money to make change. Therefore, I paid him for the three days and with it for two days in advance.

Now when these two days were up and he had served me faithfully, I thought it a good plan to pay him again in advance, as a sign of confidence between us. So I gave him a hundred-franc note as for a week in advance.

His eyes glowed.

"I will keep strict account," he said, "and I will never ask money from you as long as you are in Fez, nor ever accept it from you again."

IV

The next day Larossé said to me:

"We have been too much in the city. We must make an outing in the country. To-morrow we shall go to the hot springs of Sidi Harrazem."

"Is it far?" I asked.

"It is about ten miles each way. But I will hire a mule for you, which is not dear in Fez; and I will run by the mule, for such is our habit."

In the afternoon he returned to find me at the hotel.

"I will bring the mule to-morrow morning shortly after sunrise," he said. "And I have thought and ordered food to be prepared for us in the city, which will cost less than food here at the hotel. So we can spend the whole day in the country. My friend Hassan will come with us."

"That will make three of us," I said, "a pleasant number. And Hassan will sing."

"I will hire a mule, then, for Hassan, since it is not dear."

"And you can ride on the mule with him, which is better than running," I said.

The next morning I arose early and waited for my guide. After two hours he came. In the courtyard of the hotel was Hassan mounted on a mule; and beside him stood another mule with a saddle-cloth of crimson and stirrups of hammered brass. I climbed into the empty saddle, and the mule stood peacefully while Larossé lengthened to my legs the cords of braided crimson silk on which the stirrups hung. So I rode down into the city, with Larossé guiding my mule by the bridle and shouting "Watch out! Watch out!" down the narrow streets. Hassan followed us, and the people crushed themselves against the walls to let us pass.

At the bottom of the city there was a great press of people in the streets; and donkeys, mules, and camels laden with swelling panniers stopped the passageway; so that we could not advance nor retreat. Everybody shouted at everybody else, *Balek! Balek!* which means, "watch out"; and the people walked under the neck of my mule and under the belly. Larossé disappeared, and when I looked back, I saw that Hassan had been separated far from me by the crowd. But after a while Larossé reappeared. Shouting fiercely, he parted the people before us and led my mule under an arch and into a courtyard where many animals were tethered. Here he bade me dismount, which I did. Then I followed him on foot through the streets again till we came to the house where he had brought me on my first

day in Fez; and when we had climbed into the upper chamber he left me with four men of the country to whom I could not speak. But they were not unfriendly. They shared with me their tea and the fried bread which they were eating. So I spent an hour with them, wondering at the delay.

Then Larossé returned and brought me down into the streets again. At the threshold waited a ragged boy. He joined us, for he was to run with my mule; and when we had returned to the courtyard and I had mounted my mule, I thought we were ready to set forth to the country, because the morning was far gone. And, indeed, we went on our way through the bottom of the city and up on the other side of it; but when we came to a sunny place, Larossé called halt again. He led my mule into an angle of the wall, where there was a door; and there left me on the mule. Hassan dismounted and led off his mule, so that again I was alone.

After a while Larossé came up the street towards me, leading a portly Moor.

"This man," he said, "is the master shoemaker for whom Hassan works when he works at all. He will go with us to the country."

"That makes five," I said, "and let us be started."

"But now I must fetch the lunch," said Larossé and he ran away.

Then Hassan came back and the boy who was to run at my stirrup; and again Larossé came running with a young man who was shabbily dressed.

"This is my friend," said Larossé, "and he will go with us to the country."

"That makes six," I said, "and let us be started."

The order in which we started was thus: Larossé, Hassan on his mule, the master shoemaker on foot, the shabby friend, I on my mule, and, at the tail of my mule, the boy who had been enlisted to run at my stirrup. We had proceeded but a little way when we stopped again; and now there was a long discussion in Arabic and the party, without me, decided that the master shoemaker should ride on the mule with Hassan. This being decided, there remained the difficulty of elevating the master to the mule's back; for Hassan's mule was not saddled and there were no stirrups by which the master could vault. Neither, being solid in years, could he spring to the mule's back, and Hassan had not the strength to hoist him from the ground. Therefore, the master stood still by the mule, while the others ran about seeking a stone to serve as a mounting block. When they had found one, they led the mule to it and the master followed, and set one foot on the stone and lifted the other leg towards the mule's back. But when his leg was high, the stone rolled and the master fell down. So they stood him on the ground again and brought the mule close. Larossé, with his shabby friend, knelt behind him and set their shoulders beneath his buttocks, while Hassan leaned from the mule and caught his hands. Thus they raised the master to the height of the mule's back, and he fell across it like a sack, and his turban fell to the ground on one side and the slippers from his feet on the other. While, with much shouting, Larossé and his friend set the master astride the mule, my stirrup boy recovered the fallen slippers and the fallen turban; and when the master was adjusted and clothed, we started on again.

We crossed by the bridge over the river which rushes through the lower part of the city, to the dense quarters on the other side; then steeply up and up, past the Andalusian mosque, through the charcoal markets, and through a gate out from the city, before which lies a Moslem cemetery on the hillside. But Larossé was no longer with us. Therefore, the master led his mule to a big millstone which lay on the ground, and he and Hassan slipped from the mule and took the crimson cloth from its back to spread on the millstone. We all sat on the millstone and waited. They pointed back to the city, making motions

with their hands as if they were eating. So I thought that Larossé had delayed for the food which he was to bring.

Out through the gate came a horse galloping, and on the back of the horse Larossé with yet another Moor. They were proud. When we had mounted, they led the way along the road from the city across the plain which lies between it and the mountain. We jogged along like pilgrims. Across the sky rolled clouds that were both dark and dazzling; sun and shade shifted on the road. The clouds cast their shadow on us and spilled a copious rain cold as adversity. We bent our heads in silence and drew our robes about us till the clouds passed over and we voyaged in the sunlight, singing. Far from the city we overtook an Algerian on his mule. He had bread in his sack, which he shared with us as we rode along together. And for a while a woman, mounted on a donkey, accompanied us, nursing her baby and whacking the donkey on the neck, till the donkey slipped to his knees and the woman slid off over his ears, crying "Allah."

We drew near the mountains and went along the side of them, till we turned from the highway and followed a trail up a wild ravine. Far up the mountainside we came to the spring, where there are huts and shelters of woven grass. But the spring itself is in a cavern, forever flowing from a deep basin in the rock where a hundred men could swim. Men and boys were swimming there. A light of strange brightness shone in through the rocky arches of the cavern from outside. The water itself was bright with it, a luminous, pale green, and so clear that the bodies of the swimmers were not distorted and their shadows followed them across the tawny smooth rock.

In a trice Larossé had shed his clothes; the man who had ridden with him on the horse, likewise; and the shabby man, and Hassan, and the youngster who had run by my stirrup. They dived into the water and swam like fish; but the shoemaker and I stood on the rim, watching them, for he could not swim, and my clothes were not easy to slip from. When the master of the spring saw this, he led us away to a lean-to of bamboo, and spread for us a wide rug of red-and-yellow wool. Then he brought fire in a brazier for us to warm our hands and hot tea. The shoemaker made a sign as he drank that he was happy to be with me; and I made a similar sign to him over my glass.

To us, under this lean-to, from which we looked out on the bare mountainside running with rain and mud, the others returned; and here boys brought us a dish of stew and loaves of bread, for Larossé had brought no lunch from the city. We sat round the bowl and ate. While we were eating, shepherds came down from the mountainside, uncouth men with long hair, and stood outside the lean-to in the rain, looking at me curiously. After we had eaten, Hassan sang; and the shepherds stood outside.

Sleet now fell with the rain, and the wind was biting cold; but when we had mounted our beasts and set off again Hassan began to sing. We came down out of the ravine and turned towards the city. Though the youth who had run by my stirrup was not tired, I had heard enough of the patter of his feet on the road and of his strained breathing. So I hauled him up behind me on the mule and we drew my burnoose over both of us to protect us from the slashing of the rain and sleet.

As we drew near Fez the clouds broke apart so that a light shone down on the roof-tops from the sky, and cries of rejoicing mingled with the cracking of guns and firecrackers rose up to our ears. My companions shouted, with a great shout: "Praise to Allah!"; for in a patch of blue some watcher on the towers had spied the pale new moon which ushered in the month of Ramadan.

"It is our custom," Larossé told me, "to picnic in the country before the fasts of Ramadan."

Thus we returned to the city which was full of wickedness. They thanked me for the picnic we had had. One by one they came to stand by my mule and raise a hand to shake mine, saying, "May God give you grace"; for in these words one says "thank you" in their language. Then we parted.

V

All through the night the faces of these men were before my mind, in each a contentment and a gratitude glowing. But when, at the end of the next day, Larossé hung about me, delaying to go, his face was ashamed.

"Will you give me a few coppers?" he asked. "I have nothing."

"So you spent the whole hundred?"

"There is none left."

For this, I am certain, he felt no shame. No one had ever paid him money in advance before. Perhaps some had trusted him with money to guard, and he had guarded it faithfully. In Morocco many a rascal meaner than he is responsible to such a trust. But nobody had ever given him money and then said, "Now go work for it." That was a refinement of Christian generosity beyond his conception. I had thrust a hundred francs upon him. Lavish and improvident, he had shared my bounty with his friends, even with me. But he remembered to his mortification the valiant foolish pride with which he had accepted my gift and which could not now stand the strain of hunger.

In the experience as in a book was written for me the lesson in Moroccan responsibility. Should I read it to him, beginning: I paid you, Larossé, because I trusted you, for six days' labor in advance? Should I discipline him in the conditions of Christian generosity? I remembered Mohammed el Barka in Safi, the musicians who had played for me and wished me Godspeed, the kindliness that would brook no return, the letter; I remembered Hamed, the merchant, closing his shop to serve me tea in his house with cakes of almond meal. As I had received kindness in Safi and Meknes, could I not return it in Fez?

"We had a glorious time," I said, "worth more to me than the money. Here are your wages for to-day."

Thereafter, since I was a Westerner and fearful to live except within the strict counting of my money, I took care to have in my pocket the change to pay Larossé each day his just due. Yet meanwhile in that secret upper chamber, which I might not have entered but for Larossé and to which he brought me daily still, more and more gathered to meet me. They said, "We have heard of the picnic. We know that you like our people." The gardener took me to his garden and gathered for me the late flowers and the early fruits. The poor vied with one another in doing little things which only the poor can do generously. Guides more exalted in the hierarchy of guides, men of fine manners, subtle, handsome to look at, took charge of me as their guest. Even through the streets some rumor ran, for in those very streets which Djilali had said were full of wickedness, strangers stopped me and said, "We have heard of the picnic. We have heard also that you dined last night with ben Nejma. Dine with us to-night."

Until, upon the final night of my stay, surfeited with kindness, I cried out to them, "You who have been lavish with me, how can I make return to you, since you will never come to my country and I cannot receive you as you have received me?"

And they said, "In your traveling you may meet a poor Arab; and if you do for him, you will surely do for us."

But it is now many days after and the wide waters are between them and me. No Arab comes to my door whom I may speed on his way through a foreign land; and I pay in advance only honorable servitors who would never betray me to picnic in Fez.

LAID OFF AT FORTY

BY STUART CHASE

A WORKMAN enters a New Haven barber shop. He is dressed neatly in a newly pressed suit. He stoops a little; his eyes are tired; his hair is grizzled at the sides, but he moves briskly enough to a chair. "Shoot the works, George," he says. "Gimme everything you've got—haircut, shave, shampoo, massage, violet light, and George, just touch up this gray hair a little." George tucks in the napkins and sets to work. He works an hour, and the five-dollar bill he receives is barely enough to cover his services, and his tip. The man leaves the chair, squares his shoulders, and heads confidently for the door. When he has gone George shakes his head. "He'll never fool that woman," he says. "What woman?" asks the interlocutor, scenting a romance. "That blamed personnel manager over at the National Brass Industries. He'll lie about his age, but she won't let him by. The poor devil has been out of work for God knows how long. Good machinist too. The people he was with pulled off a merger. Let the older men out. Lord, I hated to take that five dollars—it was just thrown away. He'll never fool that woman, never in the world."

Whether he did or not, I never learned. But the story the barber told, and it is a true one, is perhaps as good an introduction as any other to one of the cracks upon the mirror of American prosperity—the apparently increasing difficulty with which men over forty retain their jobs, and the even greater difficulty with which they find a new job once they have lost an old one.

Mr. Davis, Secretary of Labor, tells us of the days when he worked in the steel mills. The dead line was then 50. When a man reached that age he was given, if he was lucky, a gold watch, a set of resolutions, and a discharge. Making steel was desperate business a generation ago. Many men had burned themselves out at 50 and were physically unable to continue. Many never reached the retiring age at all. "During my day in the mills a neighbor of mine was one of those caught when a ladle of white-hot metal spilled its contents over a group of men about it. There followed one of the strangest of burials. A huge hole was dug in the ground to receive that hideous octopus of metal, and a clergyman spoke his parting words to the ashes of half a dozen men invisibly caught within its folds. . . . In my time it was no uncommon thing for living men, as well as red-hot iron, to be drawn through the rolls." Some had the stamina to continue after 50. They would lie about their age; "darken their hair with soot from the furnace," and now and then find a foreman, who had himself risen from the ranks, to second their deception.

Outside the steel industry, in the lighter trades, Mr. Davis never heard of a dead line in those years. It was reserved, and with some show of reason, to the gruelling processes of steel-making. To-day he finds that "the discharge of the worker, regardless of his fitness, at an age arbitrarily fixed, is becoming a general policy." It is, he says, spreading through executive offices and the clerical trades as well as in the mill and

shop. The limit furthermore is creeping downwards—from 50 to 45 to 40, and even lower.

Here is Mr. White, a man of 55 supporting a wife and four children. For twenty-five years he has been in charge of a designing room in a factory manufacturing textiles. About three years ago, owing to a reorganization, his department was obliterated, and he was discharged. For months he looked for work in his particular field. All he could find was a little part-time instruction in drawing. "Recently he committed suicide, feeling there was no place in the world for him, and that his family would be better off without him."

Here is "Middletown," a city of 40,000 population in Indiana, which Mr. and Mrs. Lynd and a staff of investigators have recently studied over a two-year period. Their findings have been published in the most authoritative book ever written on an American industrial community. Factory managers were interviewed in respect to age and efficiency. Among the many replies the following were typical:

A machine shop:

I think there's less opportunity for older men in industry now than there used to be. The principal change I've seen in the plant here has been the speeding up of machines and the eliminating of the human factor by machinery. In general we find that when a man reaches 50 he is slipping down in production. The company has no definite policy of firing men when they reach a certain age.

Another machine shop:

Only about 25 per cent of our workers are over 40. Speed and specialization tend to bring us younger men. We do not have an age line when we fire men.

A foundry:

Molders are working up to 65 in Middletown. After a man reaches 40 to 45 he begins to slow down, but these older men are often valuable about the shop. But that's not true in machine shops. There a man is harnessed to a machine, and he *can't* slow down. If he does, his machine runs away with him.

The wife of a pattern maker:

He is 40 and in about ten years from now will be on the shelf. A pattern maker isn't much wanted after 45. They always put in the young men. What will we do? Well, that is just what I don't know. We are not saving a penny.

And here on the desk before me is a letter from a man in Brooklyn.

My dear sir:

. . . What, I ask you, is a self-respecting American of excellent education going to do in the face of the present lack of employment? . . . I was employed for years by a large Brooklyn manufacturer and rose to the position of Assistant Credit Manager. Four months ago I with many others was let out on very short notice. Since then I have tried the agencies, answered ads daily, and also have asked for work, but as you know without success. . . . Do you know of any way in which I can become self-supporting again? I am only 40, in good health, capable of doing many things well. . . . I would accept work of any kind at a small salary just to get started. The best of references can be furnished but it looks as though my age were very much against me. . . .

Mr. William M. Leiserson tells us of a large plant in the Middle West where for the last two years not a single permanent employee over 45 has been hired. The discharge records which he examined read:

Discharged. Age 53. 10 years in plant. "Unreliable."
Laid off. Age 60. 8 years in plant. "Change in process."
Laid off. Age 50. 5 years in plant. "Reduction in force."
Dropped. Age 41. 3 years in plant. "Physically unadapted."
Discharged. Age 49. 15 years in plant. "Careless."
Laid off. Age 43. 12 years in plant. "Slow."

And so on. It apparently takes ten years to find out that one man is "unreliable," and fifteen years to find that another is "careless." Both answers undoubtedly hide the real reason—"too old."

The Delaware and Hudson Railroad, according to the recent testimony of its president before the Senate, hires no man over 40; the Bethlehem Steel Company testifies to 45. Mr. Secretary Davis urges us to enter an industrial district and talk to the workers in a labor agency. Again and again the reply will come: "I have not been able to find steady work for two years; the mills won't take anyone over 40." A Massachusetts manufacturer of jewelry tells me that increasingly the older salesmen are being laid off. They have never learned, and cannot now be taught, the newer principles of selling merchandise to the retail stores. They can sell silverware but cannot sell "service." It takes the youngsters to show the retail jeweller how to increase his volume by holding exhibitions, redecorating his store, joining the National Silver Week drive, and then, afterwards, to restock him with forks and teapots. The older men can only push the teapots; the indirect attack of the higher salesmanship is beyond them.

II

One may, of course—particularly if he is sure of his job for life—dismiss the above evidence as dealing only with isolated cases. But I advise no man who is drawing a salary—even if he be a reader of HARPERS MAGAZINE—to treat the situation over cavalierly. With mergers daily cracking about us like sky bombs, who is sure that his job is not one of the overhead costs which the merger is inaugurated in part to reduce? What we may be reasonably sure of is that the older man will be the chief sufferer when the selective process sets in.

The merger landslide has hit the banks with resounding force. One is now no more startled by a billion-dollar balance sheet than by an airplane in the sky. Inevitably, many able executives must lose their jobs, and as they go, the mark of failure goes with them. Whatever the facts, the general impression must henceforth be that they have been tried and found wanting. If they are not discharged outright, the desk-room and restricted work which is assigned to them force any man of spirit to resign out of pride. When Munsey merged the New York dailies the same situation arose. Indeed, it must always arise when a single central office takes the place of two, or five, or a score. In the last month I personally have been in consultation with two groups seeking thus to consolidate their market outlets—one deals in bricks, the other in cotton goods.

The evidence, furthermore, is not confined to case work. The National Association of Manufacturers, as the result of a recent survey among its members, finds that 30 per cent of them have maximum hiring limits, the ages running from 25 to 70 years. The most frequent limit for the skilled worker is 50, and for the unskilled 45. The reasons given for such limitations are, in order of the number of replies received:

1. Poor physical condition.
2. Pension plans already in operation.
3. The slowing up of worker with age.
4. The liability to greater injury on the part of the older worker.
5. Group insurance plans.

Remember these reasons, for we shall examine their relative importance at a later point. Meanwhile an investigation just conducted by the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce (May, 1929), shows 121 out of 400 firms with a deadline policy. The ratio, 30 per cent, checks with the nation-wide total.

Thirty per cent of industrial establishments have a definite discrimination rule. This is a significant fact in itself, particularly when we remember (as we found it in the Middletown cases), that the rule may be unwritten as well as written. The management may not formulate it officially, but acts upon it. Far more significant however is the fact which neither the Manufacturers Association or the Brooklyn Chamber of

Commerce brings out. We are given the number of establishments, but *not* the number of workers comprehended therein. There is reason to believe that the concerns which have an announced policy are normally the larger ones and, in the opinion of so competent an authority as Mr. Abraham Epstein, the 30 per cent of plants covers probably 90 per cent of workers. In other words, the overwhelming majority of employees in manufacturing establishments are to-day subject to arbitrary age discrimination.

Mr. Epstein found that the Labor Department of Pennsylvania when proudly presenting the names of 1600 "firms and industries" which had no announced dead line, included neither the great Pennsylvania Railroad with its 200,000 workers, nor the United States Steel Company with its 250,000, but did include 513 banks, among them the treasure-houses of the towns of Schnecksville, Paradise, Swineford, Plumville, and Slipesville, only one of which he could find on the map. Small concerns, where the relationship between manager and men is close, do not tend to set up age bars. It is in the great impersonal corporation that the lines are drawn; and certain it is that 30 per cent of American corporations employ 90 per cent of the workers or more.

The fact that older workers actually do not function in factory and clerical positions is beautifully shown by the last Census of Occupations. Of all active farmers in the country, 8.8 per cent were over 65 years of age. Of all active bankers and brokers, 5.4 per cent were over 65. But of all active bookkeepers, only 1.2 per cent were over 65; of all active machinists, only 1.7 per cent; coal miners, 1.6 per cent; clothing workers, 1.2 per cent; iron workers, 1.5 per cent; printers, 1.3 per cent—and so on, in trade after trade. Nothing could better illustrate the change which the machine has wrought. In an agricultural economy a man can go on working until late in life. In a mechanical economy people stop working at a far earlier age. Do they stop because they have saved a competence upon which to retire? They do not; the great majority are fortunate if they have saved enough to pay the undertaker. Do they stop because they no longer want to work? They do not; they go on their knees for a chance to continue. Do they stop because they have no strength with which to go on? Frequently. But perhaps even more frequently they stop because they have reached the dead line whose black shadow lies athwart all industry to-day.

Unemployment has occurred now and again throughout the history of civilization. Whenever men engage in specialized tasks unemployment is always imminent. Since Watt, the condition has been chronic—with less suffering in the boom years; with unbelievable ferocity in the panic years. The old have been let out, probably as often on the average as have the young; possibly more often. But never until the last few years, and in no other country save America, have age limits been set up—written or unwritten—in quantity lots; never have older men, often skilled and competent, had so much trouble in finding new work; never has the threat of old-age dependency for both manual and white-collar job, assumed an uglier aspect. This is not the same century-old unemployment problem (which is bad enough, Heaven knows)—this is something new; a cancer which has fastened upon the industrial order almost without our knowing it. Why should it come; why should our prosperity be plagued with such a sore?

III

It comes in part, and strangely enough, from an excess of philanthropy. Well, not quite philanthropy, but as near a human gesture as business ever succeeds in making. The first group insurance policy was written in 1913. It provided that the lives of an unnamed body of

workers would be collectively insured, and if one of them died at his work, or from other specified diseases, his family would receive $1,000 or thereabouts. The employer paid the premiums. His workers secured the benefit of the policy. But the up-and-coming insurance agents did not fail to point out that the employer's cash benefits would be even greater—by virtue of a lessened labor turnover, more steadiness, more co-operation, more efficiency, more loyalty to the firm and less to the labor agitator. Not until after the War—say 1920—did these honeyed words really begin to take effect. From that day to this the growth of group insurance has been phenomenal, until now some eight billions in policies covering about 6,000,000 workers are comprehended in the plan; there is hardly a firm in the land larger than a peanut stand which has not been exposed to the blandishments of the agents of the insurer. Most have succumbed. And year by year as group insurance has grown, the position of the older employee has become more tenuous.

Why? *Because, the older the average age of the factory or office force, the higher the premiums under the group insurance schedules.* No employer, it is safe to say, would discharge a good man on this account, whatever his age; but that is not the point. The point is that when he *hires* a new man, other things being equal, he picks a young one. Other things being equal, he is just as satisfied to see the average age of his shop coming down—certainly it is not to his economic advantage to see it going up. And thus what began as, shall we say, painless philanthropy, seems to be working out in terms of human tragedy as bitter as it was unforeseen. Mr. Epstein believes that group insurance is the greatest single reason for age discrimination in America to-day. Even if we cannot agree with him, we must admit that it is at least among the major reasons.

Closely allied, is another paradox—the old-age pension systems of private plants. Some 4,000,000 workers now come under the provisions of such systems. While the rewards are seldom on the level with recent stock-market history, no one can doubt that if the employee remains faithfully at work he benefits thereby. But if a jobless man —and here is the irony—comes seeking work in a plant which has a pension plan, there is a strong economic motive to discriminate against him if he is past his prime. The older he is, the nearer he will be to the pension provision, hence the more costly to the company. The younger man, nine times out of ten, will get the job. If the pension system provides a long term of service before receiving the benefit, here again the company is forced to discriminate. Let us say the system calls for 25 years of service. A man of 50 is taken on. He serves the company faithfully for 15 or 20 years, and is finally forced to retire because of ill health. He receives nothing, as he started too late to come under the provisions of the system. "Poor Jim," say his fellow employees, "poor old fellow, it's a dirty shame. Only a low down company would do a thing like that." The men grumble and gather in groups to talk it over, the foreman is uneasy, the company receives a black eye. Better to save this trouble, and employ only men who can work into the pension system—which means men below 40.

Other nations, particularly in Europe, have old-age pensions financed by the government. With the state bearing the cost, the employer has no incentive to discriminate on the score of age alone, apart from skill or physical strength. Other nations know little, if anything, of group insurance. The dead line in so far as it springs from these two causes—in the opinion of competent authorities they are major causes—is peculiarly American. And the ghastly paradox is that what we hoped would heal has, in the last analysis, only made a deeper social wound.

IV

The story, however, does not stop here. Economic stories have a habit of never stopping until they have entangled themselves in the whole social fabric. There are other reasonably clear causes for the plight of the older worker, and undoubtedly still others too complicated to unravel. As already indicated, the problem is twofold: the dead line as a firing device and as a hiring one. The steel industry in the old days arbitrarily discharged men when they reached the age of 50. I have found little evidence of this sort of thing to-day except when the company in question has a pension system. Then men on reaching a given age may be automatically laid off and commence to draw their pension. Mr. Secretary Davis, however, insists that the firing dead line is a growing phenomenon. In respect to hiring, the evidence is overwhelming. Workers are being forced out of industry owing to mergers, the encroachments of the machine, and other causes. They start to look for new positions. Then the dead line begins to operate. The younger men are taken on; the older men are left to walk the streets.

If men and women were not displaced in such great numbers, the selective process could not function so disastrously. The mobility of our labor force is very high. Many plants have a turnover rate of 100 per cent or more, which means as many persons hired during the year as were in the shop at the beginning. To make matters worse, a new factor ha entered American industry in the last decade—"technological unemployment" as it is b ginning to be called. It implies a total firing rate *greater* than the total hiring rate; a displacement of labor by machinery faster than other trades can absorb the surplus. Heretofore, while unemployment has always been an ugly problem, the expansion of industry opened up as many new opportunities as were lost through technical improvements. The automobile alone has created some 4,000,000 new jobs—jobs which were non-existent in 1900. Similarly the radio, the movies, the beauty parlors, the soft-drink emporiums have demanded a new labor army. Men displaced by machinery in the standard industries have, after a greater or lesser period of despair, found other jobs in these new services. Theoretically at least, there has been room for all of them.

But now, it is alleged, there is no longer room, so great is the rate of displacement. With the growth in the art of mass production since the War, we can no longer provide new jobs for all that are lost. Here are a few examples of the process of displacement which is now in full swing:

The displacement of theater musicians by the talkies.

The displacement of printers by the teletypesetter. (In New York City the present force of 245 linotypers will be replaced by 15 teletypesetters and 5 mechanics.)

One steam shovel displaces 500 hand workers in digging iron ore.

One man with an Owens bottle machine takes the place of 18 men.

Seven men cast as much pig-iron as 60 men a decade ago.

Two men replace 128 in unloading pig-iron.

In a machine shop 30 employees with new machines do the work of 220 workers with old machines.

With a trainrail crane, 3 workers replace 28.

In a textile mill improved machinery cuts the payroll from 5,100 workers to 3,000, producing an equivalent yardage.

It has been feared for some time that figures like these—and they can be endlessly multiplied—would lead to technological unemployment, but so unreliable are our unemployment statistics that the case was difficult to prove. Now comes the National Bureau of Economic Research in a very careful survey under the direction of Mr. Hoover, and apparently settles the matter. Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell gives the final results as follows:

New job seekers (1920 to 1927)..	5,150,000
New opportunities opened.....	4,500,000
Net shrinkage in jobs.....	650,000

This is the first reliable evidence of technological unemployment as a national phenomenon which has yet appeared. "There has been a net increase of unemployment between 1920 and 1927 which exceeds 650,000 people." Not all perhaps is due to strictly technical causes, but much of it must be. We know that there has been a shrinkage in factory workers of something like a million in the past few years, while output has increased. Furthermore, the great mergers of the post-war period have squeezed out labor. High-cost plants have been closed down in many cases, but perhaps the chief aim of a merger is the reduction of overhead. The squeezing out process falls, as we have seen, most heavily on the executive, clerical, and professional staff.

V

Thus technological changes and mergers have accelerated the rate at which men and women are being displaced, quite apart from any policy of dismissal at a given age. But as these millions swarm upon the streets and into the agencies seeking new work, they immediately encounter the *hiring* dead line. The whole situation is rendered the more acute by two additional phenomena, less recent and dramatic than technological unemployment, but still powerful. The drift from the farms to the cities has pitted raw strong blood against the older urban worker, particularly in processes requiring strength rather than skill. Second, the lengthening life span has given us a greater percentage of older people than the world has ever known before. There is thus an increasing number of people in the upper-age brackets.

The dead line has perhaps been chiefly influenced in the last decade by group insurance and pension systems, but other reasonably strong factors are also at work, as intimated earlier. A recent survey by the Y. M. C. A. notes that promotion from the ranks is becoming an almost universal procedure. "This explains why even the well-trained man or specialist over 35 finds it so hard to break into a new organization, while at 40 or 50 he is 'too old to fit into our retirement and insurance plan and to learn our ways.'" Again the speed and strain of much modern work in offices as well as mills require the strong muscles and steady nerves of the younger man. As the automatic process gains ground, requiring less machine tending and more inspecting and dial watching, this situation will be modified, but one cannot deny that for the moment, particularly in such processes as building motor cars, the mechanical pace is too swift for ready adjustment by the older worker.

Finally, there is the whole question of skill. Before Watt, the longer a craftsman worked, the more expert and valuable economically he became. He reached the height of his earning power in his later active years. In the steel industry to-day, the Pennsylvania Commission on Old Age Pension finds that at age 60, only 13.2 per cent of employees were earning as much as they did at an earlier age. In the building trades, on the other hand, where something of the old craft process still obtains, no less than 55.1 per cent of men 60 years old were earning as much or more than ever they did. This furnishes a striking contrast between the old conditions of work and the new. In the mechanical industries it is often the raw boys who are now earning more than they can ever hope to earn again. The peak of income-producing possibilities comes in their early twenties. Even in the skilled categories—and there are many of them—the period of training is not so long as it used to be. Instruments of precision are taking the place of the hand-and-eye measurements of the old craftsman. As a result, the experience of the years is not so valuable in many occupations as it used to be.

When I was a cub accountant I used to marvel at the phenomenal speed

with which one of the older men on the staff used to foot columns of figures. For years he had been invaluable, particularly in bank auditing. Suddenly we introduced an electrical adding machine into the office, and after a month of practice I could readily outdistance the veteran computer who had spent his life in acquiring the art.

VI

We have gone far enough to see that "laid off at forty" is not a phrase to be treated lightly. Group insurance, private pension systems, promotion from the ranks, the implications of skill and speed, all militate against the older worker, particularly when he is seeking a new job. Meanwhile technological unemployment, the drift to the cities, and the lengthening life-span have tended to increase the total impact of unemployment, and make the process of discrimination more frequent and more acute.

In brief, if things continue as they are going, we are headed for ever greater technical efficiency at an ever greater human cost. The most mournful eyes in the world are those of the displaced accountants and bookkeepers who, having given the best of their lives to one concern, wander into my office looking for work—any kind of work, at any wage. You can shake your head at a youngster, and he will exit whistling; but these men—they break your heart as they stumble towards the door. If discrimination proceeds at its present pace soon it will be the young and strong who are at work, leaving the men over 40 in accelerating numbers to walk the streets. A more truly damnable apportionment of the human costs of industry it is difficult to imagine.

If things continue. . . . They probably will in this slipshod business mechanism of ours, but they do not need to. Mr. Hoover, with a willing Congress and an awakened public consciousness behind him, could do much to modify them. The details require patient study, but the broad outlines are reasonably clear. Unemployment can be checked, if not altogether eliminated, by:

1. The collection and maintenance of dependable unemployment statistics to state the problem. (Now utterly lacking.)
2. A reliable system of labor exchanges.
3. An intelligent program for the construction of public works to absorb a part at least of the labor surplus.
4. A system of unemployment insurance.
5. The gradual reduction of hours of labor to equalize technical improvements.

Discrimination against the older worker can be drastically modified by a state system of old-age pensions, a system which takes away the need of the employer to establish dead lines because of his own pension or group insurance costs. Ten states already have pension plans, thus joining nearly every other civilized nation on the planet. A machine age without adequate protection for the workers scrapped by the machine is tearing down its social fabric as fast as it builds up its shell of concrete and steel. It is indeed sunk in barbarism.

Secondly, we need a careful, nation-wide study of jobs in the modern world, conducted primarily to determine what positions the older man is capable of filling as well, or better, than the younger man. I am convinced that there are millions of such jobs, particularly in the growing automatic processes. Much of the present discrimination is arbitrary, stupid, and criminally foolish. Instead of depending upon the biological fitness of a given individual for a given piece of work, it depends upon an Arabic symbol—of which 40 is the favorite to-day. Tomorrow, if we let matters drift, it may be 35.

IN DEFENSE OF SELFISHNESS

BY ERNEST BOYD

JUST as cynicism is essentially a masculine achievement, to which the female mind rarely even aspires, so selfishness is essentially a feminine virtue, whose supreme flights are far beyond the reach of the average healthy male. It might, in fact, be described as a primary sexual characteristic. The mere presence in the male of any degree of that selfishness is a certain indication of some departure from the normal, so much so that the euphemism "artistic temperament" is commonly employed to cover up the embarrassment with which we behold a man whose behavior is even approximately as selfish as that of any properly constituted woman. Bernard Shaw's famous passage about the ruthless selfishness of the artist, who will sacrifice everyone and everything to his fundamental purpose, is but a practical statement of what every woman knows . . . and does.

Nature, in her not too infinite wisdom, has endowed men with the gift of cynicism as the only possible counterweight to the all-consuming selfishness of women. As a contribution to the problem, this leaves much to be desired since, with a cunning as effective as it is characteristic, women have succeeded in creating the wholly erroneous impression that cynicism is purely selfish, thereby discrediting the one masculine weapon which is at all adequate to the circumstances. At the same time, by implication they have established the belief that woman's inability to attain to the urbane heights of cynicism is a proof of her unselfish devotion.

In order to become a virtue, selfishness must be practiced on a feminine scale. The petty efforts of men are too half-hearted, too self-conscious to acquire the dignity and the impressiveness which transform selfishness into sacred egoism. When they try to be selfish, they usually succeed in being merely disagreeable or inconsiderate; they lack the sublimity, the grandeur of the female, who is conscious only of her divine right to be selfish whenever the occasion demands it. The male is not—in Pascal's phrase—*ondoyant et divers* in his selfishness; he is not multiform and Protean; his graceless attempts are open to the charge of monotony; they lack the element of surprise, which is so valuable to women in their ceaseless practice of their consummate art. Masculine selfishness is so childish, so obvious, so unmistakable that women do not condescend to it, and very naturally resent its being confused with their own elusive, subtle, and irresistible variety.

As it is usual to proceed from the lower to the higher form of any species, it will be best to approach feminine selfishness by a gradual transition, first considering a few elementary manifestations, as observable in man. In the celibate state, according to women, the male in all his selfishness is most completely revealed. Aside from his failure to support a wife, which may be counterbalanced by his support of dependent relatives, the bachelor is generally criticized for his concentration upon himself. He is set in his ways; he is fond of good wine and good food; he allows nothing to interfere with his habits and comforts. The spectacle is one which few women

can contemplate with equanimity. Only a profound egoist, they contend, could devote so much time to making himself comfortable. His nemesis, of course, is a lonely old age. If he had not been so selfish, his life would have been filled with tangible and enduring joys, such as only a wife and mother can give.

If a man is married, his selfishness does not excite the same resentment; it is manifested on a smaller scale. He often insists—and at times succeeds—in being master in his own house. That is to say, he pays all the bills and demands that he shall be the first to see the morning papers; that his convenience shall be consulted in the matter of hours of meals; that he shall occasionally be at liberty to do something or go somewhere without giving a detailed account of himself. If, and when, he exercises any of these rights or privileges, he is liable to be informed that he is a monster of selfishness and that the entire household are the slaves of his tyrannical whims; that he is exploiting the selfless devotion of the only woman who loves him and has his true interests at heart. Very naturally, married men are handicapped in the exercise of the virtue of selfishness.

Whenever men, departing from the normal, begin to emulate the female, their incurable altruism always asserts itself. An artist may, like Bernard Shaw, exploit his mother rather than comfort her old age, but his aim is outside himself; in a certain sense, it is impersonal. Wagner assuredly had few scruples in his dealings with men and women who could be useful to him, but posterity, at least, has benefited by the result. The man of genius, who alone approaches the feminine standard of selfishness, usually earns the gratitude of the world for that egoism which prompts him to subordinate everyone and everything to himself. It seems, however, a little unfair to men that they are expected to found an empire, produce an epic, or write an immortal symphony in order to justify conduct which would be accepted without question from a woman who wanted a husband, a mink coat, or an invitation to a certain dinner party.

Women, very wisely, do not reserve their selfishness for great occasions or great ends. Regarding it as a right of way through human weakness or inertia, they never allow the right to lapse; knowing it to be an invaluable weapon, they never allow it to deteriorate through disuse. They frequently disregard the minor victories which it might ensure them, leaving those trifles to discountenance the married male, who is thereby securely inhibited from further velleities in that direction. What woman cares who opens the newspaper first, so long as she has the privilege of finally mixing up the pages and scattering the sheets about the floor? Why should she make an issue of certain dishes or the hour when they are served? If she really wants to dine seriously, she will go to some restaurant where she can see and be seen, and she will take care that she is properly adorned for the purpose. If her husband does loiter now and then at the Club, it's a good place to get theater tickets, and, besides, Mrs. So-and-So's husband could not get in. In these routine matters of domestic humdrum man may well be allowed his puerile pleasures.

II

The selfishness of Woman is concerned with fundamentals, or what she conceives to be such; although always on the alert for little things, if not always made manifest at the time. Since, despite all modern improvements, her chief function in life is to be a wife and mother, it is in the furtherance of those ends that her peculiar talents are displayed. The predatory jungle morality of the female in pursuit of her prey has so long been the topic of humorists and philosophers that it is unnecessary to dwell upon the sordid details of this particular form of inter-feminine warfare. It will be enough to point out that, even during the exalted period of what is known as love's young

dream, the primordial virtues of the two sexes stand out in sharp contrast. In the woman, selfish prudence; in the man, the utter abandonment of wild romanticism. His not to reason why—not even why he should or should not marry—but merely to surrender himself to the joy of pleasing. Where the male sees the one woman in the world, the female sees the one husband in the world. While she is thinking of the advantages of marriage, he is feeling the ecstasies of love, which are not dimmed by previous experience, or less acute because there is no practical issue to their expression. He is selfless save in so far as he exists in and for her. She is selfish and responsible; she can be relied upon to make something definite out of the ingenuous repetitiousness of nature. If men were as selfish as women, they would never make love until they had made up their minds to marry and settle down. Romance would long since have disappeared from human memory.

As a wife, Woman has some difficulty in concealing her selfishness even from the most infatuated husband. Intimate contact will, sooner or later, betray her secret. Fortunately, this possibility can be evaded or postponed until the discovery is too late. The method usually employed is to make a virtue of necessity; that is, not to act unselfishly, but to make one's selfish actions appear to be disinterested. As men rarely regard a home as the purely personal possession which it is to women, much can be done in the name of the home, which will seem devoted and altruistic. As the home is merely an extension of the woman's personality, of her vanity, she is doing unto it what she would that others should do unto her. As soon as possible it must be supplied with inmates, for then there will be safety in numbers. The innumerable fibers of her egoism will have more to feed upon, and attention will be distracted from herself.

Even in mixed company the rising generation of young mothers has begun to smile a little cynically at the innocence of masculine raptures over motherhood. Maternity has for so long been the trump card of female selfishness that one can only assume that feminism has provided in the claim to equality a very satisfactory substitute. Heretofore every conceivable form of egoism has been committed in the name of motherhood. It has been used as a device for compelling marriage; it has been a form of torture to the father, whose more sensitive nervous system could not endure the thought of its pains; it was a condition which notoriously reduced the sentimental male to abject surrender. By repetition it could be employed for diverse purposes, and it has proved an invaluable investment for alimony-mongers. As a chain with which to rivet lives together, when domestic conditions are impossible, it still remains the most ingenious of all the manifold inventions employed by female selfishness.

Motherhood has the advantage, in this connection, of being the most enduring weapon placed in women's hands for the furtherance of their egoism. With time certain tricks become ineffective, certain methods that once produced results fail. So long as a woman has a child, she still has a card to play, whatever the child's age or its sentiments towards her. If she has frustrated her son's wishes as long as he could not escape from her, she will claim her share in any subsequent fame that may be his. If her daughter defies her, she will be quite ready to profit by any advantage that may ensue, and to triumph in her discomfiture if things go wrong. Whatever she does, she is obviously inspired by that holiest and most unchallengeable of emotions, a mother's devoted love for her children. It is when a woman adds the possession of children to her possession of a man that the fine flower of her selfishness comes to full bloom.

Then she is provided with a whole world of her own to control, a world more sympathetic, as a rule, than the world outside, where she has infinitely

more opportunity to apply her methods without fear of discovery. A selfish woman can ask for nothing better than a household of her own, a group of people incapacitated by age, habit, or dependence from resisting her egoism. It is a pleasure to gaze with skeptical detachment at the spectacle presented by such a microcosm—the world as women see it, or would like it to be. A different morality obtains. To be enslaved by kindness is the whole duty of man. It is a crime of *lèse-maternité* to have any sense of one's relation to society in general, of one's duty to anyone outside the home. Nowhere else, obviously, can one count upon such devotion, such consideration for one's slightest wish. The home is built upon the impregnable rock of maternal selfishness.

Perhaps that last adjective is superfluous. Yet, the connotations of "paternal" are so different, so unpossessive, so masculine. At worst, the word might imply a certain harshness, severity, indifference, but it is never synonymous with that form of selfishness which is peculiarly feminine. As a rule, it suggests a genial, helpful, disinterested affection, somewhat akin to the friendly relations between men who are intimate. Friendship is an emotion which primarily demands unselfishness rather than devotion. It has more than once been remarked that women have small talent for friendship. To one another they are acquaintances, rivals, or enemies. With men they can be friends provided they suspect in the man a stronger sentiment which gives play to their egoism. The selfishness of women is anti-social; it is all that the adjective implies in the fullest sense. Friendship is a social grace, an easy, elastic term, covering a range of agreeable relationships, without which life and the business of the world could not go on. Feminine selfishness is not concerned with the world and its affairs. Its aim and purpose is to preserve the home and enhance the personality of the woman who is at the head of it. Therefore, it is maternal and possessive; essentially a domestic virtue.

III

Nowadays, when women profess to regard that destiny as unworthy of them, or at best, a mere adjunct to other activities, their selfishness becomes a weapon of importance to the world at large. When the business of raising a family and running a household absorbed all their time and energies, Nature had endowed them with a means admirably adapted to its end. They consulted neither politicians nor psycho-analysts; they had yet to see a time-clock and call it economic independence. But when they compete with men, the unselfish male is gravely handicapped by his unfamiliarity with the primordial feminine virtue of selfishness. Heretofore he has accepted its manifestations as proofs of maternal or wifely devotion, and he has felt a little ashamed of his own shortcomings in this respect. He has slunk out of the sick-room where he feels useless; he has busied himself with his own affairs and refused to allow himself to be identified with the emotions, anxieties, and tremors of others. He has relied on his masculine code of leaving people alone, of respecting their privacy and their freedom.

This, of course, will never do now that equality has given one half of the human race an unfair advantage over the other. Men will have to unlearn their habit of disinterestedness, which has never got a woman anywhere. He must *love* people more and *like* them less; he must be a lot more intense and a great deal less helpful. Altruism and selfishness are ill-matched and, as usual, the male has his head in the clouds. Even his barber has been taken from him! While hair is being boobed and he patiently awaits his turn, it never occurs to him to claim the services of the ladies' hairdressers (mostly men), or to surrender his hand to their fifty manicurists as against his one. He still pays the ancient courtesies of flowers and dinners and presents, which are as graciously received as if the

recipients were not themselves in receipt of salaries permitting an exchange of such hospitalities. It never occurs to him to suggest that his company may be just as agreeable to a woman as hers to him, and that it would, therefore, be as well to abandon the fiction that when they are together he is just a humble, if honored, worm. Even in the relatively few years since women have enjoyed the blessings of emancipation, it has become evident that their selfishness has saved them. They have surrendered none of the privileges, but only the disadvantages of their previous state.

In certain elementary matters it should not be difficult for men to emulate the selfishness of women, provided they can rid themselves of all sense of humor and fair play. Being stronger, as a rule, they might cultivate the habit of never waiting in line, but of pushing in ahead of those who foolishly observe the rule. It ought to be easy to learn to accept all common forms of politeness, such as the offer of a seat in a crowded bus, or having a door held open for one, without a word of thanks, or even with a glare of suspicion. In a restaurant it is always possible to save money by strewing one's belongings over several chairs, instead of leaving them in the place provided for that purpose, at the same time demonstrating that one is completely unaware of other customers' rights to be seated. At the theater, even during intermissions, one should resolutely refrain from moving one's legs to permit others to pass freely. If there is a vacant seat near, it can be used as an annex, as it would be palpably absurd to suppose that it had been bought and would subsequently be claimed by its owner. Mere consideration for the comfort of other people should never deter one from allowing things to roll off one's lap repeatedly, even if it is obvious from present and past experience that they must do so in obedience to the laws of gravity. Perish gravity so long as there is someone unselfish enough to retrieve the rolling objects! In brief, with a little resolution, men should be able to accustom themselves to behaving in public precisely as if the public did not exist, to behaving as if they were at home, where the rights of the individual are subordinate to feminine selfishness.

Men ought to learn to exploit the biological fact that they do not develop as women do. One constantly hears the complaint that a man of forty-five may still attract a young woman, whereas a woman of that age has no hope of doing so. This is apparently regarded as a particularly alarming example of male selfishness, and the pathos of it has been diligently employed, both by divorce lawyers and feminists, to secure advantages for women. Why should not men, in their turn, put forward this plea for having it both ways? In other words, why should they not insist pathetically upon the tremendous handicap under which a youth of twenty suffers as compared with a girl of that age? A young woman can enjoy all the privileges and pleasures (including marriage) of association with a man twice her age; a young man who similarly associates with a woman does so at the cost of losing his self-respect and incurring the worst innuendoes of the onlookers. The years which are woman's finest flowering period are usually years of uncertainty and struggle for men, when their disabilities, social, intellectual, and financial, are greatest. In later life they unselfishly forget this, just as women selfishly forget the contrary, in their querulous desire to burn the candle of life at both ends, to eat all the cakes before they are thirty, yet remain physically and spiritually svelte for the rest of their lives.

Paternity, too, is a burden from which men fail to derive all that selfishness dictates. Fathers, as a rule, are ingenuously proud, or shyly reticent; they lamentably refrain from pointing out, directly or indirectly, the sacrifices which they have made for the privilege of fatherhood. A typical example of feminine egoism in this connection is furnished by the immemorial argument

that, if men have to bear arms, women have to bear children, thereby equalizing the services which both may render to the State. If men are to claim their inalienable right to be selfish, is it not time that they answered this fallacious piece of feminine reasoning? How many men during the World War had to bear, not only arms, but all the responsibilities, duties, and anxieties of paternity? Fatherhood merely added to the horrors and suffering of soldiering. Nor is it only under such conditions that men pay the price of paternity. They have paid for it in frustrated careers, in deflected energies and talents that could never be employed, in the drudgery imposed by their legal obligation to support their wives and children, even when they have been separated. Only their altruism has prevented them from posing in the pathetic tableau: father and child.

IV

It is, of course, a grave indiscretion to advocate openly what one half of the human race tacitly practices. In order to achieve the topmost heights of selfishness, one ought obviously to preach the contrary. This is evident from the glaring discrepancy between the theory of female education and the history of feminine practice. Women are supposed to cultivate the virtues of modesty, fidelity, and self-sacrifice; but they are well aware that few of their sex have been remembered in history for those reasons: Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Nell Gwynne, Queen Elizabeth, Madame de Pompadour, Mrs. Aphra Behn, Bianca Cappello, Rachel, Lady Hamilton, Catherine the Great, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Madame du Barry, Lucrezia Borgia, George Sand—the list might be extended, if not indefinitely, at least until it had completely swamped the small number of women whose names live by reason of their feminine virtues. They are immortal because of their feminine selfishness—the super-women of the species. Even Florence Nightingale had to flout the conventions as to what a "nice" Victorian lady should do.

A similar enumeration of men would show that even the most ruthless of them were not working for purely personal ends; against the names of the great conquerors we have to set hundreds which are remembered for lives of honorable and disinterested labor. Consequently there is no dichotomy between the ideals and the realities of masculine conduct. Rasputin and Casanova are not successful exemplars of what every man would like to be. The schoolboy whose ambition is to be an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon need make no secret of it, but every schoolgirl knows she must profess an admiration for Elizabeth Fry or Florence Nightingale, while secretly cultivating the arts which made Montespan and du Barry famous. Disinterestedness is not precisely the mark of woman's historical fame, for the very excellent reason that it is not the motive of woman's conduct.

When practiced in the grand manner, selfishness has made women famous; in ordinary life it makes them happy. As it is not given to most of us to play great parts, men and women exercise their respective talents in the humble spheres allotted to them. The range of action is smaller, the consequences are of less importance, but intrinsically the methods employed by each sex are the same as those which gave them their contrasted fame in history. By the pragmatic test of present experience and the historical past women know the superlative value of sacred egoism; it has served them well, so well, in fact, that they have not unnaturally drawn the conclusion that men like them so. Obviously men must either have been deceived by them or have approved of them. Since the former is an inconceivable hypothesis, we must conclude that it is selfishness that makes the world go round . . . for women. If so, why not for men, since we have entered the engaging era of sex equality?

JOLLY BOY

A STORY

BY LETITIA PRESTON RANDALL

FRED JOHNSON whistled as he dressed for dinner at the country club. He would have preferred to sing, but he never did unless he had the shower on, or could join in in a crowd. Sometimes when he bathed he turned both faucets on full tilt and sang in a rich, full baritone, so he hoped; but he knew when he turned the water off it would be tenor, and not such a good one at that.

Fred wanted to be able to carry a tune, but he couldn't. It seemed dreadful to want to sing and not even be able to carry a tune. There were a few things that he could sing, like "My Old Kentucky Home" and "In the Gloaming"; but on porches in the summer he had been a total loss. Time was when Fred's one dream had been to call on a girl and have her sometime during the evening go to the piano and start playing softly. Suddenly he would commence strumming an accompaniment on his mandolin, which, until that moment, he had left just outside the door. This lovely music would go on and on all evening, and the girl would be overpowered by its beauty. But of course this never happened. True he had always been the one in a crowd to keep things going. He was certainly the life of any party. But no one ever joined in when he started "Sweet Adeline." He would find himself carrying on alone and would suddenly end the song on a deep, bass note, as if that had been his intention all the while. It always made people laugh.

Now Fred still wanted to be musical. He wanted to hum things that were on the radio and have someone suddenly turn it off and his voice go on alone. *That marvelous baritone . . .*

So Fred whistled. He made up a tune. You couldn't go wrong on your own tunes. It wouldn't be bad if some song writer could write the words to it. Some refrain like

> Look at me now.
> Just look at me now.

In fact a whole musical comedy could be written around that one single little refrain. Something about a girl who came from the country and changed from thick plaits and ankles to bobbed hair and a limousine. *Say, that would be good!*

"Fred—what on earth keeps you so long? I asked you to hurry."

His wife stood in the door. She was beautiful to look at, in a dark, imperious way, and from her face you could not have told that she was angry. Only her voice was petulant and long-suffering.

"Gosh, old girl. I'm sorry."

Fred hurried. He no longer felt like whistling.

"We're going to the Fultons' for cocktails, Fred. It's getting awfully late."

Marian's voice trailed after her.

The cocktail parties preceding the club dinners on Saturday were always a great success. To-night Dick and Mollie Fulton were having the crowd. They

all took turns. Dick Fulton could always get good stuff to drink when no one else was able to. He was mixed up in city politics. Mollie Fulton was given to earrings and heavy perfume. She thought Fred Johnson the most entertaining man she had ever known and was sorry he had to have such a cold proposition for a wife. "That man needs understanding and affection," she often thought, and she knew that she could give it to him.

But Fred was not interested in Mollie Fulton. There was a new woman there, a blonde widow, small and warm. She was a friend of the Fultons out from New York for the week-end. Her name was Alicia Grattan and she was amazingly feminine. She had little frilled sleeves, and they seemed all right.

Fred wanted to impress Alicia Grattan. He wanted her to ask his advice. He felt that nothing in the world could give him more real pleasure than to have that little woman ask him something important. She needed a strong man, a little helpless woman like that, all alone. It was sort of sad.

He drained his fourth cocktail. Suddenly he felt himself getting funny. "My God, I'm getting funny." He struggled against it. "I don't want to get funny. I want to be dignified so Mrs. Grattan will ask my advice. I want to help that brave little woman."

But soon he was huddled over singing one of his favorite songs. "Singing, of all things," he thought. "I can't sing. Somebody stop me." He went out into the hall and knocked at the door. Then he stood on the threshold, looking bashful and forlorn.

"Poor little boy
Most froze to death,
Knocked at a stranger's door.
'Oh, for mercy sake, pity on me take,
Poor little orphan boy!

"'My mother died
When I was born.
My father went to war.
Oh, for mercy sake, pity on me take,
Poor little orphan boy!'"

Fred, looking like a little orphan boy, singing in a childish treble, his face woebegone, was funny. Even Dick Fulton was laughing. "Yes, I am funny," Fred thought. "This is going over big to-night."

"Do the starving Armenians, Fred. It's a scream," Mollie Fulton encouraged.

Fred saw Alicia Grattan's quiet smile. It was the amused tolerance one displays towards the antics of a child. He was sorry, but he could not stop. No matter. It was too late now. He knew that Alicia Grattan would never ask his advice. It made him feel very sad. But that starving Armenian stunt was darn clever. He found himself doing it, and unusually well too. "I should have gone on the stage," Fred thought. "I'd have had my name out in front in no time. Here I am forty-five years old and in the advertising business. If I had my life to live over again that's what I'd do. I'd go on the stage. I could do some snappy foot-work if I ever had the time to practice. This is really my forte. The stage lost a good man when I went into business and that's not just flattery. I don't see why a man can't be honest with himself."

In the morning when Fred Johnson awoke he felt depressed. He knew that he had made a fool of himself the night before. Not only at the cocktail party, when he had wanted so much to be important for Alicia Grattan's sake, but at the dinner later on. Why had he thought putting asparagus behind his ears so funny? It had seemed a good idea at the time. How he wished that he could keep from doing silly things. "I've shown off before that crowd for the last time," he resolved. "Yes, sir, I'm off that foolishness for good. I'm too big a man to carry on like that. Hereafter they can amuse themselves. I'm going to change. I've got to be dignified if I'm to get anywhere in this world."

He raised himself up on one arm and

looked at Marian in the other bed. She was sleeping in a green nightgown. Suddenly Fred thought of something funny to say. He began to chuckle. He wanted to tell Marian that she looked like a salad, a cool, crisp salad. But Marian never thought he was funny, even after dinner, and there was just no chance at all of her appreciating his wit before breakfast. Fred began to be depressed that such a funny thing could never be truly appreciated. It was too darn bad he couldn't get this one off about Marian looking like a salad in her green nightgown. But Fred knew that no one but a cad talked about wives in nightgowns, even in such a nice way. He just couldn't. By and by the idea that he must tell it grew. There was no one he could tell but Marian. Fred could hardly wait until she woke up. He kept sticking his head in the door, his face covered with lather, and the humor of the situation grew. He was laughing now almost uncontrollably. It was not until he was fully dressed that Marian stirred, and then raised her head and blinked sleepily at Fred. He was beaming. He could hardly wait.

"Marian," he said, laughing so the tears ran down his cheeks, "you look just like a salad in that green nightgown!"

Marian did not laugh.

It occurred to Fred that perhaps it would have been better if he had said she looked like a dryad wrapped in a lettuce leaf. It would certainly have been a more beautiful thing to say. After all, it hadn't been so nice to say she looked like a salad. Fred thought he would tell her that his first thought had been that she looked like a dryad, a lovely, cool dryad.

But Marian was again asleep.

Fred wanted to do something about that asparagus episode. He hoped that he would never again see Mrs. Grattan. He couldn't bear the thought now of the way she had looked at him. She had sat next him at dinner. "What a chance! Now I'll never have another chance like that. She was such a pretty little thing. That kind of woman needs a man more than any other type. It's a darn shame she's a widow." He kept thinking how marvelous it would have been if he had not taken anything to drink the whole evening long.

"A few of us have to uphold the law, Mrs. Grattan."

"I think you're wonderful, Mr. Johnson, just wonderful. You know there's something I want to ask you—something I feel you can advise me about . . ."

But that chance was lost forever.

Fred felt that going to church would help him forget what a fool he had been. Fred liked to go to church. He felt that it atoned for all his misdemeanors during the week. In fact, after having been to church Sunday, he could go as long as Wednesday or Thursday without dropping his mantle of virtue. On Monday or Tuesday it was practically impossible to sin. Not until Friday or Saturday was it comparatively easy.

Everything in church seemed so important, even collections. Fred always hoped he might lead such a godly, righteous, and sober life that Doctor Burton would ask him to take up the collection or be an usher. However, Fred's attendance was so intermittent. Then, too, after a hard night at the club it was difficult to walk straight enough to usher or to take up collections. Fred always felt as if he were just tottering up the aisle. He was sure Mr. Holmes, who was an usher and who lived next door to him, felt he had no business being at church with decent people. "He knows I was lit last night. Well, it is true. I was. But it's the last time. These hard nights are getting me. I've got to cut this drinking out. I'm not as young as I once was."

Who said that?

"Why I'm not old. I'm as young as I ever was. I'm the type that doesn't get old."

The sermon very rarely affected Fred. He found it hard to concentrate, and sometimes for a full quarter of an hour

he would not hear a single word. His thoughts would be far away. But the music always affected him strangely, especially the violin. Fred thought, "A violin is the most human of all the different musical instruments." He wanted to play a violin there some Sunday. He would play so marvelously that hardened sinners would sob aloud. The tall, golden-haired woman who sat always in the second pew from the front would be so entranced she would come up to him afterwards. "In all my life I never heard such music." The touch of her hand would be like wine.

This Sunday the music affected Fred more than ever. He wanted to lead a clean life. "I want to be a good citizen," he thought. "I want to take my proper place in this community."

Doctor Elton spoke to him in the vestibule of the church after the service. Fred had always thought of Doctor Elton as something of a magician. One moment he would be before the congregation in his almost-Anglican robes, very sober about the benediction, and yet, hurry as he might, Fred could never get out of church before Doctor Elton, now brisk and alert, was standing there to greet the people.

"Glad to have you with us to-day, Mr. Johnson," he said to Fred. It made Fred feel warm and happy. He resolved to go to church every Sunday.

All the way home from church Fred felt uplifted. He was very resentful when Bill Drummond yelled to him from his door:

"Hello Big Boy! How's tricks?"

"Good morning, Drummond," Fred said in a dignified manner, hoping that the man in a silk hat and frock coat just behind him hadn't heard Bill. That was no way to speak to any man, especially on Sunday morning. "When I'm rich and prominent they'll treat me differently. I will be some day. Some day I'll be so rich I can do anything. But money won't change me," he thought. "I'll always be the same no matter how much money I have." When he drove to the station in the morning in his big foreign car and passed any of the neighbors, he'd have Ryan stop—Ryan was such a good name for a chauffeur—and pick them up. He'd never forget the crowd. He'd even give Bill Drummond a lift. He wouldn't bear grudges. Money wouldn't change him one speck.

Fred was aware always of Marian's beauty and he knew that he had never really possessed her, but he was very tired of her sustained dignity and composure and longed for a little vulgar enjoyment. He often played with the idea of an apartment in New York with an understanding woman in it, a nice, fat, comfortable woman, even a little blowzy. One that laughed easily and was affectionate. But the idea was as far as he ever got, for it was about all he could do to run one house the way Marian felt it should be run. Marian liked formality, but Fred found it tiresome, and very expensive.

There was certainly no doubt about it, Marian was the sort of woman every man liked to bear his name; but coming home day after day to such sustained cool beauty had lost its glamour. Fred was sick and tired of it all and wanted above everything to have a wife who was affectionate and a home where he could do as he darn pleased. He wanted to go around without his coat, but he didn't dare. He wanted to put his feet up high and turn the radio on loud and even hear a little homely banging about of furniture. He wanted to forage in the ice box and hear beer popping on hot nights. He liked canned beans. "Gosh, but I love canned beans with tomato sauce. Even cold, but heated and seasoned up some they're much better." Once in a while he longed for salami and Bismarck herring and big thick onion sandwiches. Those things could never be with Marian. That Fred knew. He'd wait until he had money and then he'd have everything he wanted.

Sometimes he made a list of the things he would do when he got rich. Then

he tore it up in a great hurry before anyone found it.

Apartment near office with widow about thirty-five years old.
Limousine—foreign make.
Chauffeur in livery.
Oriental rugs.
House at Southampton.
House at Palm Beach.
Airplane.
Silk hat and frock coat.
Sport roadster to drive self.
Yacht.

He was often worried for fear that when he got rich he would forget some of the things he wanted to do.

Fred would have preferred to center all his thoughts and affection on Marian, but Marian did not encourage him and, except at rare intervals when she grew fearful of losing her hold on him, she was utterly unresponsive. "It's an awfully tragic thing when a man has to look for love outside his home, but a man must have affection. That's just human nature, and I'm certainly a fool to keep on being true to a woman who treats me as Marian does," Fred justified his yearnings; but he knew that Marian had only to hold out her hand and he would always come. Always. "And why I keep on wanting her is a mystery to me. I'm just a plain damn' fool."

But Fred was very lonely and one day he kissed his stenographer. She was large and blonde, the type he had always liked. She kissed him back with abandon. It startled Fred. He said, immediately, "Will you go to dinner with me to-night?" The girl said "Yes" and grew limp and moist in his arms. She clung to him. Fred did not like her any more and was sorry that he had asked her to go to dinner with him. He thought, "Why can't she be nice about being bad?" All during dinner he wondered why he had kissed her first. Her nose was too flat, and when he had put his arm around her in the taxi her flesh bulged. There was too much of her everywhere. He decided that after all he did not want a blonde widow in his apartment, but a dashing young thing, small and slim and gay. When he took the girl to her apartment she looked disappointed when he did not come in. "You're a nice kid," Fred said, and after that he used the dictaphone more and more.

Then Ruth Evans came to work in the office of Hamilton, Johnson, and Davis. She was just out of college and was slim, brown, and boyish. She was very clever and caught on to the work rapidly. This annoyed Fred, for he did not like clever women, even when they worked for him. He much preferred them to make mistakes. It justified things. Whenever he thought of Ruth Evans' undoubted ability for the work, he shook the thought aside impatiently and concentrated on her loveliness. He enjoyed talking to her and made excuses to have her come to his office. And Ruth Evans felt flattered that one of the firm should take an interest in her. "He's a nice old thing," she thought. "He thinks of me as he would a daughter if he had one. I like him."

But Fred Johnson did not think of Ruth Evans as a daughter. He thought of her youth and the way her hair curled up in damp weather, and he thought it was very amusing when she said, "I think life's a hell of a lot of fun, don't you, Mr. Johnson?"

One day he asked Ruth Evans to have dinner with him. He said, "The sky's the limit," but he hoped she could take a joke. But Ruth, being young and unafraid of increasing her avoirdupois, was hungry and she ordered lavishly. Fred thought, "Next time I'll take her to a table d'hôte place." After dinner he suggested the theater. He wanted her to think he was a sport, all right, but she said, "It's so very late, why don't you come on up to my apartment and talk? It's not far from here."

He went to her apartment and thought all the way there, "With Ruth Evans I can never be anything but my highest self, in spite of the fact she is

taking me to her apartment. She is so young. She speaks my language. I'm fed up on cocktails and bridge and married women. She's young and pretty, and good. A man likes a girl untouched by the world. I'm no different from the others."

They talked about books, and it had been so long since Fred had read anything but *Printer's Ink* that he felt ashamed. "I'll get that five-foot bookshelf," he resolved. "I'll read something good every day." Ruth lent him a volume of Proust, and Fred did not give up trying to read it for a month.

He started wearing pansies in his coat. Yellow with his brown suit and purple ones with his gray. He picked them from the border in his yard every morning on his way to the train. He found himself caring terribly about his gray hair and the paunch just under his belt. Such a silly little paunch! Fred had once been proud of the hardness of his body. He had looked well in a bathing suit, but he hoped to God he'd never have to take Ruth Evans to the beach.

Fred Johnson felt irresponsible for his body. He'd never been a lazy man, or one who indulged his appetite, and he'd always been careful of his shoes; but there he was fat, with a decided bay window, and with bunions. As a man got older he just got older, that's all.

But Ruth Evans made him feel as if it didn't matter about his age. His soul was still young. His soul was slim and beautiful. Age could never alter that. Fred thought, "Yes, I've a beautiful soul. I'm as sensitive as hell. I've the sort of mind, too, that never gets old. That's why Ruth Evans likes me. She appreciates my mind. We meet on an eternal plane. With a companion like that life would be worth living. Married to a girl like Ruth, a man would never think of playing around with other women. I'm the kind of man who likes to be faithful. Having to look for affection outside my home is just about killing me."

He began to feel younger and younger. He bought exuberant ties. With his gray suit, a purple pansy, a purple tie, and a purple silk handkerchief, he was a picture, so he thought.

He and Ruth went many places together. He took her to all the good shows and went with her on Saturday afternoons to buy books. Sometimes, after having been with Ruth, he would come home and find Marian so startlingly beautiful and desirable that it seemed impossible he could ever give a thought to anyone else. But when he put his arms about Marian she would push him away and asked him not to muss her hair. Then he would remember Ruth's gaiety and he knew that it was she, not Marian, that he wanted to hold in his arms.

Fred grew so fond of Ruth Evans that he could not endure the thought of not holding her in his arms. He became possessed with the idea and could hardly wait for the time when he might safely declare his love. He felt that she, too, was drawn towards him and desired a relationship more beautiful than mere friendship. "But she's shy," he thought. "She's too modest to ever let me know."

They went to dinner, and Fred lingered so long over his meal that it was impossible to do anything but go back to her apartment. When they were sitting there talking he became embarrassed and did not know just how he would go about expressing the depth of his passion for her. Ruth was in a gay humor. "Do you speak Chinese, Mr. Johnson?" she asked.

"No," said Fred. "I never had time to take up any foreign languages."

"I don't speak it either," said Ruth. "That's another bond between us!"

She was so gay and young and little. Fred moved towards her, his face became red, he was breathing heavily now. Ruth stood up. Fred pulled her back on the davenport on his lap and kissed her. The girl struggled from him. Her arms flung about wildly, as if striking away something loathsome.

"You old fool," she said. "You bleary-eyed old fool. Don't you dare touch me again—ever."

Fred went out of the apartment dazed by this unexpected turn of affairs. "I don't deserve this. I don't deserve this," he kept saying.

But he knew that the girl was right. He had been a fool, but he wished that she hadn't called him bleary-eyed. Fred peered at himself in a slot machine mirror. "*God, I am bleary-eyed.*"

When he got to the station he found he had thirty minutes before his train left. Once or twice he got up and looked at his eyes. He went into the drug store and had a cup of coffee and sat staring at himself in the mirror opposite. His profile had always been good. Fred tried to see it but couldn't. "God, but I feel blue! I'm so low I could end it all." He wanted to cry.

Going out of the door he saw himself in a full-length mirror. He was surprised to find how nice he looked when seen altogether like that. "Why, I'm not so bad looking for my age," he thought. He straightened his tie. "I'm not going to let a thing like this kill me. I'm too big a man to be downed by it. These things are sent to test a man."

Fred tilted his hat a little farther. He had fifteen more minutes to wait. Just time to go out and buy Marian some pink roses. Marian liked roses. She preferred red ones, but Fred could never remember this.

All the way home he held the flowers very carefully and when he walked up from the station he made up a new tune to whistle. He felt fine now and quickened his steps. He thought it would be funny to give the roses to Marian and say, in a very doleful manner, "I'd rather not see the deceased. I like to remember my friends as they were in life." That would get a laugh.

SONG

BY ELIZABETH LAROCQUE

FROM love's dead clinging hands the words were torn,
Out of a faded dream the notes were made,
Out of a broken heart the song was borne,
And those who listened knew they were afraid.

A song that lashed the breathless night with pain,
And broke the silence like a shattered glass
And beat like drops of ceaseless silver rain,
And those who listened knew a ghost would pass.

And every man at some time hears the song—
And every man knows well the voice that sings,
And cries into the darkness, "I was wrong—
"Nothing is worth the breaking of these things."

DIET AND APPETITE

BY T. SWANN HARDING

MY MOTHER reared me by a book. A doctor stood at call in the offing, ready to give advice and pilot her over the more difficult places. Just consider the result. I turned out to be perfectly dreadful. I think I am being conservative when I say that I became the one magnificent, outstanding disappointment of her life. Certainly if there was an infant disease I missed momentarily I undertook to have it at my first leisure moment, even if that meant scarlet fever at thirty-four and the mumps at thirty-seven. I didn't miss anything and have had practically everything the matter with me.

By the time my sister was born my mother had lost the book. So she reared her by guess. She improvised and did what seemed best on the spur of the moment. The method worked astoundingly well. For this time she turned out a child who regarded infant infections and malaises with a well-elevated sniff, and the final result was something to be proud of. My mother's faith in the wisdom of the book melted away, but entirely too late to save me. The damage had been done.

All of this happened some time ago, of course, yet such things still happen. A mother recently brought this to my attention. She said that her daughter Mary was not at all careful about feeding her infant grandson. On the other hand, Mary's friend Ethel was precisely the reverse. The girls had married young men whose social and economic status was almost exactly the same, and their sons had been born within a month of each other. But Mary's mother thought her daughter a shamefully neglectful young lady, while she was quite sure that Ethel trod the path of nutritional rectitude.

For Ethel was meticulous. She had determined that her child should be reared scientifically. In justice to her, I suppose I should say that she was unacquainted with me at the time. So she bought books, kept a family practitioner regularly on the run, and had a child specialist, a pediatrician, ready and willing to advise her in a really big way whenever she felt that the situation exceeded the mental equipment of a mere family doctor. She had not one book, but several. Everything that entered her child was carefully weighed and measured, even the water it drank. Its nutritional standards were calculated assiduously and, whenever Ethel was really lost for something radically absurd to do, the child specialist usually suggested something even more grotesque than she could ever have thought of by herself. Finally there was a specific time for the insertion of each and every kind of food or drink into the oral cavity of her infant, and Ethel, a nursemaid, and two doctors had their hands fairly well full managing one baby.

Mary, however, had never been meticulous. In a general way she was inclined to lassitude and she did not possess an ingrowing conscience. She could have matched Ethel's every maid, book, and doctor had she so desired. But she did not desire. She somehow gathered enough information here and there to know, in a sketchy way, about what a baby should eat and drink. She con-

trived somehow—possibly by instinct—to expose the youngster to a complete and adequate diet. In case it wanted any food, that food was available. Thereafter it was up to the baby. When it wanted to eat it ate; when it wanted to stop eating it stopped eating. When it went to sleep that was interpreted as a "Do not disturb" sign, nor were its hours of rest calculated arithmetically. Now the curious thing was this. While Ethel's baby was thin, sickly, and temperamental, Mary's waxed great in stature, it thrived, it hurdled the diseases of childhood, it detoured the disasters that should have overwhelmed it, and when Mary's mother spoke to me regarding her daughter's carelessness, it had become about as fine a child as you would want to see.

For Mary's mother was rather meticulous herself; she had reared Mary by a book, although the books were somewhat smaller in those days, and there were fewer pediatricians. But she was sufficiently infected with the virus to hold that her grandson should eat at stated intervals, whether he wanted to or not, and should not eat at other times even if he did want to; that he should get just so much of this and so much of that, and if he wanted more should simply be out of luck. Didn't I think Mary was awfully careless? I assumed my longest face and, on the basis of what had happened to my sister and to me, I assured her that in her very ignorance Mary was probably quite scientific, but that in her wisdom Ethel was perverted indeed. Finally, I asked, "Just what is your appetite for, anyway?" and sought thereafter to shoo Mary's mother home so that I could investigate a little and see if I knew what I was talking about before she could discover that I, at the moment, could not prove my contentions.

Well, I investigated and I can prove what I said. Your appetite is good for something after all. It is usually perverted out of all usefulness before you get to adult years, and life thereafter becomes a fight with coddled eggs and bran to escape dyspepsia and chronic intestinal stasis. But, as children, appetite means something and could, with proper handling, be induced to feed us scientifically, or as the scientists—after laborious investigation—have ultimately discovered we should be fed. There is a reason why the scientists had to rediscover this for us; we shall note that more fully later.

II

Certainly all foods are not valuable to us in proportion to their appeal to our appetites. For example, the flavoring substances in foods which stimulate our nose and tongue are usually not the substances upon which the body depends for its building materials; as a matter of fact, they are, in animal foods, usually discarded material already on the way to excretion. On the other hand, chemically pure proteins, fats, or oils and complex carbohydrates (not sugars of course) have little or no taste or smell. Take bacon as an illustration. A very thin slice of bacon will weigh three-fourths of an ounce. Its food value is about 129 calories. Crisp it. The food value lowers to 9 calories but the succulence increases out of all proportion to that, and that scrap of skeleton tissue, with all the fat fried out of it, having lost 93 per cent of its food value, is, to our appetites, a dainty morsel. On the other hand, how much of that is habit? A lady who formerly ate richly and who has managed by sensible dietetic reducing to shave forty pounds off a grand total of one hundred and seventy-five, recently informed me that after a month of torture she actually became so enamored of unsweetened black coffee, spinach, fresh fruits and vegetables generally, and buttermilk that it was difficult for her to imagine that she ever really loved rich cream, plenty of sugar, and great gobs of butter, and demanded potatoes for every meal.

Next consider a hog. If we ate like hogs we should probably be much better off physically than we are at present.

If my mother had only permitted me to make a hog of myself, I feel sure that I should not have been such a keen disappointment to her in her declining years. A pig's appetite has been found to be an excellent guide to the level of its actual bodily needs. Common salt *ad lib* makes for faster growth in hogs, but if the basic ration is complete you can depend on the animals to eat about what they should of it. Many feeding standards in textbooks differ very widely from swine-appetite requirements; you can bring up hogs by book if you want to, and lose money; but it is more economical to let them eat as much and as often as they please. Back in 1915 John M. Evvard had observed this in Iowa and was saying, "It is time to face and study normal appetite intakes as a rational basis for animal feeding standards," but he was a voice in the corn-fed wilderness, apparently. Already Sherman had held that a "well-ordered appetite" is capable of indicating the amounts of food needed over long periods and under differing conditions of activity; where animal life is uniform, animals will regulate their caloric intake with high efficiency. Indeed, it was stated then that the lower animals select their food with unerring precision so long as they are in the wild state, and that primitive races of men have done this in various localities, with very different basic diets available, and with extraordinary success—whether as vegetarians in Asia or carnivora near the North Pole.

When you come to dairy cows—not so good. That was found out by Nevens in Illinois about 1927. It is not economical to let dairy cows select their food as they will because they over-eat their maintenance and milk-production requirements; but there is the rub. The dairy cow has been artificially bred by man to be a milk-producing machine; it was not normally constituted to have that large bag and to produce so much milk. While man has changed that, he has not changed its appetite; and an appetite built for its primitive, normal requirements will naturally not do at all as a guide when it has been made what it is to-day by cruel and heartless men. On the other hand, the self-feeding plan was used very successfully indeed for getting beef cattle ready for the market, although it was observed that some of the cows, probably spoiled by modern advertising billboards in their pastures, went on roughage drunks!

Rats and mice can unerringly choose adequate diets, their choice of food being apparently guided by appetite. A limited exercise of choice is exhibited even by the very young animals. The animals were offered two synthetic rations—one a high- and the other a low-protein diet; and animals kept on the superior diet alone thrived no better than those which had free choice between the two diets and took the better of their own free will. Next, two diets were given which were respectively rich and poor in certain vitamins, and again the rats and mice responded, though with somewhat less clarity than before. Then the animals were offered casein, a complete protein, against zein, an incomplete protein, and they ate enough of the former voluntarily to make up any deficiencies to which indulgence in the latter might have given rise. None of the animals would eat excessively high protein in their diets, though the older animals took about 20 to 25 per cent while the younger ones stuck to 12 to 19 per cent. The animals could supplement corn with meat in such a manner as to take an optimum diet. Given a choice of diets deficient and complete as to minerals, they unerringly chose the latter and thrived. And old Doctor Osborne, who recently died at New Haven after a long life of valuable work, concluded, "The desire of a young animal for food is something more than the mere satisfaction of calorific needs. The demand made by the growth impulse must be met by a food of the proper chemical constitution," and the untutored animal, given half a chance, will see that it gets such food.

When in days past I worked among the kine at a dairy farm I observed that they sometimes took to queer eating habits. Sometimes those habits led directly to conditions so bad that the animals had to be slaughtered, and we often found inside them quaint and curious collections of inedible things—nails, bits of wire, hunks of cement, gobs of mud, old rubber heels, and portions of discarded tires. It seemed apparent that the animals had gone on a search of some dietary principles they felt lacking in their food. This was actually the case. These animals were fed timothy hay instead of alfalfa hay as their source of roughage, their main ration being a complete grain concentrate in either case, but a concentrate low in calcium.

Now timothy hay may, on rare occasions, run as high in calcium as alfalfa hay; at any time it can be made to equal alfalfa in calcium by the addition of a mineral supplement in the form of a pure calcium salt. Nevertheless, its calcium is never used so well by dairy animals as the calcium in alfalfa, and cows fed it as their sole source of roughage do not thrive. They develop a wistful expression and have, apparently, a vague but powerful yearning to go forth and search some missing element. It is reasonable to suppose—and Cowgill of Yale has presumed—that such animals in wild life would go on a hunt for the lost dietary element and eventually find it. In domesticity this is much more difficult to accomplish, especially when curious nutrition workers restrict both your diet and your wanderlust.

Such things set Cowgill thinking, and he performed a feeding experiment with dogs. Some of these dogs were compelled to exercise regularly, and their caloric food intake from a complete diet was then measured. At later periods they were not compelled to exercise; they were offered the same amounts of food of the same quality as before, but they refused to take it. As a matter of fact, they deliberately and very accurately cut their caloric intake of food down to their new exercise level, and this set Cowgill to thinking about other things, among them infants.

In fact, he was led to write that the baby, not the doctor, knew best when and how much the baby should eat. It is the modern scientific doctrine that parents have too long indulged the custom of interfering with the habits, desires, and ideas of their children whether they knew what to do or not; it is now recognized scientifically that unless the parent definitely knows how to help, it is wiser not to interfere at all. Less pediatric interference with infant diet would make far better infants. So Cowgill concludes.

As a matter of fact, most of us are managed very foolishly as children when our two greatest urges beset us—sex and hunger. Sex is still grossly mismanaged, but this is not the place to go into that. As to hunger, the neurotic solicitude of the young and adoring mother (who just loves her child) is a very deleterious factor in its progress to maturity. It is constantly urged to eat what is "good" for it, to eat when it does not want to eat, not to eat when it does want to eat. Many children develop a nervous inhibition against eating which can lead to dangerous malnutrition unless the child is taken away from its ignorantly adoring parents and put with a group of normal children, who eat normally, there to sink or swim as it chooses; left alone, self-preservation comes to its rescue and it invariably swims. But when I consider the widespread mismanagement of the eating habits of the young, I marvel indeed that Ethel's child and I managed to do as well as we have. Certainly we had a fearful handicap to start with; as certainly, our natural appetites were regarded with very severe disdain.

In late 1928 the *Journal of the American Medical Association* quoted Pereira as saying, "The natural appetite, I believe to be the index of the wants of the system; and it ought, therefore, to be consulted, to a certain extent, in the dieting of children; and I believe parents

commit a gross error who totally disregard it." In fact, it is said that mistaken notions often deny children, very wrongfully indeed, the foods they crave. The reason for my disastrous downward career became more and more apparent to me as I investigated. Dr. Woods Hutchinson, while he held a child to be a walking famine, yet said feed it good, wholesome food and let nature take its course and the wisdom of the ages guide it. He even attacked the idea that the stomach needs a definite interval of rest between tasks as an exploded bit of folklore and advised feeding children adequately, for thereafter you may trust them implicitly either in the ice box or in a candy store. A child, he declared, should not eat like a pig, but should want to. I demur. It should eat like a pig; all the better for it.

III

That brings me to Clara M. Davis and her really remarkable work on self-selection of diet by newly weaned infants published in the *American Journal for the Diseases of Children* of October, 1928. Miss Davis began, it appears, to wonder if infants, guided purely by their appetites, could not wisely choose their own foods from a complete diet of natural nutriments so that they would maintain themselves and keep in good health. Would they naturally eat few or many articles, be vegetarian or carnivorous, watch their calories and vitamins, or what? The experiment had to be made on children, because the circumstances of adult life with its refined nutriments and well-developed food prejudices makes mature men and women poor experimental animals for such work. Furthermore, as Miss Davis had observed, most child specialists diet infants by limitation and loftily disregard their preferences and their appetites.

Miss Davis decided to avoid the pastries, cakes, highly seasoned meats, gravies, white bread, candies, canned foods, and soft drinks—the sophisticated adult foods which have often upset infants and made parents believe they could not stand the strong meat of adults. She would supply several infants immediately after they were weaned, and for from six months to a year thereafter, with a wide range of foods providing all the known food elements in natural form—no salt added, no condiments, custards, breads or milk-made dishes—but beef, lamb, bone marrow, chicken, peas, eggs, cabbage, carrots, bananas, glandular organs, the water in which vegetables were cooked, sweet and lactic milk, cereals raw or cooked, apples, oranges, lettuce, cabbage, beets, turnips, cauliflower, spinach, bone jelly with Rykrisp crackers, and salt served separately. The solid foods were all finely divided by passing through a meat chopper. All weights eaten were to be carefully tabulated, but the choice of the infant and its individual method of feeding were to be absolute.

A nurse sat by and helped the child to ingest the food it pointed out when various foods were presented to it in constantly varying arrangements on its tray and in dishes or glasses exactly alike. At first infants sought to feed themselves, by dipping their whole hand in, or even their face, or by pouring methods of limited efficiency but marked destructiveness. The nurse was to provide no advice, no remonstrance, no praise, no coaxing, no urging, no direction; she sat by and helped to convey the food indicated to the infant's mouth when asked to do so; if not called upon she did nothing.

What happened? The infant's first choice was often determined by odor or color—perhaps by physiological need—but the infants soon formed habits and preferences and would later reach promptly for preferred foods. Some foods they chose were at once spit out, although this had to happen only once in any case. This occurred notably in the case of salt, which seemed to disgust them, but which they all ate heroically as if under inner compulsion. All of them were omniv-

orous and liked most of the foods offered, but seldom ate more than three solid foods heavily per meal. Sometimes an infant would imbibe seven eggs or four bananas at one meal and scarcely anything else; that was his lookout, but he practically never suffered the slightest evil consequences for his indulgence!

There were distinct waves of preference, or "jags" on certain foods—cereal, meat, eggs, or fruit—the quantity eaten increasing, staying high, and finally declining without the development of digestive disaster or a resultant dislike for the food in question. No symptoms of pathological overeating ever developed as a result of such jags either. The children preferred beef raw, unless cooked very rare. They liked eggs, carrots, and peas either raw or cooked, but preferred oatmeal and wheat cooked. They began to "dunk," to soften their crackers in liquid, at about eleven months. They drank when they desired, as do adults. They all exhibited good appetites; they displayed no digestive disturbances, no bowel complaints, no vomiting, and their health and growth were normal in every way. Their intake was about 1,200 to 1,500 calories daily; and Miss Davis concluded that infants just weaned can be fed a normal, natural, complete adult diet without bad effects, and that they are able to select their foods so that they are scientifically adapted to their caloric needs.

IV

Primitive peoples the world over in very different environments so adapted the food locally available as to thrive upon it. They did not need nutrition experts to guide them. Why did we ever need such experts? We needed them because we suddenly began to refine our foods before our diets were as widely diversified as they are to-day. In nature, men and animals contrive to get as much protein, fat, carbohydrate, roughage, vitamins, and minerals as they need by long ages of trial and error. But we were civilized; we began to refine much of the roughage, vitamins, and minerals out of our foods and thus got away from the dietary fundamentals of the primitives. Then what?

Then deficiency diseases appeared. Scurvy, anemia, rickets, pellagra, beri beri, varied infections, and other things pathological turned up. Investigators went into their laboratories now, not to tell us in words we could not understand what savages knew by instinct anyway, but to find out exactly why the diet of primitive man was complete and that of civilized man was woefully deficient. They found out. Liebig began the work; it went on through the discoveries of Osborne and Mendel and McCollum and Sherman and others. They discovered the use of protein, fat, and carbohydrates; they gradually recognized the importance of minerals, of roughage, and of vitamins, and they evolved the balanced diet. Meantime commerce and invention had made strides; our diet was continually becoming more diversified, and foods which twenty-five years ago (such as fresh vegetables in winter) were restricted to the very wealthy, to-day find their way into the chain stores which supply the ordinary man on the ordinary wage.

It is for this reason that vitamin, roughage, and mineral alarmists are really out of place among us to-day. While it is true that dietary studies, carried on among families ranging from the very poor to the rich in economic status, indicate that certain common errors in nutrition are quite prevalent, it can be questioned whether such errors are dangerously menacing to health. There is said to be a widespread tendency to consume too little of the essential minerals—especially calcium and phosphorus; too much vegetable and too little animal protein (perhaps a perversion of the "Go vegetablewise" gospel) and too few raw foods; but it is certainly unfortunate that any expert would lend his name, as some do, to the doctrine that we should greatly increase our consumption of goat and

ostrich food—indigestible, fibrous or cellular material like bran.

On the other hand, when Strouse of Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago, recently stood in a cafeteria to see how ordinary laymen actually selected their food he later remarked, in *The Journal of the American Dietetic Association*, that three hundred and fifty people gathered up pretty well-proportioned meals on their trays in a "hurry-up" lunch room. They may have been too busy to shove their peas under their mashed potatoes before they reached the appraiser at the end of the line, but they selected their food well, speaking nutritionally, and got their money's worth besides. Doctor Strouse continued that an individual who feels well is doubtless on what is an adequate diet for him, and added that his survey disclosed only one general deficiency, a low milk consumption—a lack being rapidly remedied. Diets containing as little as an ounce or an ounce and a half of protein per day seem perfectly adequate for some people, while the fat and carbohydrate rations may vary widely; this obviously gives appetite a very large sphere within which to operate in perfect safety.

I know no passage more consoling nutritionally than one I shall now quote from a book by a very wise physician—James S. McLester; he is discussing the fundamentals of the normal diet in the light of all this newer knowledge of nutrition:

> In order to enjoy robust health and to avoid the results of nutritional failure, a man should each day drink about one quart of milk and eat two salads and two liberal helpings of the leafy portion of green vegetables; he should eat one small helping of any meat and perhaps two eggs; to this he may add anything else within reason which his appetite demands, including a liberal supply of bread, butter, fruits, and the various vegetables. If he will do this, his state of nutrition will not suffer.

It probably will not suffer either if he cuts a few corners on the milk and the greens. Because, while fanatics rave, Walter C. Alvarez, gastro-intestinal specialist of the Mayo Clinic, observes that the mineral and vitamin requirements of adults are but poorly understood, that more harm than good is likely to result when we over-imbibe indigestible roughage in order to get these elements, and that it is quite probable that human adults can worry a great deal less over these things than many of them have in recent years.

So nutrition experts caught up to primitive man; but they can tell us really why and how, while primitive man proceeded empirically by trial and error. Scientists can predict what this or that diet will do; primitives had to find out at great pain, through long experience. That much has been gained. Meantime a large cloud of fanatics rapidly arose. Some of them were sincerely deluded by the newer knowledge of nutrition into thinking that a diet of roughage and vegetarianism must be preached to all, that the appetite was no good as a guide, and that children must be fed by the book. Some doctors really thought they knew vastly more about what this or that child should eat than the little animal which was trying to sustain itself on the diet in question. Some of these fanatics were frankly out to make money by duping people; and thus there rose among us a bran cult which is quite mystic in its attitudes and notions. So the assumption has got abroad in many quarters that men cannot choose their own foods, that babies have no idea what or how much they ought to eat, that appetite is always an unsafe guide, and that our nutritional salvation can be achieved only by sedulously eating what we do not like and avoiding everything we like.

But appetite can be a guide. If instruction could be started when children were young enough, they could be taught to use that guide sensibly and advantageously. It would then support and sustain them even into later life—though it would put a lot of food fanatics and fancy-priced pediatricians, not to men-

tion large numbers of diet books, altogether out of business.

V

At once a number of questions leap to the lips of many people as they did to those of the mother whose queries originally started me on this paper. What about eating between meals? Would the reformed human appetite, after it had attained the college education I have adumbrated, be content to have food at regular intervals, or is eating between meals harmful anyhow? Perhaps it merely becomes harmless when the person eats the "right" things; yet could you expect a growing boy or girl to make a rational choice of foods, guided by however good an appetite, if confronted with a box of candy in the pabulum from which he or she is to choose?

These are ponderous questions. I was taught that regularity in sleeping and in eating were fundamental to my health. I was told that my ancestors were healthy largely because they were regular in their habits.* I lived to learn that some of them were not so healthy as they had been portrayed anyhow, but that many others who were healthy were shockingly irregular in their habits. A reading of *Pepys' Diary* in nine volumes was a revelation and an education to me, for instance. Among other things I discovered that these Restoration English thought nothing of rising at three in the morning to go on an excursion down the river from which they returned at five the next morning. They slept till midday when they willed, and when they willed they danced all night. They ate disgustingly gluttonous meals at times, with a stupendous number of courses and eight or nine meats to a meal; and then the Clerk of the Acts lived on a bit of bread and cheese and some chocolate on other days. There was no regularity; the whole drama of life was then farcical and was played out at the momentary and even fantastic whim of the player. Men ate when they were hungry—at meals or between meals. Personally, I never had really good digestion until I learned to eat when I felt like it, regardless of fixed hours; time after time I find myself entirely unable properly to appreciate a meal at the ordained moment. I feel quite certain that it would do me more harm than good if I forced myself to eat merely because it was, say, seven o'clock. In the old days such irregularity might have worked hardship on the ladies, yet they were conveniently subjugated in those days, and did not seem to mind; in this day of restaurants we should be able to eat at the call of appetite without inconveniencing anyone.

Primitive man ate when he could; he stowed food away gluttonously to the limit of his capacity and often went for some time on very little pabulum thereafter. He ate just when he could get food and as much as he could hold; the habit has excellent historical background. In the very nature of things he could not have set meal times. Of course to-day we have piled upon what was originally rather a disgusting physiological process (for primitive man was as much ashamed of letting anyone see him eat as are his progeny of other physiological processes) a curiously attractive edifice of etiquette and social value. Obviously, if one be wedded to the theory that a meal is a social function rather than a mere physiological incident, one could not feel entirely satisfied with eating small snippets of food here and there by the way. Some compromise with social values seems necessary nowadays, yet banquets are notoriously ill-digested, probably, to a considerable extent, because the incidental nervous excitement inhibits the normal psychic secretion of digestive juices. It is quite apparent that a well-ordered formal meal has certain æsthetic aspects which doubtless promote a state of physiological well-being, but I believe it is also true that an appetite which has been properly edu-

* I was also taught to chew meat very well indeed before swallowing it; I lived to learn that savages swallowed meat in hunks, and that it digests far better if chewed as little as possible because, if too fine when swallowed, it leaves the stomach undigested and putrefies in the intestine.

cated from its very beginning would not lead any human being far astray nutritionally.

Of course, it is to be remembered that the land teems with what may be termed synthetic or highly artificial foods which were not readily accessible either to primitive man or to our more immediate ancestors. This implies that the education of the appetite must include certain restrictions of intelligence upon instinct where such foods are concerned. It is a fact that the young children mentioned earlier in this paper seemed to suffer no gastronomic catastrophes when permitted to stuff themselves inordinately with bananas; secondly, that their banana jags ended voluntarily. It is quite possible that they would have handled candy in a similar manner; but it is also fairly certain that few older children could be trusted to-day to make a rational nutritional choice when faced with the candy box. This is because their appetites were not educated (or were even perverted to a greater or lesser extent) immediately after they were weaned. The remedy is sufficient intelligent discretion on the part of parents to determine that older children do not have access to foods which their untrained, or perhaps we might more correctly say, perverted, appetites might lead them to eat to deleterious excess.

This, if I mistake not, brings us smartly back to Shakespeare. We should accept Macbeth's advice and let "good digestion wait on appetite and health on both." The key to the situation, as I see it after considerable study, is what happens immediately after weaning. What should happen is what took place in the case of the youngsters who were permitted freely to select their foods from a group of finely ground and well-balanced nutrients, with accessory liquids as needed. I see no reason why our more synthetic foods and powerful concentrates like candy might not safely appear on the youngster's table in their proper proportions to the whole diet. I believe that the same instinctive and unperverted appetite which guided Miss Davis's children through the treacherous banana shoals could be trusted even with candies during this formative period, and that if the right start were made in childhood the desires of the adult organism could later be attended very largely as signified. In such a happy day we should be far better off racially, and also very few mothers would then find their offspring so abjectly disappointing as my mother found me.

THE SAUSAGE

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

BACK of Comines, the German balloon swung lazily in the dying light of afternoon. From it steel cables stretched, like spidery threads, to a motor truck below; to winches that might bring it swiftly earthward, while the truck itself ran like a rabbit east along the Belgian roads. Near at hand, two batteries of anti-aircraft guns thrust their long muzzles skyward. From the basket, keen eyes peered through Zeiss lenses. And for several days that balloon had been bothering the British advance like hell.

A damp, gusty morning wind slapped the sides of the Nissen huts on the R. F. C. aerodrome at Marie Cappel. The first patrol was to leave the ground at six, assigned to balloons—a rotten job. It was beastly cold in the Mess, and Henry found it occupied by only a sleepy waiter.

"Breakfast ready, Saunders?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir; only a minute now."

The door swung open with a rush of air that carried in the Major. Henry looked up. "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Henry. Feeling fit?"

"All things considered. That was quite a party in Boulogne last night."

The Major grinned. "I lost you early in the game. Where'd you buzz off to?"

"When the gendarmes came I ducked. Much of a row?"

"Nothing exceptional. A most successful binge however, most successful. Expense account: One French hotel, not new, officers for the use of." The Major rubbed his hands together; he was young for a major—twenty-three. But he had been at Dunkirk with the triplanes when the war in the air was new.

Henry nodded. "Are those eggs ready, Saunders?"

"Here they are, sir."

"I want you to bag that balloon this morning, Henry." This from the Major.

"The one near Comines?"

"That's right. It's a pest. Eighty Squadron tried it yesterday and couldn't get within a mile of it. They pulled it down too fast—the blighters!"

Henry gulped his coffee. "Yes, they're good at that; they have them hitched to lorries."

"Are your guns O.K.?"

"They were last night; we had them on the range." Henry munched his toast.

"Good. Don't fire until you're on the beggar's back; there's no use wasting ammunition. It's sure to be hot. The Archie's good, and the place is lousy with machine guns, too. It's quite their pet balloon, and the Colonel would be frightfully bucked if we could land it. Clouds ought to help a bit, if I'm a weather prophet. Lord and King will go along and stay up top, while you go down."

King stamped in. "Gawd's truth, this bloody Mess is cold!"

The Major turned. "Give that fire a poke, King. You've let in all of Flanders."

"Good morning, sir. How's the head?"

"Just a bit fuzzy. Nothing much."

"We're on balloons this morning, I take it."

"Yes. That sausage back of Comines; you and Lord to do the escort job, while Henry gives the brute a burst or two."

King shrugged. "They have a lot of stuff around the bag. I tootled over there the other day, and you should have seen them messing up the sky in my vicinity."

"You're right they have a lot of stuff," said Lord, who had just come in, and who now started to warm his hands by pounding on the table.

There was a grunt from Henry. "Oh, yes, they're damned hospitable. But you chaps sit up top, and keep an eye out for Fokkers. Forget the rest." He poured himself a second cup of burning coffee.

The Mess was tomblike because the air was dead; but out on the aerodrome the wind cut the face and stung the blood. The pilots picked their way towards the tarmac, where the Dolphins reared through the gloom like fantastic beasts, with propellers turning lazily to warm their vitals.

"B" Flight's burly sergeant detached himself from Henry's bus, that he had been running up. "Good morning, sir."

"Everything O.K.?" Henry asked.

"All O.K."

"Good, Felton. I'll run her up myself, now." And Henry pulled himself into the cockpit.

The sky grew lighter. Cassel Hill loomed through the rent mist, massive and near. Strange, dim shapes, that were hangars and machines, melted into familiar outlines. Henry looked around: Lord and King were in their seats, testing their engines. The sergeant stood beside the fuselage and roared in Henry's ear, "Watch the oil, sir; and don't let her get too hot. She's new, you know." His voice was faint, as though it came across great distances.

Henry nodded, and the sergeant stepped away. Lord and King must be ready now. Henry fidgeted, shoved down his goggles, and then waved his hand. The chocks were pulled aside; the wheels were clear. He taxied out, bumping clumsily, and looked behind: the others were nosing after him. Shoving the stick against the instruments, he gave her the gun, gently at first, then open wide. The roaring beast leaped under him and raced across the ground—then lifted clear. He held her steady for a minute, nosed her down a trifle, drove her upward in a sudden zoom, caught her before she wavered, flattened out, and threw her over in a dizzy turn. The hangars fled away beneath him.

Lord and King were off the ground; Henry could see them climbing steeply in his wake. A few more turns with engine throttled back, giving them a chance to gain; and then they crept above his wash and settled into place—one right, one left. Two thousand feet. The three machines swung east, along the road to Ypres. Nieppe lay green behind, with shattered Hazebrouck on its flank. The three machines raced east, climbing to meet the sun.

Having watched them out of sight, the Major strolled back to the Mess. "Bring me two more eggs, Saunders, and some Scotch with very little soda. And, for God's sake, shut that door!" Saunders jumped. The 'drome was quiet: no squadron show to-day until ten o'clock. The lucky pilots slept. Three men climbed east to meet the sun.

"If I'd quit last night at twelve o'clock," thought Lord, "I'd have come out six hundred francs ahead. Any man who can hold four jacks over an ace-high full is shot with luck. There ought to be a law. These damned controls are sloppy still; I wonder if that lazy rigger ever touched them after all? I'll strafe him right. Marie's a queer one. If she didn't like my leaving her flat, she can go to blazes. She's not unique."

Five thousand feet above Abeele.

Henry looked down: no movement on the 'drome. "A lazy bunch, those Camels! They are all asleep."

King thought he'd try his guns; tilted his nose, and let them go in a short burst over his leader's head. Then he laughed as Henry flipped into a fast half-roll before he knew who had done the shooting. Henry swore. "The bloody fool, testing his Vickers in my ear! Some people need a nurse!" He straightened out, climbed again, and drew up off King's wing-tip. Henry saw the culprit grin, and shook his fist in answer.

The sky was bright and clear, but black puffs to the south betrayed the presence of a dawn patrol; and underneath lumbered an R.E.8, going north. "No clouds to speak of; that's bad," thought Henry. "There isn't half a chance." He throttled down. Not a balloon in sight. The sun was creeping up the sky, and it hurt eyes straining eastward. Henry was doubtful. "Better buzz about a bit, and wait. The Major wants balloons, and that one in particular. This would make my fifth, the fifth in a month; we'll scare them off if we go over now. I wonder where our friends the Fokkers are to-day?"

Trailing his leader, King felt fed up. "Why don't they stick up a sausage so that we can pot it?" He wanted to get back and finish *Limehouse Nights*. "This war's a bore. No sane man would knock around up here, asking to be shot at. Next war, I'll blinking well stay on the ground and wangle a cushy job at home. I wonder if Maude is still at Claridge's?"

Three planes, with engines throttled back, cruised east to meet the sun. Three men, three minds, held in a madman's dream of wood and canvas, flew east, eight thousand feet above the mud and wire and gaping shell-holes.

"Marie knows what she can do if she doesn't like it."

"It would be easier to ask Maude if she hadn't so much money."

"Five balloons in one month wouldn't be half bad."

On they flew, three heroes—Henry, King, and Lord—thinking the thoughts that heroes think, eight thousand feet above the Flanders earth.

There were going to be clouds after all; there were some little ones coming from the east now, and bigger and better ones behind them. "Locate the sausage first; then a little game of hide and seek among the clouds; then down, almost vertical, in one long dive; and then—a spitting stream of flaming tracer bullets, right into that fat sausage, while Lord and King stay up to watch for Huns. That's the system!" Henry squinted through his Aldis sight, and fingered the gun-trigger on his joy-stick. The clouds were really coming now, and the three planes circled lazily, awaiting them.

"Some day, I'd like to write stories like *Limehouse Nights*," thought King. "But where can a chap find material for yarns to-day; they've all been written half a dozen times, and the romance was sucked out of life long ago. A man has to have experience to write." Once the war was over, he could hunt up some experience for himself.

Keeping his proper distance, crossing over on the turns, with habit guiding all his movements, Lord clung to Henry's tail. Perhaps he had treated Marie rather badly, after all. She certainly was pretty. It might be a good idea to tootle over to St. Omer and straighten things out with her that evening.

Above the gathering clouds, Henry peered and squinted, squinted and peered. With any luck, he would be able to enter a fifth balloon in his log-book before long. That was Comines down there; that was where the sausage should be. Minutes passed; and then—by God! that's where the sausage was. A silvery-grayish blob against a dark-brown earth. He would be on it almost before they had it up. Waggling his wings, he pointed east and down. King and Lord looked, too, and saw. Henry swiftly scanned the sky: no enemy planes in sight, but there was a bank of clouds that might hide something.

However, he could trust Lord and King to play watch-dogs for him. He waved his hand above his head, pushed his throttle wide—and three planes shot forward at full speed.

Dodging among the clouds, Henry laid a cunning course until, above a fleecy billowing mass, he knew that he was ready for the plunge. He had the sausage spotted. Pulling back his stick, he kicked on right rudder, stalled, and fell into a screaming dive. Through the cloud he went, and out the other side. His calculation had been right: the silvery bag was under him. He had it spotted; but he was spotted, too. A black form leaped from the observer's basket, fell like a plummet for a space, then fluttered down beneath an opened parachute. Straining at its cables, swaying wildly, the balloon sank earthward. The winches were working fast. All this Henry could see in his hurtling dive, noting the details automatically. He was strangely calm. This particular sausage was his, even if he had to follow it right down to the "floor." He had no doubts. "The fifth in a month! That wasn't bad."

Then the air around him seemed suddenly to explode in whirling eddies of brown smoke, and the familiar hoarse cough of anti-aircraft shells sounded, above the engine's roar, in Henry's ears. "Archie!" he thought. But he didn't mind Archie; he had been intimate with it long enough to regard it with contempt. The gunners had found his height on the first burst, but he was diving too fast for them to catch him again. Machine guns were different; he didn't like them, and they would be spitting at him in another minute. The German balloon appeared to swell enormously as he plunged furiously toward it. His fingers were tense on the gun-trigger: a few seconds more, and he would fire. He saw nothing but that silvery-grayish bag: nothing else in the world existed for him in that instant. He was no longer a man, with ambitions, appetites, and fears, but simply the vital part of a destroying mechanism. Man, plane, and guns were one. Henry pressed the trigger. His Vickers guns began to chatter viciously. And then, abruptly, he was heaved by a huge, crackling, roaring earthquake into complete oblivion. Man, plane, and guns had ceased to be.

Circling overhead, Lord and King witnessed the strange event. It was a perfect hit for Archie. They had been watching a diving plane, guided by a living pilot; and then, where they gazed, there was nothing but falling fragments and lazily dispersing smoke. Dazed, scarcely believing what they saw, they circled lower; and, as their eyes strained earthward, ten Fokkers slipped from the bank of clouds that Henry had viewed suspiciously. Observers, who saw the battle from the ground, said that it could hardly be called a fight at all; that slaughter was a better name for it. Neatly and expeditiously, the Fokkers did their job. Lord went down first—in flames. A second later, King went spinning after him. Neither had fired a shot.

On the aerodrome at Marie Cappel, a youthful major clutched a telephone receiver, listened, and cursed. Back of Comines, the German balloon swung lazily in the bright morning light.

FOUR POEMS

BY ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

THE ROSE HAT

I MET him by chance down at old Phœbe Brock's—
How bright were the pansies and red four-o'clocks!
Though it rained, and he said, looking shyly at me,
"You will ruin that hat in the drip, don't you see,
If you try to run home," (it was covered with roses)—
He said, "Give it me, and when the storm closes
I'll come to your door and bring it quite dry."
And I blushed and said, "Thank you, but no." I was shy.

But now when the wind shakes the Vestal Street door,
And the smell of the swamp pink blows in from the moor,
When the curfew rings out its monotonous chime,
I put out the bottle, and upstairs I climb
(As I've climbed forty years for the matter of that)—
I wish I had let him bring home my rose hat.

THE FOG IS ROLLING OVER

THE fog is rolling over
Where we picked the broom and bay.
I must find another lover.

Drenched and drooping is the clover
Where on sunny slopes we lay.
The fog is rolling over.

Oh, I knew you were a rover.
But you stay so long away!
I must find another lover.

Where is now the upland plover
We stalked when lips were gay?
The fog is rolling over.

The rabbits run to cover—
How your dancing eyes were gray!
I must find another lover.

Oh the marsh hawks dip and hover
Where your darling ghost's astray!
The fog is rolling over,
I must find another lover.

ENCOUNTER

SUPPOSE, that day when you came toward me leaping
Over the junipers and grassy waves,
Startled, like a deer suddenly waked from a long sleeping
Scenting, scenting in sunny reach what he most craves:

Suppose, when my full muslin skirt was lifted
By the salt wind all billowing and bright—
A pink balloon in the breeze, suppose I had suddenly drifted
Over the cliff's edge out of sound and sight:

Then had we never known this hushed To-morrow,
This windless waiting one each side a door;
Your brown hand had not beat upon this barrier, hollow,
I had not spattered tears upon this floor.

UNDER THE ROSE

CURFEW is tolling
In the high tower;
Lads come a-singing
Starshine or shower.

Lovers come leaning
Up from the mail;
Click goes the latch gate,
Fog on the rail.

Lights out in parlors,
Lights on above,
Darkness subsiding
To silence or love.

Everyone sleeping—
Who then are these
Laughing and leaning
Under the trees?

Waving at windows,
Kissing at doors,
Listening to wave-beats
Out on the shores?

These in the daytime
Lie under the rose—
Would I were laughing
With these and not those.

PARADISE: AMERICAN PLAN

BY LLOYD MORRIS

THE little lady in the adjoining rocking-chair was fanning herself vigorously. It was hot on the hotel porch, undeniably hot, almost as hot as in the steaming city that I had fled only a few hours ago. Almost as hot as in the south of France, where I had been during previous summers. But the little lady conceded to the weather only the steady motion of a palm-leaf fan. The heat had not diminished the stream of her conversation.

"Well, it's been a real pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Drabble," she was saying to the occupant of an adjacent chair. "I always tell Charles (that's my husband; he comes up for two weeks in August), I always tell Charles that I wouldn't *dream* of spending the summer anywhere else. One always meets such nice people here. (Your friends the Smiths of Newark were here last summer, and that's how I met *them!*) Well, I've been coming for nineteen years. Or is it twenty? Yes, it *is* twenty. I remember, because that first summer Clarice (that's my daughter; she's traveling in Europe with a friend), well, Clarice had the whooping cough, and the management was perfectly lovely to me. They sent all the child's meals to the room, and never charged me a penny for extra service; fancy that!" She paused for breath, and her companion ventured a polite remark.

"Yes, wasn't it nice?" she continued. "Of course, after that I had to come back. Claude says (Claude's my son; they only give him two weeks' vacation from his job, and he is going to Canada), Claude says that I've let the place become a habit. And he says that the place has changed. But it hasn't, Mrs. Drabble. Of course, there are not as many young people here as there used to be. The young folks say that there's nothing to do, and they want to be doing something every minute. You'd think that they'd enjoy resting quietly, and taking walks, and maybe playing tennis or golf. Not a bit of it! Why, I couldn't persuade Clarice to come up with me this summer! 'Mother,' she told me (I can hear her saying it!), 'Mother, you've taken me up there for nineteen years. Never again! Europe for mine, and a little life. I'm not ready for the graveyard yet!' That's what she told me, Mrs. Drabble. Anyone would think that I'd punished her, bringing her here every summer! So I said to her, 'Clarice, go to Europe if you want to. And I only hope you'll meet as pleasant people as you would at the hotel, and have as wholesome food, and as good a time.' That's what I told her. As for Claude . . . Oh, *must* you go, Mrs. Drabble? Half-past two! You don't say so! How the time flies! Yes, I always rest after luncheon. I stay upstairs until six o'clock. There are always things to do in one's room, as I tell the children. Now to-night, Mrs. Drabble, I'll introduce you to the other ladies. Of course you play bridge and mah-jong? It will be a pleasure to make you feel at home, I assure you. Oh, the name? How stupid of me! Brooks is the name; Mrs. Charles Brooks. Let me see if I can find my card."

Such was my introduction to Paradise.

Paradise was a summer hotel, one of the interchangeable summer hotels that dot the American continent from the gulf to Maine, from Maine to California. Fashion has deserted them, if fashion ever came. On pleasant afternoons, immediately after luncheon, their porches are filled by amiable ladies in rocking-chairs, parked there by husbands who toil in nearby cities, abandoned by restless sons and daughters. Husbands join them for a fortnight's holiday, and for occasional week-ends. The hotels offer board and lodging "American plan," porches equipped with rows of rocking-chairs, and small orchestras that provide a doleful accompaniment to conversation during the evening. Bathing and boating, perhaps; tennis and golf, almost certainly: few people pursue these diversions with any assiduity. Possibly a "view," dispiritedly striving to resemble the gaudy picture-postcard reproduction available in the writing room. But year after year the guests come. From June until September it is possible to purchase felicity at a fixed price per day, everything included —felicity compounded of undesired leisure and indiscriminate activity; of food, prolonged naps, invariable conversation, bridge, mah-jong, correspondence, desultory reading, and infrequent exercise. Apparently these, for a significant proportion of the American nation, constitute the indispensable elements of a holiday. The summer hotel is their Paradise.

II

It was Mr. Carmino who formally inducted me into the society of Paradise. He was a distracted, fluttering little man who taught dancing during the winter but in summer was employed as "social director" of the hotel. When I came out on the porch, on the morning following my arrival, he detached himself from a group of ladies and joined me. "My name is Carmino," he remarked. "I'm very happy to meet you, Mr. . . ." I supplied the name, and a cigarette. "Are you staying long? Ah, that's fine. Come here to work, you say? What's your line, sir? A writer? How interesting, how *very* interesting. Well, I hope that you'll give me your assistance when we have our charades for the benefit of the village church, and that you'll enter the bridge and golf tournaments. . . . And now, let me introduce you to some of the other guests."

The report of my profession, passed along by Mr. Carmino, was responsible, I am sure, for the mild interest manifested by certain ladies and the frank curiosity of at least one gentleman. After luncheon, Mrs. Brooks stopped me in the corridor. "Mr. Carmino tells me that you are a writer," she said, sweetly. "I don't read many modern books myself. I don't understand what most of them are about. They are *so* immoral." The tone of her voice implied that she held me personally accountable for the accumulated indecencies of modern literature. "What do you write?" she inquired. The truth of fiction, I hastily reflected, is often the lie of life. "I'm writing a pamphlet," I replied, "on the skeletal structure of certain varieties of tadpole." "Oh, a scientist," she exclaimed, with a trace of disappointment. "I thought that maybe you wrote books. That was why I wanted to meet you." Were authors such queer fish, I wondered, and was startled by her next remark. "Do you carry the fish with you?" "The fish?" "The tadpoles, I mean," she explained. "Oh, no," I replied. "I have them sent up from the city. On ice, madame."

Later that day another lady addressed me. "They tell me," she said, "that you are a scientist. My nephew is studying science at Yale. Perhaps you've met him? His name is Sprathers." I expressed appropriate regret for my ignorance of Mr. Sprathers. "Your subject is tadpoles, I believe?" "You were misinformed, I'm afraid," I replied. "I'm writing a monograph on Greek art." "Oh," she said, regretfully, "when they told me you were writing

about tadpoles, I fancied that you might be writing a sweet, inspiring book like *Bambi*."

That evening, while the orchestra plowed its doleful way through a medley of Victor Herbert songs, a stout lady seated herself beside me. "You can help me, I'm sure," she announced without preamble. "I'm a member of the Brooklyn Ladies' Reading Circle. This coming winter I'm to read a paper on Greek architecture. Now, I'm sure that you are just the person to help me write it." As politely as possible I disclaimed the requisite knowledge. "You see," I concluded, "I'm engaged in writing a biography of Martin Luther." But this lie proved to be the least efficacious of the lot. For on the following day, in the elevator, a determined, resolute old lady spoke to me. "They tell me," she boomed, "that you're a biographer. Now, I've had a great many interesting experiences. I've known many famous people in my time: generals, governors, and a President or two. And my great-niece, who is a librarian in Utica, tells me that I ought to write my memoirs. She says that lots of people are reading memoirs. Isadora Duncan's, for instance; and Annabelle thinks that mine ought to be as interesting. Of course I don't know anything about writing books, but it occurred to me, in view of Annabelle's advice, that you might be willing to collaborate with me. What do you think? Please speak loud, young man, for I'm very deaf!"

The interest of the ladies may be considered exclusively intellectual. But Mr. Tobin's frank curiosity had its source in a vigorous national prejudice in favor of uniformity, a prejudice that partly explains the existence and popularity of our summer hotels. The permanently resident male population of the hotel, except for the social director and myself, consisted of Mr. Tobin and Mr. Squeers. Husbands came and went, other men arrived and departed; we four remained. Mr. Tobin was an elderly gentleman who, so he informed me during our first conversation, had retired from the grain business to enjoy the delights of leisure. These appeared to take the form of the society of whatever lady he could induce to accept his ultimately embarrassing attentions. He preferred them young but, when nothing more comely offered, was not averse to a plump middle age. But what was remarkable was the speed with which the ladies dropped him. Every new feminine arrival became the recipient of his courtesies only, after a very few days, to avoid them pointedly. Perhaps this was why he complained to me of his fate. "There's no room in this country for a retired man," he observed. "Look at me! Nothing to do but enjoy myself, and I'm bored to death. Nobody to talk to here but the women. Nothing to do with your time. Why do I come? Well, you see, I always came here with my wife. I've come every summer for fifteen years. I wouldn't know where else to go. And, anyway, another hotel would be just like this." Then, very confidentially, he remarked, "I've been curious about you. I've never met any of you writing fellers. How do you manage to earn enough by writing to live these days? You fellers certainly have an easy time of it: come and go as you please and work when you like. In my day, young feller, we had to *work* for a living. That's why I was able to retire when I did." And thus I became aware that my profession, if not actually disreputable in Mr. Tobin's estimation, was at least suspiciously irregular. How had I escaped the routine of industrial America, which demands that every man shall work in an office? Could one escape this superbly efficient routine, and not be the worse for having done so? Clearly, Mr. Tobin thought not. He believed in uniformity.

III

Everyone believed in it. Uniformity was, in fact, the foundation of

their holiday life. Everyone, myself excepted, did the same thing at the same time with astonishing persistence and every evidence of enjoyment. In the morning, for an hour after breakfast and another hour before luncheon, the rocking-chairs on the porch creaked stridently, and chatter flowed from them. The hours between ten and noon were sacred to exercise; the golf links suffered, and the pine woods echoed with unflagging voices. After luncheon the porch was populous for half an hour. At two-thirty the population vanished to its rooms, not to reappear until six. Dinner at seven. The orchestra from eight-thirty until ten; cards or mah-jong as alternatives. At ten a bellboy made the circuit of the lounge, extinguishing lights. The guests yawned, arose, and retired to bed. Visiting husbands and other male guests of the hotel varied this routine by longer periods on the golf links. The nineteenth hole was especially popular and seldom neglected.

The cult of uniformity explained the presence of Mr. Carmino. In any other country his presence would have been superfluous, and his activities would have been resented as an infringement of privacy. Elsewhere, you go forth on holidays to amuse yourself in ways of your own devising with companions of your own choice. The European conception of a holiday is to do what one chooses; a conception that predicates the possession of some definite desire. In America it appears to be a point of honor to have no desires, and as few preferences as possible. Mr. Carmino's responsibilities were to make certain that everyone in the hotel was acquainted with everyone else, and to organize a sufficient number of diversions to keep everyone busy all of the time. He arranged tournaments of golf, tennis, bridge, and mah-jong. He inaugurated a series of Saturday evening motion-picture shows in the barnlike dining room. He persuaded a group of the guests to act in charades for the amusement of their fellows and the financial profit of the village church. He devised a series of pilgrimages by motor bus to various nearby historic shrines. On these occasions he appeared even more flurried than usual; perhaps his knowledge of history was not as accurate as his knowledge of the tango. Like a distracted fowl, he herded his charges into two large, uncomfortable vehicles, and they would be off for a day's drive over dusty roads, bound for a village where a Revolutionary skirmish had occurred and General Washington had decorously slept in a bed. It gave them a sense of pleasurable activity. Besides, did not the hotel defray the expenses of the excursion, including luncheon?

An unmistakable restlessness prevailed among the guests of the hotel whenever Mr. Carmino had neglected to provide some general enterprise of amusement. They didn't wish to choose their own diversions. They wanted their amusements served to them with the monotonous regularity of their meals, and in a similar fashion: a limited number of alternatives automatically provided, and the total cost covered by a fixed price per day. And a majority of them wanted their companions chosen for them as well. No other assumption explains the tactful officiousness with which the social director bullied us into becoming acquainted with one another. It was impossible to escape his persistence except by deliberate rudeness. If you protested your disinclination to meet the newly arrived Wilkenses of Seattle or Perkinses of Ashtabula (such pleasant, folksy people!), Mr. Carmino expressed injured surprise. "Why, really," he would exclaim, "we are like a great, big family here. And we must positively know one another, we really must. These newcomers are so delightful. I feel sure that you will want to help me make them feel at home!" And meekly you would submit to the introduction, for a continued refusal would stamp you as being peculiar, or barbarian and unaccustomed to the usages of a one-hundred-percent-perfect

civilization that accounts individuality reprehensible. Dread of leisure and fear of loneliness: Mr. Carmino ministered to these fundamental traits of American psychology.

The prevailing faith in uniformity asserted itself vigorously whenever seriously challenged. Its weapon was ostracism which, if exercised upon the gregarious American temperament, inflicts a swift and terrible punishment. One evening a long, rakish car swung up to the entrance, and a party of four dismounted. Two women crossed the porch and entered the lobby. Two men followed them. There was a trace of furtive uneasiness in their air of assurance as they passed under the appraising eyes of the assembled guests. The four disappeared to their suite. They entered the dining room somewhat late. The two women were strikingly handsome. Against the sober, respectable background of the hotel dining room, they stood out with the obtrusiveness of orchids in a vegetable patch. And, as was inevitable, the vegetables resented their presence. An audible whisper of disapproval circulated among the guests as they were shown to their table. Plainly, that whisper intimated, these four people were here for no good purpose. And resentful wives, after one quick look at the women, commanded their husbands to keep their eyes fixed on the legal partners of their joys. After dinner the four newcomers sat over their cigarettes in the lounge while the orchestra ground out an antiquated fox-trot. Then they disappeared. "Fancy such people coming here!" remarked Mrs. Brooks indignantly as they departed. "Really, if people like *that* remain here, the place won't be fit for respectable folk." After ten o'clock, when the lights had been extinguished and the other guests had retired, an explosion of ribald jollity shattered the habitual silence of the hotel. It continued, crescendo. They were having a good time, those four, with their bootleg liquor; they didn't care who knew it. Windows rattled throughout the hotel as angry guests arose to investigate. Suddenly the clamor subsided; no doubt someone had complained to the office, and a warning had been issued to the newcomers. But apparently the clamor was less culpable than the subsequent silence. For, early the following morning two smartly gowned, scornful women were seated in the rakish car, and two sheepish men were paying their bill The management had politely but firmly requested their departure. "Hell, what have we done, anyway?" one man asked the other. "Why, we only made a little whoopee, Aleck! We only made a little whoopee, that's all!" Later in the day one of the visiting husbands discussed the episode with me. "It must have been pretty embarrassing for those two men," he said. "But they deserved it. They ought to have known that they couldn't get away with a gay week-end up here. This is a respectable hotel." Then he added irrelevantly, "But say, the women were sure good-lookers. I'd have changed places with either of those guys, this morning. I'll bet they're having a better holiday than I am."

On one occasion at least the punishment of ostracism contained a boomerang. There arrived at the hotel a short, grotesquely plump, middle-aged woman. Her hair was more golden than any within nature's gift; her lips were more crimson than art should have made them; her plump cheeks flamed with a perpetual blush. She arrived at the hotel alone. Her wardrobe was extensive and bizarre. She was pleased by her own appearance. And she was eager to please; obviously sociable, she would have been gratified by the solemn courtesies of the social director. But ostracism was immediate, umistakable, and universal. Her company was never requested by anyone. She was pointedly omitted from whatever communal activities were going forward. She made only one attempt to break down the barrier. On this occasion she addressed one of the elderly ladies. "May

I trouble you for the time?" she asked timidly. The elderly lady stared fixedly at a diamond wrist-watch. "I'm sorry," she replied, coldly, "but I seem to have left my watch upstairs."

After this the little lady accepted her isolation. But on two successive week-ends the hotel rang with gossip, for she had had visitors. The first week-end brought a very young and very handsome man. He was devotedly attentive to his hostess, though young enough to be her son. The second week-end brought another, equally young, equally handsome, and equally devoted. Mrs. Brooks, expressing the general attitude of the guests, said, "I call it disgusting, at her age! They're not her sons. No sons would be as attentive as they are. Besides, I looked up their names, and neither of them is named Parsons." On the third week-end of the lady's stay, the two young men appeared together. The three were departing on Sunday evening. Just before their departure the little lady, accompanied by her two young men, crossed the porch and addressed the elderly lady who had refused to tell her the time. "I want to present my two sons to you," she said, gently. "They resemble each other very much for step-brothers, don't they? They want to thank you for your kindness to me. And, if you are ever in New York when I happen to be singing at the Metropolitan Opera, I should be very happy to send you tickets for a performance. My stage name is . . ." and she mentioned the name of a famous, highly respected contralto.

The guests of the hotel approved of romance, however. The ladies, especially, were apt to be sentimental about Mr. Squeers and Miss Ruggles. Mr. Squeers was a melancholy-looking individual in the forties, with a drooping mustache and a complexion that hinted of dyspepsia. He had come to the hotel for a long rest, and his invalidism evoked the ready sympathy of the ladies. Miss Ruggles was a lean and none too comely maiden of approximately his own age. Every night, while the orchestra played in the lounge, these two sat in opposite corners of a sofa, carrying on a conversation across a wide expanse of vacant upholstery. One night, chancing to sit behind them, I became a party to their confidences. "The meals," Mr. Squeers remarked pensively, "are not as good as they used to be. They always cook my eggs too long, though I always tell the waitress to have them boiled precisely three minutes. A three-minute egg is best, don't you agree?" And Miss Ruggles said, "Yes. Oh, yes, indeed." Night after night they sat there until at ten o'clock the orchestra ceased playing. Then Miss Ruggles arose, bade Mr. Squeers good-night, and went to her room. Shortly afterward the lights were extinguished. But Mr. Squeers, in the melancholy radiance of a single lamp, remained on the sofa, presumably meditating the iniquities of the kitchen and the inadequacies of his digestion. Romance? Well, perhaps.

IV

Day after day, throughout a long summer, the guests of the hotel were content to pursue a prearranged routine which they had not determined for themselves. The unusual and the spontaneous had no place in their program, and probably would have been most unwelcome. This, if one reflected upon it, seemed strange. For a holiday ought to be an opportunity to cut loose from all routine and follow one's spontaneous impulses in choice of recreation. But this is precisely what the guests of the hotel never did. Whether they were lacking in spontaneous impulses, or whether, possessing them, they preferred to suppress them, it would be difficult to say. One thing, however, was certain: their holiday life made no provision for gaiety. In Europe there exists a legend that the Americans are an impulsive, gay, and carefree people. I used to wonder what my European

friends would have thought of a typical American holiday. Often during the summer I found myself contrasting the equable sobriety of the hotel with the gaiety of those little summer resorts in Normandy and Brittany to which the French middle-class repairs for its holidays. Life in those towns is far more simple than it was at the hotel, and the possibilities of diversion are fewer; but the people enjoy themselves more.

One evening toward the end of the summer a visiting husband offered me an invitation. "Brown, Jackson, and I are going out on a spree to-night," he said. "I'd like you to join us. We'll meet on the porch at ten." At ten o'clock that evening, when the guests of the hotel were about to retire, we four met like conspirators in the darkness of the porch. We bestowed ourselves in the host's motor car, and we drove for nearly an hour through the black countryside. Finally we dismounted at the local speak-easy. We were shown into a room equipped with chairs, a table, cards, chips, and a reasonable supply of illegal potations. Solemnly we seated ourselves. "Do you know the one about the man with the harelip?" asked Jackson. . . . A little while later the serious business of the spree began. Poker. We drove back to the hotel through a chilly dawn. We didn't sing convivial songs; we sat in dignified silence. As we separated at the entrance to the hotel, Brown spoke. "I tell you," he remarked seriously, "that this is the life! What a feller needs is an occasional night off. Gosh, I haven't enjoyed myself as much in a long time. But the Missis isn't going to feel that way about it. . . ." The Missis didn't. Later in the day, when I inquired for Mr. Brown, she said with great severity, "I'm surprised at you! Mr. Brown was very silly, and I'm annoyed with him. He works very hard all year, and he ought to take advantage of his holiday to get a rest." The evening, needless to say, was never repeated.

The day of my departure finally came. The last person to whom I said farewell was Mrs. Brooks. "Do you know," she said, smilingly, "that when you first arrived, I didn't think you were going to become one of us? Clarice has always told me that writers are so temperamental and unsociable. But you've been a pleasant surprise. We're like a great, big family here, you see, and we don't like outsiders. No, I won't say good-by. Surely we'll meet here again next summer, now that you're really one of us. So I'll merely say au revoir."

The colored bellboy who stowed my luggage into the train turned a flashing grin on me. "Come back next June," he said. "June is the really good month. It's much quieter then, and the crowd isn't nearly as flashy as these summer visitors!" The whistle blew. The train crawled away from the station. Paradise sank behind me. Paradise? Well, perhaps. . . .

The Lion's Mouth

1929 RULES FOR GARDEN HOSING

BY LAURENCE McKINNEY

A GARDEN hose in its original state may be defined as a small body of water completely surrounded by rubber. The game consists in trying to keep most of the water inside the rubber and, if it does get out, of guessing where it is going to go. To start properly all you need is the hose and the small body of water. Clothes do not matter, in fact, the less there are of them the less they matter.

Go to the nearest hose store and buy a length of hose. Always be sure that the hose is considerably shorter than the garden. This saves a lot of reeling around and it gives one practice in high-angle fire on the bunch of hollyhocks which are just out of range against the farthest fence.

If you get the right kind of hose it will have a muzzle, or nozzle, on one end, and a funny doohickey on the other that turns around and around. Be careful to specify garden hose and do not pick up what is known as gas tubing. This latter is used only for suicides, and you will not need it immediately.

Instead of selling you a diver's costume for protection, the hose salesfellow will now try to interest you in a hose-reel. This is a sort of hose baby carriage which protects it when resting and allows you to get it back in its stall without dragging most of the garden and the garden bench with you.

Having got the hose and the hose-reel, you now have the choice of tooling it home through traffic or having it sent. That is for you to decide.

In your imagination you picture the happy husband and garden-lover hosing his garden. A smiling wife stands beside him while about him play the innocent children. It is just as well to keep this picture in your mind as you hose. Anywhere else it would get awfully wet.

We will assume that in the course of time the hose and reel arrive and are put into the garage with the window screens. In time you decide to hose the garden. First find a hose-bib. This is not what you think it is or what it ought to be, but is merely a name for a spigot to fasten the incoming end of the hose to. In the modern house it is out under the living-room window in the center of a nettle patch. In the older houses it is at the kitchen sink, and the hose has to be threaded through the kitchen, the furnace room, the pantry, and the laundry. This usually leaves just enough on the outside of the house to allow you, with your back against the wall, to shoot from the hip.

Take the doohickey on the *eingang* end of the hose and try to fasten it to the faucet (hose-bib). After some reluctance it will set its front teeth in it and hold on. Turn on the water full force. The hose will let go with a guzzling sound, and the water will run into your shoes. Turn off the water and try again. Be patient. In time the mandibles will grip and hold the hose. As soon as this happens turn on the water again. If the hose is working, the water will gush out the nozzle and through the open dining-room window. Grab the hose by the neck just behind the ears and

twist the muzzle. It will desist after a struggle in which your collar is soaked.

You are now prepared to assume the easy and artless position of garden hoser which you have looked forward to. Take a natural position—one hand in your trousers pocket, light your pipe, hold the hose danglingly in one hand, and turn the nozzle. Immediately a stream of water will burst forth and wash the hat off a fond neighbor, who is passing at that moment on the other side of the fence. Disappear behind the nearest shrub and turn the nozzle the other way. You will now find yourself in the center of a small amateur shower bath. Show yourself to be the master and ride your hose until it calms down. Remember a hose always knows who is driving it and never forgets an unkindness.

In time you will be able to do all sorts of fanciful things with the little plaything. By waving the muzzle back and forth rapidly you can make the most intriguing watery snakes that eventually will wash away all the nasturtiums. By pointing the hose directly into the air, you can imitate a summer rain storm beautifully until your wife, who is behind the grape arbor (and directly in the line of fire), tells you to stop or she will take it away from you. Then again you can aim at certain plants and see how near you can hit them either by direct fire straight ahead or by surprising them by a sort of howitzer attack over the spirea bushes.

From time to time the water will stop running for no apparent reason. After long investigation it has been found that this *fading*, so-called, is due to any or all of the following reasons:

(1) The city reservoir has run dry.

(2) You have not paid your water taxes, and the city has tried to take it out on your garden in a mean way.

(3) Some unnecessarily cleanly person has decided to take a bath.

(4) Some dirty crook has turned off the tap (hose-bib).

(5) The doohickey has lost its bulldog grip and has fainted in the performance of its duty.

(6) You have a puncture, blowout, or arterial hemorrhage somewhere in the hose itself.

(7) The hose in a fit of insanity has wound itself around the pedestal of the bird bath and its windpipe is shut off.

(8) You are standing on it.

This leads one to the opposite emergency: when you want to shut off the hose. The natural way is to twist the trachea of the hose nozzle until it stops. Which direction this is is not generally known in advance. From my own experience I have noted the following sequence of spasms from twisting the nozzle: *long needle jet, wide fuzzy spray*, which gets less and less until it becomes *long drippy spout* and then a *wide-angle rain storm*. After this the muzzle comes off in your hand and the water runs out quite naturally and up your coat sleeves, if you have been foolish enough to wear a coat.

Another method is to spring on the hose suddenly when it is facing the other way and twist it into a loop. To do this one must let go its neck and, as soon as the hose knows about it, it will turn on you suddenly and vent its spleen down your shirt, if you have been silly enough to have one on.

After you have sprayed, sprinkled, and inundated a portion of the garden and are standing up to the differential in water the wanderlust moves you to parts yet unwashed. When you have progressed ten feet a slight tugging will cause you to turn about and discover that the hose has cut a circular swath through the delphinium and snapdragons, tipped over the watering can and some potted plants, and is now about to overturn the gazing ball. Also the penstock (hose-bib) has been bent into a strangely inquiring expression.

All good fun must come to an end and after a while you decide that you are wet enough and it is time to stop. Go to the water-cock (hose-bib) and turn off the stream. You are now ready to reel up your hose on your hose-reel.

On looking over this piece of auto-

motive equipment you will find a sort of device to catch the doohickey at the inhaling end of the hose. It is now a simple matter to wind up the creature on the spool. You will find at this point that the hose has become completely waterlogged and has absorbed twice its own capacity of water. It squirts this out in a reluctant way as it worms toward you along the ground, keeping the last two quarts to empty into the cuffs of your trousers if you are insane enough to be still wearing them. After this final outburst the hose will remain quite quiet, and you may gently roll it back to its parking space in the garage. You have done your bit; you have hosed the garden, and you enter into the warmth of your home, a good deed well done. Half an hour later a thunder storm breaks overhead and it rains continuously for five hours.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF TRIPE

BY PHILIP CURTISS

IN A country railway station, not long ago, I had a most interesting lesson in etymology. Sitting on the long bench beside me were two young men obviously both employees of the road. From their conversation I gathered that some new and enthusiastic official had just made a trip up and down the line, speaking to the employees on a plan for mutual benefit, co-operation, or something of that sort; and one of the young men, who was evidently soured on all such altruistic ideas, dismissed the whole speech as "a bunch of tripe." The other had apparently been more impressed and, after making several mild remonstrances to his companion's point of view, he concluded, "Oh, of course there was a certain amount of bologny in what he said, but you couldn't call it tripe."

Tripe and bologny—there you had, it would seem, two words of similar origin and similar application, but in the nice lexicography of slang they had quite different meanings. When the first young man called a speech "tripe" he meant one of two things, equally derogatory. He meant either that the speaker was a flatheaded idiot who put out the most empty ideas as earnest beliefs or, as in this case, that he was a charlatan or a hypocrite who did not believe the ideas himself but, nevertheless, delivered them sonorously with the direct intent of deceiving his public. On the other hand, when the second young man used the word "bologny" he was paying a compliment, rather than otherwise. He meant that, while some of the phrases might not be literally true, yet they were merely in the nature of soft soap or practical politics, and that if the young man and the speaker could have caught each other's eye, a quiet wink would have passed between them while less mature, less sophisticated persons gaped and applauded. When, within twelve hours, I heard both these words used again, one in a Broadway theater and the other in one of the most august editorial offices in New York, I could only conclude that the English language was at it again.

It is not, however, with "bologny," either as a substance or as a metaphor, that I have from now on any particular concern. Apparently it is already making its own way as a rather nice, impudent, little vagabond word; but what has tripe done, either now or in the past, to make it the most contemptuous, unsympathetic term in American rhetoric? What, in short, is it that causes so many words, unrelated in themselves, to leap out and take hold as withering epithets of scorn and abuse or as glittering symbols of affection and respect? Why "spinach," "prune," "lemon," and "applesauce" and why, on the other hand, "corker" and "brick"? Why "He's the berries" as a term of esteem and "Give him the raspberry" as a term of

contempt? Why, for that matter, both "good" and "bad" "egg"?

The most cursory study of the nature of slang must very shortly reveal two basic facts—first, that the apparent origin of a slang term is very seldom its real one and, second, that the pith of a slang word arises not, as a rule, from anything in its own nature but from some aspect that it holds for a certain group of persons at a certain time.

Thus, in the case of our friend tripe, it would be very easy to say, at first glance, that the sense of scorn involved in the word is obvious from its physical origin. That this is not true is proven to some degree by the fact that amazingly few persons seem to know from what source genuine tripe really does come. A much stronger proof, however, is contained in the fact that many other foodstuffs with much more ghastly origins do not in the least share its ignominy. Nobody snickers at seeing liver and bacon on a breakfast menu, and when we read the expression "a man of my kidney" it has, if anything, a fine, classic ring.

Nor does the theory that some words are in themselves inherently comic or grotesque bear much more examination. With only superficial truth has it been pointed out that certain products of the animal and vegetable kingdoms have only to be mentioned on the stage to bring forth a scream—although many a vaudeville actor seems to have started business on little more than this belief. For example, a goat is always supposed to be very funny, but no one thinks of laughing at a sheep. Cheese, at any time, is good for a riot, but the mention of butter would leave the house cold. And, to step for a moment outside these limits, the name Hoboken will set the galleries to rocking while Stamford and Larchmont remain simply towns.

This last example, I think, will suggest the real truth about the others—that the comic effect in certain words does not at all lie in them inherently but only by association and in some particular part of the world. A native New Yorker would indeed laugh on seeing the name Hoboken in Holland but only because he was thinking of Hoboken at home. In like manner, but by a reverse train of thought, when an audience laughs at the word "cheese" it is not at all visualizing the hard, native American cheese that it knows and loves with apple pie. It is thinking obviously of the runny, mildewed, odorous cheeses that are associated in its mind with German comedians and gawking immigrants; for it is the first instinct of the primitive mind to laugh at anything foreign or anything that it does not understand. Although a goat may be comic in America where it has never played any real part in the domestic scheme, yet I doubt very much whether an Arab, for example, would see anything funny in a goat. On the other hand, I can easily imagine that a champion Scotch terrier or English bulldog would set the same Arab to rolling on the ground. If any foodstuff, purely by itself, had the power of diffusing the comic spirit, there would certainly be nothing more laughable than a custard pie; yet, although we have laughed for generations at pies in the hands of comedians, no one ever thinks of laughing at a custard pie standing alone on a shelf. At that sight another and mightier instinct takes possession of the whole man.

That all such humor as this is purely provincial is, I think, superbly illustrated by the following story. At the time of Carpentier's first championship fight, with Bombadier Wells, a large crowd of French toughs who had probably never before been outside the walls of Paris went over to England for the big event. Between Folkstone and London a special train filled with these enthusiasts was delayed at a way station, so long, in fact, that there began to be doubt of their arriving in time for the fight. Considering how an American sporting crowd would have acted in such circumstances, it can be easily imagined what happened among the Frenchmen; and as they raved and swore a number of by-

standers began to laugh at them. After trying in vain to retaliate, one Frenchman suddenly stuck his head out of the window and shouted what he thought to be the last, supreme insult to the whole British nation, "Ros-bif-plum-pudding!" In reversed circumstances an American or British crowd would, of course, have yelled "Wienerwurst" or "Frog's legs."

Although the dictionaries are sometimes able to give amazing light on the origin of slang phrases, yet no dictionary that I have discovered has had anything to say about "tripe" as a weapon of criticism. If it had, it would probably, in its heavy, lexicographic way, point out with truth that in Elizabethan times the term tripe included not only the present harmless cuts served in French restaurants but most of the other parts known as "innards" and . . . "hence (Colloq. and vulg.) anything offensive or repugnant. 'By my tripes, I will show him!', Shak. *Taming of the Shrew*."

This explanation would be just about far-fetched enough to be highly plausible for, as I have suggested, a basic truth about slang is that the current or obvious explanation of a term is seldom the real one. I am inclined to believe, however, that the present use of "tripe" grew up gradually in much the same way as the use of its sister word "bologny"—by association of ideas. Tripe was for years associated in the popular American mind with the same class of society that would like sauerkraut; it always had a slightly garlic ring. It was a foreign food, it was a cheap food and, as an informal historian of the period has pointed out to me, it was served free in barrooms. It was certainly not euphonious in name and in the raw, at least, it had a flabby, uninviting look—like a piece of octopus.

Even to-day, I feel certain, many Americans do not like tripe and many more do not know whether they like it or not, having never had the enterprise to try. On the other hand, the partisans of tripe are apt to be rather offensive in their enthusiasm, just as persons of a similar type are always shouting their love for corned beef and cabbage. There may be a good deal of enlightenment in a comic strip, which I saw recently, in which a socially ambitious woman went to dinner at a smart restaurant where her wealthy but vulgar husband covered her with shame by insisting on ordering tripe and onions. The point of the cartoon was that she herself ordered some very elaborate French dish which, when it was served, proved to be nothing but the same thing.

This may seem to be a long way from our original railway station and from the august editor who, I am sorry to say, was speaking of the work of a very high-minded person when he used the word "tripe." As a matter of fact, it *is* a long way even etymologically; for a third basic truth in the science of argot is that even slang words are seldom static and when they have made their first change from fact to metaphor they are only beginning their tortuous histories. Thus, even if we had succeeded in discovering how butcher's tripe became colloquial tripe, we should still be some distance from discovering just how it gained its present significance.

One reason for this confused state of affairs is that most slang words are very much older than their users imagine. Some of them have a fairly direct history clear back to the Anglo Saxon while others, like croquet and roller skating, seem to go out and come back about once every thirty years. They seldom, however, come back with exactly the same shade of meaning and even during each heyday they may run off into the craziest channels. Sometimes, indeed, an old or trite word will be resurrected as a burlesque on itself. If "bunk" is a descendant of "buncombe" it is over a hundred years old and during its lifetime has had four different forms and at least five different significations, one of them directly contrary to all the others. It might, again, surprise the post-war novelists to learn that the word "necking"

was in common use during my own college days, over twenty years ago, the difference being that mention of it was then confined to the male campus and that it carried a slightly deeper implication that made more clear its origin. Sometimes a slang word will split like a river and form two others, while in the case of "cheese" two different words have flowed together to form one. The expression "That's the cheese!" or "He's the whole cheese" was originally Anglo-Indian slang derived from a Hindustani and, before that, from a Persian word "chiz," meaning "the thing" and was sufficiently current in London to attract the attention of writers generations ago. Nevertheless, when a vaudeville comedian says, "You big piece of cheese" we can be certain that it is limburger that he has in mind.

Least of all must anyone suppose that "tripe" and "bologny" are by any means new. In the 'nineties, although their meaning was still nebulous, any audience would have recognized and laughed at them, and the only real mystery at present is why such old and unimaginative words have been taken up again and dusted off. Possibly it is only one more illustration of the "mucker pose," of the fascination that, after years of preciosity, the smart and the learned find in anything that is coarse and low.

In this fact, at the same time, our little friend "tripe" may find its own rosy future, for it is one of the commonest phenomena of slang that a word meaning originally everything that is outrageous may come in time to mean everything that is fine. If an august editor in the year 1840 had made the comment, "This is the greatest stuff that I have ever read in my life," it would have been a signal for the author to go out and shoot himself, but if in the year 1929 an editor should make exactly the same comment it would mean a dinner with wine. Thus, hoping only that the language has made a similar change since I started, I will bring to an end this—big bunch of tripe.

Editor's Easy Chair

CURRENT MALADIES

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE seems to be an increasing interest in the state of the country and especially in the question which of our maladies we are going to die of first. We have the maladies in ample supply: the foreign debts, the possibilities of naval competition, bootleggers, the Methodist Board of Morals, chain stores, the tariff, the Federal Reserve Banks, the aleatory excesses in Wall Street. Well, if we die, we die. It does not make such a terrific difference how, though poison gas seems more disagreeable than most finishers. Cancer is disagreeable and sometimes more protracted than poison gas, though poison gas in some cases hangs on for years, contributing torment.

The catastrophe of the Cleveland hospital, being duly communicated by the newspapers, waked everybody up on the subject of poison gas. Something has been done about the care of X-ray films in hospitals, and that is very well; but the large subject of gas and war has not been handled yet. The only way to get at that is to promote peace on earth. We all know this. But Congress is in session and open to timely suggestions about the tariff. What are the suggestions that seem to have the most backing? Are they such as would make it easier for any foreign country to sell us anything? Not at all. The real pressure is all in the direction of giving American producers a monopoly in the home market. Tariff-makers have got to see a blaze of light yet before they will contribute to make the world safer for the United States.

Happily the resounding achievement of the agreement on reparations seems to have averted for the time being the danger of our dying of the foreign debts. Agreements have been reached as to what Germany shall pay, and all governments concerned, including ours, are likely to ratify them. The removal of Allied troops from German soil and the supervision of German finances by outsiders seems clearly in sight.

To the four Americans whose long labors have contributed to this most fortunate result the thanks of all the world are due. A particularly bright halo rests on the modest head of Mr. Owen Young, whose tireless patience and dexterity is felt to have contributed more than that of any other single person to the attainment, in spite of prodigious difficulties and complexities, of this happy issue.

President Hoover shows moderation about the attempt to exclude foreign-grown or foreign-made products from the American market. His mind seems to entertain the conception that trade is valuable and that trade insists upon the element of give and take. Also, he seems to be on the side of mercy to the American consumer. If our country is to prosper in this curious phase of life it is passing through, it will be necessary that its affairs be conducted by its best intelligence. The problem is to determine where the best intelligence

is located and to devise means by which it can operate through Congress. It is not necessary that Congress itself should be conspicuously intelligent, but it is important that it should back up somebody who is. Dean Wigmore, of the Northwestern University Law School, feels discouraged about Congress and especially about the Senate, which he suggests (in an article in the *Illinois Law Review*) is the fifth wheel in the federal government and useless except "to talk, investigate, censor, and intrigue. Year after year," he said, "the executive department recommends simple measures of legislation to remedy hardships and evil conditions. Year after year Congress does nothing." What this country needs, says Dean Wigmore, is a constitutional Mussolini.

Perhaps so. But in any emergency that seems fierce enough Congress can make a constitutional Mussolini of the President. Even of the Senate as it is some good can sometimes be said, as now, with the tariff bill impending, it is remarked that all legislative discussion of that bill seems to have been left for the Senate, since the House is so successfully organized for speed that the party in power, if it holds its voters, can put any measure through without much delay. What we must hope for now is that Congress will back up President Hoover in all good purposes and especially in international concerns; that it will help him aid reparations, and promote agreement, especially with Great Britain in naval matters and about the freedom of the seas. Poison gas tastes bad. We do not want to see this world get into a mess where it will drop extensively from the skies while we who are now residents on it are still alive. Avoidance of that possibility is a matter that lies mostly with Congress. It is to be wished that all the church people and all the synagogue people and everybody who cultivates relations with the Invisible World would speak earnestly to the good Lord about Congress, because Congress is really more vitally related to human welfare just now than even the Volstead Act or the Eighteenth Amendment.

BUT what really ails Congress? The main trouble with it seems to be constituents. Congressmen remain in Congress (if they want to) or find other employment, according as they satisfy their constituents or do not satisfy them. Constituents, as a rule, are not greatly interested in government or very wise about it; not well instructed in international affairs nor about finance nor the true functions of law. If they are in business, they are interested in that. If they think Congress can help them in their business they want it done. They want to make more money, have better roads, and be among the receivers when any distribution is made. In matters concerning religion or deportment they are usually desirous that laws should make everybody do right and believe right, and not very well informed as to the record of results of previous attempts to regulate such things by law.

In the newspaper the other day, it was told that a jury in Kentucky had found a child six years old guilty of manslaughter and that the judge had sentenced him to the State Reform School until he should be twenty-one. In Boston the Custom House had denied admission to Voltaire's *Candide*. Yet the Kentucky jury and the Custom House officers in Boston are constituents of Congressmen. The Congress, as a rule, knew better than to put over the present Prohibition laws, but they put Prohibition across to please their constituents.

Just as man is part soul and part body, so members of Congress are part Congressmen or Senators and part constituents. Unless the constituents are fed, the other part is liable to become detached. Of course a really able Congressman in a proper district, or a Senator of strong individuality, can lead his constituents and win their backing for the best thing he knows.

The hope of Congress, and considerably the hope of the country, is in such members. We should remember, however, that Congress is not the executive branch of the government. That branch is domiciled in the White House. It is the office of the President to point out to Congress what he thinks needs doing; and it is the office of Congress to take such action on the President's suggestions as it sees fit. In many details of foreign affairs the Senate has to agree before the President can do what he wants done. Mr. Coolidge made some suggestions about foreign matters, the World Court in particular, but was not able to persuade Congress to do much. With the Kellogg Peace Pact he had somewhat better luck. The impression grows that the present administration has more driving power and more definite views about various policies than the late one. It may be that Mr. Hoover is going to get some things done that ought to be done. When he nominated Mr. Cotton for Under-Secretary of State he encouraged everybody who knows the qualities of Mr. Cotton's mind and the nature of his services done in association with Mr. Hoover in the War. Mr. Hoover got acquainted with a good many firstrate people in the War, and they got acquainted with him and as a rule think very well of him. So perhaps he will presently gain sufficient influence and authority to win the backing of Congress for things he wants done.

CONGRESS is not our only peril. There is Big Business, which Mr. Paul Cravath finds to be "perhaps the most serious menace of our age in its social consequences upon American life." Everybody knows about Big Business, knows that it controls vast industries like steel and oil, and sees it reaching out into all the profitable retail trades and gobbling up the small merchants. This disturbs the minds of observers who were alive and taking notice in the nineteenth century. They see all sorts of local merchants affected by the spread of great organizations that open all kinds of shops everywhere, buy in enormous quantities, and under-sell local dealers in groceries, drugs, cigars, and tobacco, and pretty much everything else. The great mail-order concerns of Chicago, which are opening branches in small cities, doubtless sell everything which is not perishable and possibly some things which do perish. The five-and-ten-cent stores do a huge and profitable business in their lines. Somebody says it all means that everybody is going to be an employee, and that independent merchants doing business in a small way will soon be extinct. Even the book stores are touched by the prevailing infection and do not like it. The objections are plain enough; but after all it seems to mean an improvement in the distribution of commodities and a lessening of the enormous difference between the price received by the manufacturer or producer of commodities and the price paid by the consumer. Perhaps as the result of these changes, which we view with more or less alarm, the purchasing power of the dollar is going to be increased, though that depends very seriously on the tariff.

HENRY FORD has a real title to be considered our greatest humorist. He should be entered in a competition with Will Rogers and such other people as might be selected by—say the selection committee of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Henry has been talking again. He went to see the President. What he said to Mr. Hoover was private, but when he got out he talked to the reporters. He said he and his officers were at work to perfect an engine for aeroplanes. He knows about engines, and anything he says about them may be heard with respect. He talked about his expansion program for setting up factories in Europe, beginning with a thirty-million-dollar plant now started on the Thames in England, to be fol-

lowed by like factories in France and Germany. It sounded good to hear him talk of using fifteen to twenty thousand tons of British coal a day to make coke for his British plant. That suggested stimulation of British industry. In Canada Henry has already a plant that is producing about six hundred cars a day.

That was all edifying. And then Henry went off into Prohibition and expressed his assurance that the present government was going to do everything possible to enforce it as something absolutely necessary in this era of industry. But how much more can it do? Prohibition agents can already shoot at sight anyone who displeases them without resulting inconvenience to themselves. Cases of that happen regularly. Perhaps if the country continues obdurate, Henry will recommend resort to poison gas. When there was a shortage of respectable characters in Sodom and Gomorrah, the Almighty rained fire and brimstone on them. There is an example for Henry, and he has the aeroplanes to do it with.

He talked about the injury done the people by liquor in destroying their brain cells and impairing their usefulness, and then inspected Secretary Mellon and reported him as a living example of success in keeping healthy. Overholt Whiskey or whatever else Mr. Mellon drinks seems not to have done an incurable damage to his brain cells. Perhaps he uses judgment in his potations, which is something Mr. Ford seems never to think of.

LORD ROSEBERY'S long life running quietly to its end was much remarked upon by commentators. What ailed it? It is an old story that as a youth he gave out as his hopes for glory and success to marry an heiress, to win the Derby, and to be Premier of England. He married Hannah Rothschild, the greatest heiress in England. He won the Derby (three times the papers said), and for a couple of years following Gladstone he was Premier. So he realized his aims as given out. The trouble was they were so modest. Life, if it is really to amount to something, must be more than a succession of stunts. Rosebery for some reason seemed to lack continuity of effort. J. L. Garvin, who admired and loved him, wrote in the London *Observer* a notable summary of his career. He says everything went well with Rosebery until his wife died. She had given him "the consecutive force which his nature could not give itself. Till then he had never looked back. Though the consequences did not appear fully at first it was an irreparable blow." It was after her death that he became Prime Minister for a couple of years. Garvin says he did well and it was not his fault that he did not do better.

What makes a man great? There was Rosebery with all the talents and all the means, and yet lacking something essential to greatness. Attila, described in current biography as the ablest man of his time and a person of rather amiable inclinations, did not lack this essential. Neither did St. Paul, Luther, John Wesley, William the Silent, George Washington, or Woodrow Wilson. To be a great man takes something outside of talent, knowledge, and means; and with that something there goes continuity of purpose. The desire to accomplish certain things must recur as recuperation succeeds exhaustion.

Young Publius the other day in discussing religion, remarked how few there were who had sound theoretical notions about it. How many are there, he said, who have real understanding of "Who saveth his life shall lose it"? Not many perhaps, and seemingly the group of them did not include sixty-years-ago young Rosebery who was coming into active life. His thoughts inclined to save his life. He saved it fine on the material side, but the readiness to lose it in a cause he seems not to have had.

Personal and Otherwise

WE have published many foreign impressions of America in recent years, but ***Count Hermann Keyserling's*** article is the first of them to come from a German. Readers of *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher* are already aware of Count Keyserling's extraordinarily penetrating and intuitive understanding of national and racial traits, and have been wondering whether the months that he spent in this country in 1927–28 might not yield a book which would enable us to see ourselves and our civilization through his eyes. The book has now been written, and will be published this fall by Harper & Brothers under the title *America Set Free*. We present one of its most striking chapters as the leading article of this issue. It may interest the HARPER audience to know that this article—and indeed the entire book—was written by Count Keyserling directly in English; heretofore his work has been translated from the German. His other books include *Europe*, *Creative Understanding*, and *The Recovery of Truth*.

According to an ancient tradition of the magazine world, the August issue should be devoted largely to "midsummer fiction." We regard with some skepticism the theory that there are seasonal variations in the taste of intelligent readers; a good story, we dare say, is as much appreciated in February as in August, and a good article in August as in February; but we have compromised with tradition so far as to offer four stories this month instead of the usual three (and also two papers, by Mr. Hall and Mr. Redman, which have many of the qualities of short stories), and to include the longest story which we have printed complete in a single issue in several years. ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould,*** who without leaving Princeton, New Jersey, can evoke the atmosphere of Africa or the South Seas, needs no introduction to those who have read her numerous HARPER essays and stories. Mrs. Gerould's latest appearance was in our May issue with "The Unsocial Christian."

Time passes. It is all of seventeen years since ***Elmer Davis,*** Rhodes Scholar from Indiana, left Oxford; five years since he gave over reporting for the *New York Times* and became a free-lance journalist and novelist (*Friends of Mr. Sweeney*, *Giant Killer*, etc.); three years since he wrote "Portrait of a Cleric." We might have done all this figuring months ago, but only the receipt from Mr. Davis of a "Plea for the Middle Generation" shocked us with the realization that he is on the brink of the forties. This is his first contribution since "If Hoover Fails" (March, 1929).

W. R. Burnett, a writer new to the Magazine, is the author of *Little Cæsar*, the novel of Chicago gang life which was the Literary Guild selection for June. Mr. Burnett has lived most of his life in Springfield, Ohio, and Columbus; prior to writing *Little Cæsar* he spent a year in Chicago. He is said to have written for nine years before achieving publication; and "Round Trip" is his first short story to appear in print anywhere. Readers of *Little Cæsar* will recall that Chiggi's, in the present story, was the place where Rico was killed.

The author of "The Fight for Glory" had an uphill struggle for recognition even longer than Mr. Burnett's, and suffered also the added handicap of persistent ill-health. His modesty compels him to sign himself ***Anonymous,*** but his real name is familiar to every student of American letters.

Last month we printed ***Wilbur Daniel Steele's*** "Pioneers," the setting of which was his winter home, Charleston, South Carolina. Mr. Steele, having established himself for the summer at Nantucket, now offers a story of twisted parental motives which will remind some readers of *Meat*, his HARPER serial of

a year and a half ago. Mr. Steele's high position among American short-story writers has been emphasized by his winning of two O. Henry Prizes and his tie for a third during the past decade. A collection of his stories entitled *Tower of Sand* is to appear this fall.

Nearly four years ago ***Leland Hall*** left his instructorship in music at Smith College for a year of African wandering, the fruit of which was *Timbuctoo*, several chapters of which appeared in HARPER'S. Since then he has divided his time between Northampton and the study of Arab music and human nature in Morocco. His present account of a Moroccan picnic reveals the understanding of the Arab mind, and the affection for it, which draw Mr. Hall back to Africa. Arabs in this country who wish to accept at once the proffer of hospitality with which he concludes his paper are hereby forewarned that they will not find him at Northampton when "To Picnic in Fez" appears; unless his plans miscarry, he will be aboard a tramp steamer bound once more for Moroccan ports.

Few of us do not know at least one victim of the economic tragedy which ***Stuart Chase*** analyzes in "Laid Off at Forty"; it is at its worst among factory workers, but office-workers and even executives are far from immune. Mr. Chase is the president of the Labor Bureau, Inc., of New York, and the author (with F. J. Schlink) of *Your Money's Worth*. Last April we printed his article entitled "Slaves of the Machine?" which forms a part of his newly-published book, *Men and Machines*.

Ernest Boyd, Irishman by birth, New Yorker by adoption, critic, essayist, and translator, would seem by the titles of his HARPER contributions to be grooming himself for a job as devil's advocate: his last paper was "In Defense of Cynicism" and now he writes "In Defense of Selfishness."

"Jolly Boy" is the work of a new contributor, ***Letitia Preston Randall*** (Mrs. William C. Randall), a West Virginian by birth who now lives at Forest Hills, Long Island.

There is no more perplexing subject to-day than that of diet; new theories and fads, some of them based on apparently conclusive experimentation, follow one another in bewildering profusion. ***T. Swann Harding,*** who has no mercy for some of these theories, is a research chemist who has made a long study of nutrition problems, is in close touch with many medical investigators in this field, and has done much writing for scientific journals. He is the editor of scientific publications for the Department of Agriculture.

Ben Ray Redman, biographer of Flaubert, translator of many French novels, and author of several HARPER stories and Lion's Mouth papers, bases "The Sausage" on his memories of service with the Royal Flying Corps in 1917–1919. Mr. Redman was a first lieutenant of the 79th Squadron, B. E. F., on the Ypres front. Far from being an Englishman, however, he was born in Brooklyn, studied at Columbia, and now lives in New York.

Many readers will recall "Mammon, M.D.," the type study of a prosperous physician which ***Lloyd Morris*** contributed last October. Mr. Morris is a lecturer at Columbia and the author of *The Rebellious Puritan*.

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The poets of the month are ***Edward Snelson,*** a new contributor, an Englishman whose work has appeared in many of the English reviews; ***Daniel Whitehead Hicky*** of Atlanta, whose present sonnet will remind readers of "Say That He Loved Old Ships," Mr. Hicky's first HARPER poem, which came out in the March number; ***Elizabeth Larocque***, a young New York writer and another newcomer to the Magazine; and ***Elizabeth Hollister Frost*** of Rochester, New York, whose book *The Lost Lyrist*, written in memory of her late husband, will be followed shortly by *Hovering Shadow*, a volume of Nantucket poems in which the group of verses which we publish this month is to be included.

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Philip Curtiss of Norfolk, Connecticut, made a double HARPER appearance in June, with a skit in the Lion's Mouth and that funniest of dog stories, "The Honorable Charley." He shares the Lion's Mouth pages this month with ***Laurence McKinney*** of Albany, New York who despite the stresses and strains of the architectural iron-work business sometimes reverts to the mood of his Harvard *Lampoon* days.

Franklin T. Wood, whose "Jean-Marie" serves as the frontispiece of this issue, is a New England artist whose work is little known but who despite the handicap of ill-health has done some uncommonly fine etchings. Mr. Wood came from Boston originally; for the past fourteen years he has been living in Rutland, Massachusetts. "I was in the *Fifty Prints of the Year* last year and the year before," he reports, "but would not send anything this year. Their last year's book had too many poor jokes in it. I like to be in the company of people better than I am, not a thousand times worse; and for amusement the newspaper funnies are a lot funnier, much better drawn too."

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The May HARPER's played an unexpected part in terminating a love-affair: witness this letter—which for obvious reasons we print without the author's name or address—received by William Harold McCreary about his poem in that issue. (If you have not passed on your May number to someone else, turn to page 686 and you will appreciate the full flavor of the incident.)

DEAR MR. MCCREARY:

I cannot forego the opportunity of thanking you for the use of your poem, "Polite Refusal," in this month's HARPER'S.

It was an unfortunate and unusual coincidence. Last Saturday night "she" returned the ring. On my way to my hotel afterwards, I purchased a HARPER'S. Could not get my mind settled to any of the articles and casually turned upon your poem. It was as if a "spirit" had turned my thought to verse: the constant fear I had of such a happening, her manner in returning the ring, and most of all my pride, since her liking had changed to another whom I consider far inferior.

The reason for my thanks is that I sent a copy of your poem instead of a letter to her, to end the matter.

Thanks again!

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An enthusiastic reader of "The Saturnalia of College Reunions" offers an instance of mucker-posing in reunion invitations:

In my mail, the very day that I read Mr. Van de Water's article, came a card, enclosed with the invitation to commencement exercises of a university from which I hold a degree. On this bright pink return post card was space to reserve places for various affairs of commencement week—luncheons, golf tournament, and so on. In large type it read "We'll Be Seein' You. This Card Is to Remind You That Your 'Alma Mammy' Is Ready to Feed You and Fuss Over You." A further statement was as follows: "Don't Give a Durn for the Whole State of M-i-c-h-i-g-a-n. I'm from Oo-Hi-Oo."

When I put this in the wastebasket I could not console myself with the thought that this was not the only institution from which I had purchased education. I received the same week invitations to two other academic institutions from which I hold degrees higher than the bachelor's degree. They were of the same character. One assured me that "Bull" —— would not make a speech. I recall that this man is a member of the faculty. The other persons mentioned by nickname I do not know, never even heard of, and think I do not wish to see. That is the feeling created by the assurance they will do this or that during the saturnalia.

But I suspect there is a reason for this sort of thing. Mr. Van de Water did not pause to propose reasons, in his picturing of the evil. Doubtless he realizes, however, that what the university needs is money, and that it is forthcoming from rich alumni if they are made much of. Who are the rich alumni? Are they the persons who are intellectually prominent in the world, making the scientific discoveries of value and creating the best literature and other fine products for which university training presumably trains? The answer in most cases may be NO. Are they the sort of person to whom saturnalia would appeal? The answer would apparently be YES. Q.E.D.

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In the June issue John Crowe Ransom entered a plea for the spirit of the Old South as against that of "progress." James M. Jewell, of Columbus, Indiana, objects that what the South needs is not less progress but more—and puts his own interpretation upon the word. After agreeing with Mr. Ransom that the leisure and grace of Southern life are to be admired, Mr. Jewell continues:

But if he looks beneath the mantle he will find what? Illitera y and poverty; the highest crime rate in the country; suicide and homicide rampant; lynch law invoked and condoned; child labor and rotten factory conditions; virtual peasantry for millions of negroes on Old World, 18th century models; a class of ignorant, despised whites, scarcely a step removed from serfdom, under harsh

conditions of tenancy; and a listless apathy about improving these social conditions in the face of the march of industry south of the Ohio.

Why does industry enter the South? Why, indeed? Is it not because labor is cheap and is poorly organized? Is it not because workmen's compensation and insurance laws are lax? Is it not because power sites that should be retained for the state are being turned over for private exploitation?

Which "Southern heritage" has Mr. Ransom in mind? The heritage of Monticello or that of Gastonia and Elizabethton? The heritage of a semi-royal New Orleans or that of a Memphis which leads all the cities in the country in its crime rate? (And please note that, excluding the negro, its rate is still pretty high.)

When Mr. Ransom makes comparisons let them be made with due regard to *all* the facts in the case. When he speaks of England's leisure let him also speak of England's factory legislation. When he compares Southern culture to British let him also compare old age and sickness acts and pensions. When the South sends to Washington a Ramsay MacDonald and a Nancy Astor instead of a Coleman L. Blease and a Heflin, let Mr. Ransom call again for his old Kentucky home or Sewanee River moon.

Meanwhile I shall prefer an alien-infested Massachusetts with first-rate colleges, a cactus-dotted Arizona with excellent mines legislation, and a brewery-studded Wisconsin with the courage to elect a LaFollette, as a place wherein to live and, mayhap, raise a family.

Progress may be a snare and a delusion, but the South hasn't gone far enough with the experiment to return a reasoned judgment yet.

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Out of sheer vanity we give space to a tribute which pleases us inordinately because it expresses exactly what we should like to deserve having said about us. It is from the *Monroe Republican* of Rochester, New York:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

For some reason or other for one publication to give another unstinted praise is a rarity. The instinct to refrain from the bestowal of that praise is probably essentially selfish, and it might be squelched with much benefit to the reading public. The self-praise of mere advertising does not cover ground that should be covered when indulged in by periodicals. But what could be of greater value in America than general applause and appreciation of those dailies, weeklies and monthlies whose editors combine scholarship with courage and a sense of public need?

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Read a few of the leading titles in the current issue: "The Dangers of Obedience," by Harold J. Laski, of the University of London; "What Risk Motherhood?" by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley; "What's Wrong with the Right People?" by Jack Black, an ex-criminal; "An Apology for the Human Race," by Albert J. Nock, and "The Plight of the Spinster," by Margaret Banning. Isn't there a title there that interests you? Read a little in any of those articles, and try to stop!

There is nothing very fundamentally wrong with America when such editing as that given HARPER'S MAGAZINE prospers the owners of such a publication!

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Capital and the Utilities

By PAUL TOMLINSON

AT the beginning of this year the market value of all the stocks and bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange was slightly less than one hundred and fifteen *billion* dollars. This is a staggering amount of money, and there are many people no doubt who would say that it is more than these securities are worth. They may be right, but on the other hand it is possible that if these objectors could visit the industries represented by these stocks and bonds, inspect their physical properties, and see their tens of thousands of employees, even such a sum of money as $115,000,000,000 might not seem to them excessive.

LISTED on the New York Exchange, as of January 1, 1929, there were 1,534 different issues of bonds and 1,177 issues of stock. There must be approximately two thousand enterprises of various kinds represented by these issues, and it would be well for all those who like to criticize stock exchanges to remember that these two thousand enterprises could in all probability never have raised the capital necessary to their growth and expansion without this market for their securities. No business can exist without money, and every business of large proportions must look to the investing public for funds. It is the capital accumulated by the investor, in other words, which has made our large corporations possible, and it is the investors who make it possible for them to expand and enlarge and become successful.

INVESTORS of course are more interested in what they are going to get out of their investments than in the benefits they are conferring upon society in general and upon some corporation in particular. This is natural and proper enough, but the fact remains that like all good business undertakings, sound investing brings its rewards to more than one party. A successful business organization benefits the community in which it operates by paying taxes into the municipal coffers, furnishing employment to the citizens and, by means of the wages paid, increasing their purchasing power and bringing prosperity to the community as a whole. And as

the business and the community benefit so do the owners of the corporation's securities.

BUSINESS organizations need capital first of all. Without capital they cannot provide themselves with places in which to work, equip those places for the work they propose to do, or hire people to operate their plants when they are thus equipped. Capital is necessary for additions to plants, for additional equipment, or for equipment to take the place of that which becomes worn out or obsolete. American business organizations are constantly purchasing and installing new equipment with the result that production costs in this country have steadily declined. The fact that American industry has been able to keep on reducing production costs during recent years, and still pay the highest wages in the world, has indeed been one of the economic sensations of the age. These happy results could not have been brought about without capital, however, and many billions of dollars have been furnished to American—and foreign—corporations through stock and bond issues listed on the New York Stock Exchange. And of course it is the investing public which has purchased these stocks and bonds.

NOW what this all means is that the corporations are borrowing money from the investing public. Strictly speaking, of course, capital raised through the sale of stock is not borrowed money, but it is nevertheless a fact that buyers of shares of stock expect to get a return on their investments just as much as do purchasers of bonds. The corporation selling stock has a moral obligation to its stockholders if not a legal one.

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HERE is what happens. A corporation needs capital in its business; it figures how much capital it needs, and then the officers go to a banking house and discuss ways and means of raising the amount of money required. This preliminary work is liable to consume considerable time, and is most important, for the success of the financing depends upon the soundness of the plan evolved. Shall bonds be issued, and if so what kind of bonds, and at what rate of interest? Perhaps an issue of preferred stock promises the best results. Maybe the condition of the security markets, and the mood of the investing public, call for common stock. Whatever is done it must be done right and the best interests of the corporation and the public must be carefully considered and weighed; if the terms are unfair to the corporation its successful operation will be affected and not only the corporation but the people buying its securities will suffer; if unattractive inducements are offered investors they either will not buy, or will be dissatisfied after they have bought, and the corporation will find it difficult to put through future financing.

NOW it is fair to assume that no well managed corporation increases its capital unless it expects to earn a good return on the money so invested. This means that it expects to pay the investors who have purchased its bonds or stocks a fair return on the money they have advanced, and to earn a margin over and above this amount for reinvestment in the business itself. In other words, they expect money to make money, for their security holders and for themselves, and of course the security holders are benefited by whatever benefits accrue to the corporation. Usually things work out this way when the cor-

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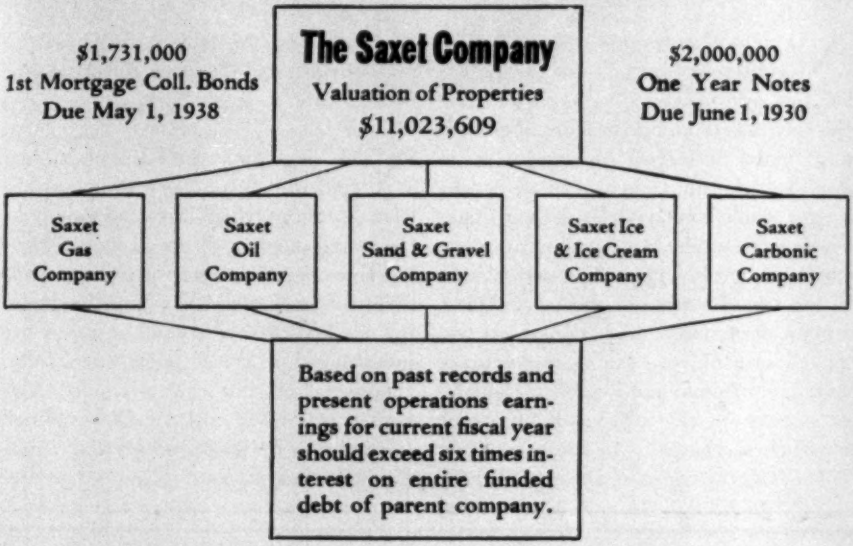
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poration is soundly financed, well established, and competently managed. When the right kind of businesses go to the public for capital investors are presented with an opportunity for profitable and safe investment.

NO class of corporations needs more additional capital than the public utilities, and for the obvious reason that the products of no business are in greater and more universal demand. It is doubtful whether there is a single person in this whole country who does not patronize some public utility company every day of the year. If you draw water out of the tap, use the telephone, ride on a trolley or subway, turn on an electric switch, or cook on a gas stove you are a customer of some public utility, and who of us passes a day without doing one or all of these things? As the population of the country increases the customers of public utility corporations keep pace. As wider uses are found for the products of public utilities their business increases and they are obliged to expand their facilities and call upon investors for more capital. Does it not seem reasonable that the securities of corporations so essential to our business and home lives must furnish opportunities for profitable investment?

NOT long ago an investment banker told the story of one of his clients who a dozen years ago invested money in the common stock of a well known utility; since that time there have been stock dividends and split-ups which the investor has kept in every case, and now his investment is worth more than forty times what he paid for it originally. The banker was asked why his client did not sell and take his profit, action that would at once suggest itself to most people.

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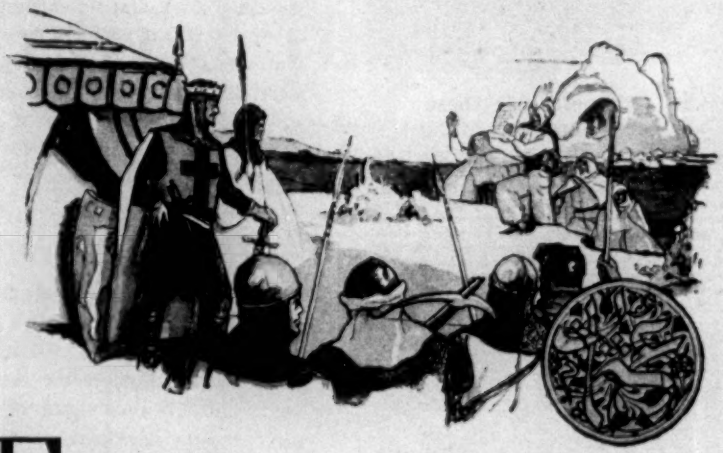
The reply was that almost without a single exception the earnings of this corporation had shown an increase each month over the month preceding, and his client thought it would be madness to dispose of an investment whose value was mounting so steadily and consistently. The earnings of most utilities have shown a consistent upward trend for that matter. In order to make money, however, they must spend money, which is only another way of saying that in order to expand their operations they must seek additional capital, and issue new securities. This is the investor's opportunity. He also is given the opportunity to buy already outstanding securities of the various utility companies, and there are many of them listed on the recognized exchanges.

IT is interesting to observe how many of the utilities provide themselves with funds for expansion and additions to plant, and at the same time carry out a liberal dividend policy. Several pay no dividends in cash at all, but distribute new stock instead. One company, for instance, pays ten per cent annual dividends in stock; this means that if a man owns one hundred shares he receives a dividend of ten shares each year. If the stock sells at 75 his original investment is $7,500. If he chooses he can sell the ten shares he received as dividends, and get $750—a ten per cent cash dividend. On the other hand he can keep his ten shares, increase his capital holdings by ten per cent, and the following year he will receive a stock dividend of eleven shares. The investor, in other words, can increase his holdings without any additional expenditure, or if he prefers can sell his stock dividend and take the cash. He does well either way. The corporation also benefits, for instead of distributing cash to its stockholders, and selling additional stock in order to pro-



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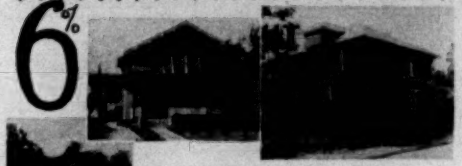

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vide new capital, it finances its requirements out of its own earnings. Suppose this company has $20,000,000 of outstanding stock and its earnings amount to $2,000,000 a year; if its growth requires $2,000,000 of cash each year, instead of paying out these earnings to stockholders in the form of cash dividends it uses the money for improvements and additions to its facilities. And as a result its earnings the next year are further improved.

ANOTHER utility company whose stock sells at about 80 pays dividends of two dollars a year in cash, and gives its stockholders the right to subscribe for additional shares of stock paying the same dividend, at $25 a share. In other words, the holder of one hundred shares would receive annually $200 in cash, with which he could purchase eight shares of stock worth $80 a share—equivalent to an annual return of $640, or eight per cent on an investment of $8,000. Not bad. The corporation, at the same time, is providing itself with new capital, and everybody benefits.

ONE large public utility which has recently expended several million dollars for new facilities estimates that in addition to saving money for its customers these facilities will return the corporation—and its stockholders—over twelve per cent on the investment. Money well spent as everyone will agree; but where would the corporation have obtained the money except from the investing public, and how could it have reached the investing public without banking facilities, and unless there were markets where securities could be bought and sold? Unless the money had been forthcoming the corporation's customers would not have had the benefit of lower rates; further, unless the corporation had been protected under our existing laws

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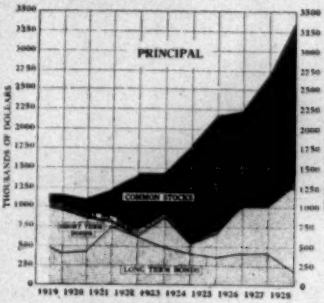

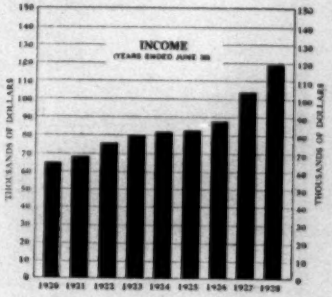

NOTE: It should be observed that the history of this fund begins at the height of the 1919 bull market and includes the severe depression of 1921 and the mild depression of 1923

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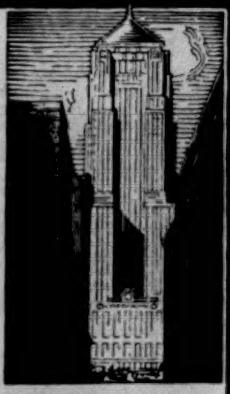

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CAPITAL must benefit three parties: the corporation and its employees, the investor, and the public generally. If these three parties are not benefited capital will disappear, no one will have an opportunity to earn a livelihood, and the end is in sight. Capital invested in sound public utilities meets these requirements perfectly, and although it is impossible to say what particular kind of business is of greatest importance to any community, it is certainly obvious that in this modern world no community of importance can exist without a public utility to supply its need for water, gas, and electricity. This being the case, can the investor do more good either for his community or for himself than by putting his capital into the securities of a well run and efficiently managed utility? Their products are in demand from sunrise to sunrise, Sundays and holidays as well as working days, and the demand is constantly increasing. What more can a man want than to be a part owner in a business like that? What better use can he make of his capital?

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